

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXII

JULY, 1906

No. 3

## THE WILD OATS OF A SPINSTER

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Lovey Mary," "Sandy," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY H. S. POTTER



JUDGING from appearances, Miss Lucinda Perkins was justifying her reason for being by conforming absolutely to her environment. She apparently fitted as perfectly into her little niche in the Locustwood Seminary for young ladies as Miss Joe Hill fitted into hers. The only difference was that Miss Joe Hill did not confine herself to a niche; she filled the seminary, as a plump hand does a tight glove.

It was the year after Miss Lucinda had come to the seminary to teach elocution that Miss Joe Hill discovered in her an affinity. As principal, Miss Joe Hill's word was never questioned, and Miss Lucinda, with pleased obedience, accepted the honor that was thrust upon her, and meekly moved her few belongings into Miss Joe Hill's apartment.

For four years they had lived in the rarified atmosphere of celestial friendship. They clothed their bodies in the same raiment, and their minds in the same

thoughts, and when one was cold the other shivered.

If Miss Lucinda in those first years found it difficult to live up to Miss Joe Hill's highly ethical and philosophical code of existence, she gave no signs. She forswore meat and became a practical vegetarian. She laid aside her mildly adorned garments and enveloped her small, angular person in a conventional garb of brown. Even the modest bird which graced her hat was replaced by a severe band, to conform to the unbending regularity of Miss Joe Hill's uniform. In fact, the two minds which ought to have been Miss Lucinda's by all psychic laws were not in evidence. It was as if she carried her objective mind in Miss Joe Hill's dome-like forehead, and the subjective mind with which she was left was compelled to accept its premises from extraneous sources.

It was not until Floss Speckert entered the senior class at Locustwood that this sublimated relationship received a shock from the nether world. Floss's father

lived in Chicago, and it was due to his unerring discernment in the buying and selling of live stock that Floss was being "finished" in all branches without regard to the cost.

"Learn her all you want to," he said magnanimously to Miss Lucinda, who negotiated the arrangement. "I ain't got but two children, her and Tom. He's just like me—don't know a blame thing but business; but Floss—" his bosom swelled under his checked vest—"she's on to it all. I pay for everything you get into her head. Dancin', singin', French—all them extries goes."

Miss Lucinda had consequently undertaken the management of Floss Speckert, and the result had been far-reaching in its consequences.

Floss was a person whose thoughts did not dwell upon the highest development of the spiritual life. Her mind was given over to the pursuit of worldly amusements, her only serious thought being a burning ambition to win histrionic honors. The road to this led naturally through the elocution classes, and Floss accepted Miss Lucinda as the only means toward the desired end.

A drop of water in a bottle of ink produces no visible result, but a drop of ink in a glass of water contaminates it at once. Miss Lucinda took increasing interest in her frivolous young pupil; she listened with half-suppressed eagerness to unlimited gossip about stage-land, and even sank to the regular perusal of certain bold theatrical papers. She was unmistakably becoming contaminated.

Meanwhile Miss Joe Hill, in the blind infatuation of celestial affinity, condoned the friendship. "You are developing your own character," she told Miss Lucinda. "You are exercising self-control and forbearance in dealing with that crude, undisciplined girl. Florence is the natural outcome of common stock and newly acquired riches. It is your noble aspiration to take this vulgar clay and leaven it into something higher than itself. Your motive is laudable, Lucinda; your self-sacrifice in giving up our evening study together is heroic. I read you like an open book, dear; I know your every thought."

And Miss Lucinda listened and trembled. They were standing together be-

fore the window of the rigid little sitting room, the chastened severity of which reproached all ideas of comfort. "What purpose do you serve?" Miss Joe Hill demanded of every article that went into her apartment, and so many of the comforts of life failed to pass the examination that the result was a dreary combination of doctor's office and Sunday-school room.

After Miss Joe Hill had gone out, Miss Lucinda remained at the window and restlessly tapped her knuckles against the sill. The insidious spring sunshine, the laughter of the girls in the court below, the foolishly happy birds telling their secrets under the new, green leaves, all worked together to disturb her peace of mind.

She resolutely turned her back to the window and took breathing exercises. That was one of Miss Joe Hill's sternest requirements—fifteen minutes three times a day and two pints of water between meals. Then she sat down in a straight-back chair and tried to read "The Power through Poise." Her body was doing its duty, but it did not deceive her mind. She knew that she was living a life of black deception; evidences of her guilt were on every hand. Behind the books on her little shelf was a paper of chocolate creams; in the music rack, back to back with Grieg and Brahms, was an impertinent sheet of ragtime which Floss had persuaded her to learn as an accompaniment. And deeper and darker and falser than all was a plan which had been fermenting in her mind for days.

In a fortnight the school term would be over. Following the usual custom, Miss Lucinda was to go to her brother in the country and Miss Joe Hill to her sister for a week. This obligation to their respective families being discharged, they would repair to the seclusion of a Catskill farmhouse, there to hang upon each others souls for the rest of the summer.

Miss Lucinda's visits to her brother were reminiscent of a multiplicity of children and a scarcity of room. To her the Inferno presented no more disquieting prospect than the necessity of sharing her bedroom. Instead of going to him this spring, a plan had been proposed—a plan which for sheer brilliancy surpassed anything that had ever crossed her straight



and narrow path. Floss Speckert had gained her father's permission to spend her first week out of school in New York,

Miss Lucinda's joy would have risen to rapture had not one specter of opposition appeared at the first mention of the affair, and



Drawn by H. S. Potter. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'I CAME DOWN THE FIRE-ESCAPE'"

and in casting about for a chaperon she had selected the first and most harmless person in sight.

confronted her at every turn. In her heart of hearts she knew that Miss Joe Hill would never countenance the proposition.

lived in Chicago, and it was due to his unerring discernment in the buying and selling of live stock that Floss was being "finished" in all branches without regard to the cost.

"Learn her all you want to," he said magnanimously to Miss Lucinda, who negotiated the arrangement. "I ain't got but two children, her and Tom. He 's just like me—don't know a blame thing but business; but Floss—" his bosom swelled under his checked vest—"she 's on to it all. I pay for everything you get into her head. Dancin', singin', French—all them extries goes."

Miss Lucinda had consequently undertaken the management of Floss Speckert, and the result had been far-reaching in its consequences.

Floss was a person whose thoughts did not dwell upon the highest development of the spiritual life. Her mind was given over to the pursuit of worldly amusements, her only serious thought being a burning ambition to win histrionic honors. The road to this led naturally through the elocution classes, and Floss accepted Miss Lucinda as the only means toward the desired end.

A drop of water in a bottle of ink produces no visible result, but a drop of ink in a glass of water contaminates it at once. Miss Lucinda took increasing interest in her frivolous young pupil; she listened with half-suppressed eagerness to unlimited gossip about stage-land, and even sank to the regular perusal of certain bold theatrical papers. She was unmistakably becoming contaminated.

Meanwhile Miss Joe Hill, in the blind infatuation of celestial affinity, condoned the friendship. "You are developing your own character," she told Miss Lucinda. "You are exercising self-control and forbearance in dealing with that crude, undisciplined girl. Florence is the natural outcome of common stock and newly acquired riches. It is your noble aspiration to take this vulgar clay and leaven it into something higher than itself. Your motive is laudable, Lucinda; your self-sacrifice in giving up our evening study together is heroic. I read you like an open book, dear; I know your every thought."

And Miss Lucinda listened and trembled. They were standing together be-

fore the window of the rigid little sitting room, the chastened severity of which reproached all ideas of comfort. "What purpose do you serve?" Miss Joe Hill demanded of every article that went into her apartment, and so many of the comforts of life failed to pass the examination that the result was a dreary combination of doctor's office and Sunday-school room.

After Miss Joe Hill had gone out, Miss Lucinda remained at the window and restlessly tapped her knuckles against the sill. The insidious spring sunshine, the laughter of the girls in the court below, the foolishly happy birds telling their secrets under the new, green leaves, all worked together to disturb her peace of mind.

She resolutely turned her back to the window and took breathing exercises. That was one of Miss Joe Hill's sternest requirements—fifteen minutes three times a day and two pints of water between meals. Then she sat down in a straight-back chair and tried to read "The Power through Poise." Her body was doing its duty, but it did not deceive her mind. She knew that she was living a life of black deception; evidences of her guilt were on every hand. Behind the books on her little shelf was a paper of chocolate creams; in the music rack, back to back with Grieg and Brahms, was an impertinent sheet of ragtime which Floss had persuaded her to learn as an accompaniment. And deeper and darker and falser than all was a plan which had been fermenting in her mind for days.

In a fortnight the school term would be over. Following the usual custom, Miss Lucinda was to go to her brother in the country and Miss Joe Hill to her sister for a week. This obligation to their respective families being discharged, they would repair to the seclusion of a Catskill farmhouse, there to hang upon each others souls for the rest of the summer.

Miss Lucinda's visits to her brother were reminiscent of a multiplicity of children and a scarcity of room. To her the Inferno presented no more disquieting prospect than the necessity of sharing her bedroom. Instead of going to him this spring, a plan had been proposed—a plan which for sheer brilliancy surpassed anything that had ever crossed her straight



and narrow path. Floss Speckert had gained her father's permission to spend her first week out of school in New York,

Miss Lucinda's joy would have risen to rapture had not one specter of opposition appeared at the first mention of the affair, and



Drawn by H. S. Potter. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"I CAME DOWN THE FIRE-ESCAPE"

and in casting about for a chaperon she had selected the first and most harmless person in sight.

confronted her at every turn. In her heart of hearts she knew that Miss Joe Hill would never countenance the proposition.

She resolutely read another page of "Power through Poise," then dropped the book in her lap and gazed unhappily out of the window.

Suddenly she was startled by a noise from without, and rising to investigate it, she collided with Floss Speckert, who was making a hasty and undignified entrance through the window.

"I came down the fire-escape," the young person announced breathlessly. "Hush! Listen!" For a moment they stood motionless, then Floss went on: "We were making fudge in No. 7, and Miss Joe Hill caught us. You don't care, do you? I had to come somewhere."

But Miss Lucinda's traditions were firm. "Why, Florence," she began reproachingly, when Floss interrupted her.

"Don't you 'Florence' me, Miss Lucy. You are just pretending to be mad; I know you. Miss Joe Hill keeps after you just like she does after us. The girls told me how she made you rip all the trimmings off your clothes, and would n't let you have sugar in your coffee. I don't care how smart she is or how good she is, we all love you best."

Miss Lucinda protested vehemently, but she did not withdraw her hand from Flossie's plump grasp.

"And when we get to New York," continued Floss, taking advantage of this slight encouragement, "I am going to give you the time of your life. Dad 's got to put us up in style—a room and a bath apiece and maybe a sitting-room. He says he 's glad I know how to be a rich man's daughter. Dear old Dad! You see, he worked too long; he 's been so busy out at the yards that he has n't learned how to act like a rich man yet."

Miss Lucinda glanced apprehensively toward the door, then back to the sparkling face before her.

"I can't go," she said, jerking her words out as if they were loath to come. "My brother 's expecting me, and Miss Joe——"

"Oh, bother Miss Joe! If you are afraid of her, don't tell her. It will be more of a lark, anyhow, if we can slip off. I never did get to slip off, for Dad always lets me do things. You can pretend you are going to your brother's and meet me some place on the road."

Miss Lucinda looked horrified, but she listened. A material kept plastic by years of manipulation does not harden to a new hand. Her objections to Floss's plan grew fainter and fainter.

"Think of the theaters," went on the temptress, putting an arm around her neck, and ignoring the fact that caresses embarrassed Miss Lucinda almost to the point of tears; "think of it! A new show every night, and operas and pictures. There will be three Shakspeare plays that week, 'Merchant of Venice,' 'Twelfth Night,' and 'Hamlet.'"

Miss Lucinda's heart fluttered in her bosom. Although she had spent a great part of her life interpreting the Bard of Avon, she had never seen one of his plays produced. In her secret soul she believed that her own rendition of "The quality of mercy," and "To be or not to be," was not to be excelled.

"I—I have n't any clothes," she urged feebly, putting up her last defense.

"I have," declared Floss in triumph—"two trunks full, and we are almost the same size. It 's just for a week, Miss Lucy; won't you come?"

Miss Lucinda, sitting rigid, felt a warm cheek pressed against her own, and a stray curl touched her lips. She sat for a moment with her eyes closed. It was more than disconcerting to be so close to youth and joy and life; it was infectious. The blood surged suddenly through her veins, and an exultation seized her.

"I 'm going to do it," she cried recklessly; "I never had a real good time in my life."

Floss threw her arms about her and waltzed her across the room, but a step in the hall brought them to a halt.

"It 's Miss Joe Hill," whispered Floss, with trepidation; "I am going out the way I came. Don't you forget; you have promised."

When Miss Joe Hill entered, she smiled complacently at finding Miss Lucinda in the straight-back chair, absorbed in the second volume of the "Power through Poise."

At the Union Depot in Chicago, two weeks later, a small, nervous lady fluttered uncertainly from one door to another. She wore a short, brown coat suit of classic severity, and a felt hat which was



fastened under her smoothly braided hair by a narrow elastic band.

On her fourth trip to the main entrance she stopped a train-boy. "Can you tell me where I can get a drink?" she asked, fanning her flushed face. He looked surprised. "Third door to the left," he answered. Miss Lucinda, carrying a hand-bag, a suit-case, and an umbrella, followed directions. When she pushed open the heavy door she was confronted by a long counter with shining glasses and a smiling bartender. Beating a confused retreat, she fled back to the main entrance, and stood there trembling. For the hundredth time that day she wished she had not come.

The arrangements, so glibly planned by Floss, had not been adhered to in any particular. At the last moment that mercurial young person had decided to go on two days in advance and visit a friend in Philadelphia. She wrote Miss Lucinda to come on to Chicago, where Tom would meet her and give her her ticket, and that she would meet her in New York.

With many misgivings and grievous twinges of conscience, Miss Lucinda had bade Miss Joe Hill a guilty farewell, and started ostensibly for her brother's home. At the Junction she changed cars for Chicago, missed two connections, and lost her lunch-box. Now that she had arrived in Chicago, three hours late, nervous and excited over her experiences, there was no one to meet her.

A sense of homesickness rushed over her, and she decided to return to Locust-wood. It was the same motive that might prompt a newly hatched chicken, embarrassed by its sudden liberty, to return to its shell. Just as she was going in search of a time-table, a round-faced young man came up.

"Miss Perkins?" he asked, and when she nodded, he went on; "Been looking for you for half an hour. Floss told me what you looked like, but I could n't find you." He failed to observe that Floss's comparison had been a squirrel.

"Is n't it nearly time to start?" asked Miss Lucinda, nervously.

"Just five minutes; but I want to explain something to you first." He looked through the papers in his pocket and selected one. "This is a pass," he ex-

plained; "the governor can get them over this road. I got there late, so I could only get one that had been made out for somebody else and not been used. It's all right, you know; you won't have a bit of trouble."

Miss Lucinda took the bit of paper, put on her glasses, and read, "Mrs Lura Doring."

"Yes," said Tom; "that's the lady it was made out for. Nine chances out of ten they won't mention it; but if anything comes up, you just say yes, you are Mrs. Doring, and it will be all right."

"But," protested Miss Lucinda, ready to weep, "I cannot tell a falsehood."

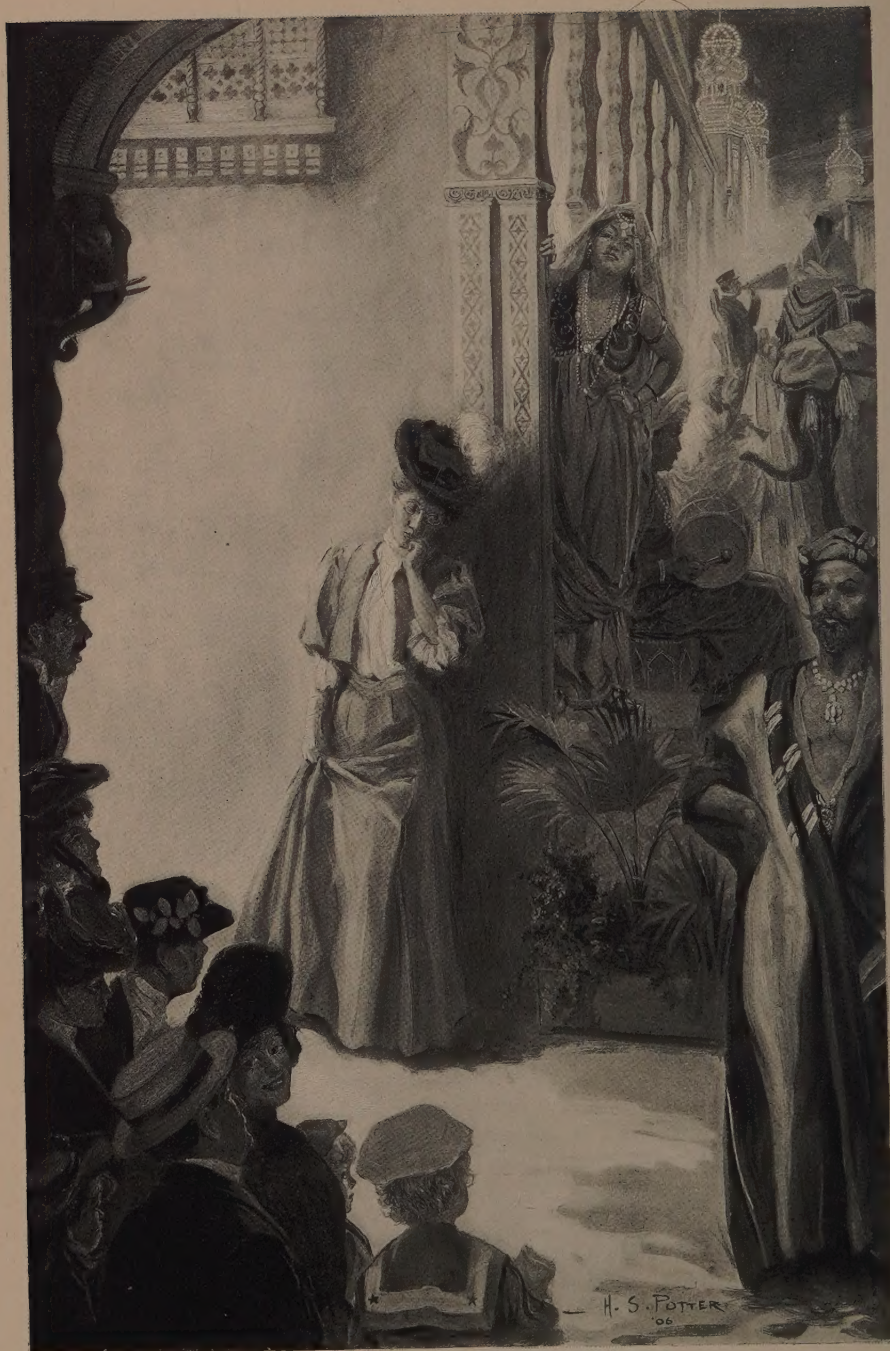
"I don't think you'll have to," said Tom, somewhat impatiently; "but if you deny it, you'll get us both into no end of a scrape. Hello! there's the call for your train. I'll bring your bag."

In the confusion of getting settled in her section, and of expressing her gratitude to Tom, Miss Lucinda forgot for the time the deadly weight of guilt that rested upon her. It was not until the conductor called for her ticket that her heart grew cold, and a look of consternation swept over her face. It seemed to her that he eyed the pass with unnecessary scrutiny, and when he did not return it (passed on, without returning the pass), a terror seized her. She knew he was coming back to ask her name, and what was her name? Mrs. Dora Luring, or Mrs. Dura Loring, or Mrs. Lura Doring?

In despair she fled to the dressing room and stood there concealed by the curtains. In a few moments the conductor passed, and she peeped at his retreating figure through the curtains. He stopped in the narrow passage by the window and studied her ticket, then he compared it with a telegram which he held in his hand. Just then the porter joined him, and she flattened herself against the wall and held her breath.

"It's the same name," she heard the conductor say in an undertone. "I'll wire back to headquarters at the next stop."

If ever retribution followed an erring soul, it followed Miss Lucinda through that trip. No one spoke to her, and nothing happened, but she sat in terrified suspense, looking neither to right nor left, her heart beating frantically at every



Drawn by H. S. Potter. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"SUDDENLY THE AWFUL POSSIBILITY PRESENTED ITSELF THAT THEY  
MIGHT HAVE LOST HER"



approach, and the whirring wheels repeating the questioning refrain, "Dora Loring? Dora Loring? Dora Loring?"

In New York, Floss met her as she stepped off the train, fairly enveloping her in her enthusiasm.

"Here you are, you old darling! I have been having a fit a minute for fear you would n't come. This is my Cousin May, the one who is engaged to a Columbia fellow. She is going to stay with us the whole week. New York is simply heavenly, Miss Lucy. We have made four engagements already. Matinée this afternoon, a dinner to-night—What 's the matter? Did you leave anything on the train?"

"No, no," stammered Miss Lucinda, still casting furtive glances backward at the conductor. "Was he talking to a policeman?" she asked suspiciously.

"Who?"

"The conductor."

The girls laughed.

"I don't wonder you were scared," said Floss; "a policeman always does remind me of Miss Joe Hill."

They called a cab and, to Miss Lucinda's vast relief, were soon rolling away from the scene of danger.

It needed only one glance into a handsome suite of an up-town hotel one week later to prove the rapid moral deterioration of the prodigal.

Arrayed in a shell-pink kimono, she was having her nails manicured. Her gaily figured garment was sufficient in itself to give her an unusual appearance; but there was a more obvious reason.

Miss Lucinda's hair, hitherto a pale drab smoothly drawn into a braided coil at the back, had undergone a startling metamorphosis. It was the victim of a well-meant suggestion of Floss's that Miss Lucinda wash it in "Golden Glow," a new preparation guaranteed to restore luster and beauty to faded locks. Miss Lucinda had been over-zealous, and the result was that of copper in sunshine.

These outward manifestations, however, were insignificant compared with the evidences of Miss Lucinda's inner guilt. She was taking the keenest interest in the manicure's progress, only lifting her eyes occasionally to survey herself with satisfaction in the mirror opposite.

At first her sense of propriety had been deeply offended by her changed appearance. She wept so bitterly that the girls, seeking to console her, had overdone the matter.

"I never thought you *could* look so pretty," Floss had declared; "you look ten years younger. It makes your eyes brighter and your skin clearer. Of course this awfully bright color will wear off, and then it will be just dear."

Miss Lucinda began to feel better; she even allowed May to arrange her new possession in a modest pompadour.

The week she had spent in New York was a riotous round of dissipation. May's fiancé had prepared a whirlwind of pleasures, and Miss Lucinda was caught up and revolved at a pace that made her dizzy. Dances, dinners, plays, roof-gardens, coaching parties, were all held together by a line of candy, telegrams, and roses.

There was only one time in the day when Miss Lucinda came down to earth. That was when she wrote to Miss Joe Hill. Every evening, no matter how exhausted she might be from the frivolities of the day, she conscientiously penned an affectionate letter to her celestial affinity, expressing her undying devotion, and incidentally mentioning the health and doings of her brother's family. These she sent under separate cover to her brother to be mailed.

Her conscience assured her that the reckoning would come, that sooner or later she would face the bar of justice and receive the verdict guilty; but while one day of grace remained, she would still "in the fire of spring, her winter garments of repentance fling."

As the manicure put the finishing touch to her nails, Floss came rushing in:

"Hurry up, Miss Lucy dear! Dick Benson has just 'phoned that he is going to take us for a farewell frolic. We leave here at five, have dinner somewhere, then do all sorts of stunts. You are going to wear my tan coat-suit and light blue waist. Yes, you are, too! That 's all foolishness; everybody wears elbow-sleeves. Blue 's your color, and I 've got the hat to match. May says she 'll fix your hair, and you can wear her French-heel Oxfords again. They pitch you over? Oh, nonsense! you just tripped

along the other day like a nice little jay-bird. Hurry, hurry!"

Even Miss Lucinda's week of strenuous living had not prepared her for what followed. First, there was a short trip on the train, during which she conscientiously studied a map, and attempted to

tions she choked on a crumb, and, after groping with closed eyes for her tumbler, gulped down the contents. A strange, delicious tingle filled her mouth; she forgot she was choking, and opened her eyes. To her horror, she found that she had emptied her glass of champagne.



- H. S. Potter -

Drawn by H. S. Potter. Half-tone plate engraved by G. W. Lewis

"LOOK OUT! HERE I GO"

verify her hitherto theoretic knowledge of geography.

Then followed a dinner at a large and ostentatious hotel. The decorations were more brilliant, the music louder, and the dresses gayer, than at any place Miss Lucinda had yet been. She viewed the passing show through her glasses, and experienced a pleasant thrill of sophistication. This, she assured herself, was society; henceforth she was in a position not only to speak of it, but to rail at its follies as one having authority.

In the midst of these complacent reflec-

"Spirituuous liquor!" she thought in dismay, as the shade of Miss Joe Hill rose before her.

Total abstinence was such a firm plank in the platform of the celestial affinity that even in the chafing-dish alcohol had been tabooed. The utter iniquity of having deliberately swallowed a glass of champagne was appalling to Miss Lucinda. She sat silent during the rest of the dinner, eating little, and plucking nervously at the ruffles about her elbows. The fear of rheumatism in her wrists which had assailed her earlier in the eve-



ning had given place to deeper and more disturbing fear. Slowly but surely she was reverting to the original type.

When the dinner was over, the party started forth on a hilarious round of sight-seeing. Miss Lucinda limped after them, vaguely aware that she was in a giant electric cage filled with swarming humanity, that bands were playing, drums beating, and that at every turn disagreeable men with loud voices were imploring her to step this way.

"Come on! cried Dick. "We are going on the scenic railway."

But the worm turned. "I—I 'm not going," she protested. "I will wait here. All of you go; I will wait right here."

With a sigh of relief she slipped into a vacant corner, and gave herself up to the luxury of being miserable. She wanted solitude in which to face the full enormity of her misdeed, and to plan an immediate reformation. She would throw herself bodily upon the mercy of Miss Joe Hill, she would spare herself nothing; penance of any kind would be welcome, bodily pain even——

She shifted her weight to the slender support of one high-heeled shoe while she rested the other foot. Her hair, unused to its new arrangement, pulled cruelly upon every restraining hair-pin, and her head was beginning to ache.

"There is a healing power resident in my mental organism," she quoted to herself, but the thought failed to have any effect.

A two-ringed circus was in progress at her right, while at her left a procession of camels and Egyptians was followed by a noisy crowd of urchins. People were thronging in every direction, and she realized that she was occasionally the recipient of a curious glance. She began to watch rather anxiously for the return of her party. Ten minutes passed, and still they did not come.

Suddenly the awful possibility presented itself that they might have lost her. She had no money, and even if she had had, she knew she could never find her way back to the hotel alone. Anxiety gained upon her in leaps. In bitter remorse she upbraided herself for ever having strayed from the blessed protection of Miss Joe Hill's authority. Gulfs of hideous possibility yawned at her feet;

imagination faltered at the things that might befall a lone and unprotected lady in this bedlam of frivolity.

Just as her fear was turning to terror the party returned.

"Oh, here you are!" cried Floss. "We thought we had lost you. It was just dandy, Miss Lucy; you ought to have gone. It makes you feel like your feet are growing right out of the top of your head. Come on; we are going to have our tintypes taken."

Strengthened by the fear of being left alone again, Miss Lucinda rallied her courage, and once more followed in their wake. She was faint and exhausted, but the one grain of comfort she extracted from the situation was the fact that through her present suffering she was atoning for her sins.

At midnight Dick said: "There 's only one other thing to do. It 's more fun than all the rest put together. Come this way."

Miss Lucinda followed blindly. She had ceased to think: there were only two material things left in the world, French-heels and hair-pins.

At the foot of a flight of steps the party paused to buy tickets.

"You can wait for us here, Miss Lucy," said Floss.

Miss Lucinda protested eagerly that she was not too tired to go with them. The prospect of being left alone again nerved her to climb to any height.

"But," cried Floss, "if you get up there, there 's only one way to come down. You have to——"

"Let her come!" interrupted the others in laughing chorus, and, to Miss Lucinda's great relief, she was allowed to pass through the little gate.

When she reached the top of the long stairs, she looked about for the attraction. A wide inclined plane slanted down to the ground floor, and on it were bumps of various sizes and shapes, all of a shining smoothness. She had a vague idea that it was a mammoth map for the blind, when she saw Dick and Floss sit down at the top and go sliding to the bottom.

"Come on, Miss Lucinda!" cried May. "You can't get down any other way, you know. Look out! Here I go!"

One by one the others followed, and Miss Lucinda could not distinguish them

as they merged in the laughing crowd at the base.

Delay was fatal; they would lose her again if she hesitated. In desperation she gathered her skirts about her, and let herself cautiously down on the floor. For one awful moment terror paralyzed her, then, grasping her skirts with one hand and her hat with the other and closing her eyes, she slid.

Miss Lucinda did not "bump the bumps"; she slid gracefully around them, describing fanciful curves and loops in her airy flight. When she arrived in a confused bunch on the cushioned platform below, she was greeted with a burst of applause.

"Ain't it great?" cried Floss, straightening her hat and trying to get Miss Lucinda to open her eyes. "Dick says you are the gamest chaperon he ever saw. Sit up and let me pin your collar straight."

But Miss Lucinda's sense of direction had evidently been injured, for she did not yet know which was up, and which was down. She leaned limply against Floss and tried to get her breath.

"Excuse me," said a man's voice above her, "but are either of you ladies Mrs. Lura Doring?"

The effect was electrical. Miss Lucinda sat bolt upright and stared madly about. Tom Speckert had told her to be sure to answer to that name. It would get him into trouble if she failed to do so.

"Yes, yes," she gasped; "I am Mrs. Lura Doring."

The members of her little party looked at her anxiously and ceased to laugh. The slide had evidently unsettled her mind.

"Why, this is Miss Perkins—Miss Lucinda Perkins of Locustwood Seminary," explained Dick Benson to the officer. "She's rather upset by her tobogganing, and did n't understand you."

"I did," declared Miss Lucinda, making mysterious signs to Dick to be silent. "It's all right; I am Mrs. Doring."

The officer looked suspiciously from one to the other, then consulted his memorandum: "Small, slender woman, yel-

low hair, gray eyes, answers to name of Mrs. Lura Doring. Left Chicago on June 10."

"When did she get to New York?" asked the officer.

"A week ago to-morrow, on the eleventh," said Floss, eagerly.

"Then I guess I'll have to take her up," said the officer; "she answers all the requirements. I've got a warrant for her arrest."

"Arrest!" gasped Benson. "What for?"

"For forging her husband's name, and defrauding two hotels in Chicago."

"My husband—" Miss Lucinda staggered to her feet, then, catching sight of the crowd that had collected, she gave a fluttering cry and fainted away in the arms of the law.

WHEN Miss Joe Hill arrived in New York, in answer to an urgent telegram, she went directly to work with her usual executive ability to dispose of the difficulties. After obtaining the full facts in the case, she was able to make a satisfactory explanation to the officers at headquarters. Then she sent the girls to their respective homes, and turned her full attention upon Miss Lucinda.

"The barber will be here in half an hour to cut your hair," she announced on the eve of their departure for the Catskills.

"You ought not to be so good to me!" sobbed Miss Lucinda, who was lying limply on a couch.

Miss Joe Hill took her hand firmly, and said in a commanding voice: "Lucinda, collect yourself! You have temporarily lost your poise. Let the past week be wiped from our memories. You have gotten out of the center of your individuality; with my help you shall return. Divorce yourself from all positive thought, Lucinda. Allow the subliminal self to assert itself."

The next morning, shorn and penitent, Miss Lucinda was led forth from the scene of her recent profligacy. It was her final exit from a world which for a little space she had loved not wisely but too well.



# "LOVE LAUGHS AT LIONS."

BY EDNA KENTON.

PICTURE BY  LEON GUIPON.

IT was, in fact, nothing short of tragedy, her marriage, and that in spite of the almost perfect honeymoon just ended—nothing short of tragedy.

She sat staring at the books before her, as she had stared at them ever since her husband left the house—this lovely home that he and she had planned together in the days before their marriage, the home which these books had bought—*these books!*

No woman emerges from the honeymoon with precisely the same estimate of the man to whom she has given herself that she held when she stood with him before the altar. Yet Ellen was prepared in advance for such psychological change, being a student of humanity from the strictly psychological side, as all her published tales and her two brief novels clearly showed. She was no idle romancer, no veiled maiden with rosebud illusions, no worshipping woman who believed all men to be gods and more than gods. She was just and sane in her estimate of the man she loved too much not to marry him. And she was too clearly aware of the fascination which exact opposites exert to wonder much or trouble any over the fact that Jasper Holbrooke was perhaps as unlike her in temperament as a man could be. She was thoroughly, though not ostentatiously, poetic. If Holbrooke felt the frequent thrill of mystery, she had yet to discover the fact. She adored Brahms and Chopin; Holbrooke's delight in musical comedy was naïve and bubbling. She revelled in chiaroscuros and subdued values; Holbrooke approved of Gibson's black and white and McCutcheon's cartoons, and had a thoroughly womanly infatuation for books illustrated by Christy and Fisher. She remembered now that she

had noted that before their marriage, his instinctive turning to the illustrations of books, and his odd ability to detect almost always some utterly inexcusable flaw on the artist's part—black hair instead of blond for the heroine, negligée instead of ball attire—all the familiar, miserable blunders. Such an ability would indicate a humorous sense rather than true art appreciation, she granted.

No, she loved him because she could not help it, and she gloried in her helplessness, and yielded to it, and became his wife, knowing she was marrying a mere man merely because she loved him, and that one month from her wedding day she would be a wiser and, in some ways no doubt, a sadder woman. And with all her common-sense expectations of disappointments, her honeymoon had been beautiful—beautiful. She had known before, and she had proved it, she was surer, with each day, that an ability in one's husband to analyze the tone values in a Tschaikovsky or a Whistler symphony is not a positive requisite for normal happiness with a normal man. Holbrooke loved her not like a poet, but like a man, and she had sense enough to know that no man, were he poet laureate from the high heavens, could ever truly comprehend the poetry of a happy woman's soul in its flush of love. So she did not grieve over his love as it might be, because she was too completely happy in his love as it was. And he had brought her last night to this beautiful home, and this morning, on the fourth anniversary Wednesday of their marriage,—that was Holbrooke's fancy solely, the celebration of every Wednesday in every week,—he had given her these books—*these books!*

She picked them up again one by one. Their covers were not the regular edition ones, being, indeed, frightfully expensive

examples of the private bookbinder's art. Ellen was certain that no one of the four volumes could have cost less than one hundred and fifty dollars to bind; and Jasper had expended such sums on such books because they were his own, for her, his wife, on their fourth anniversary. The unusual remembrance of the sacred day, even to its place in the weeks as they rolled round, touched her deeply.

But such books, by Harper Holbrooke! No wonder she had never dreamed of his being the author. He had resurrected his mother's maiden name, he told her, to use in this venture—a venture undreamed of till a chance discussion rose with an author friend of his, and he had wagered that a name amounted to nothing in a book's sales. The author friend offered to provide the publisher, granted Holbrooke's tale was printable, and "The Game of Hearts" ran easily into its one hundred and twenty-fifth thousand in its first season, making Harper Holbrooke's name and fame. Ellen shuddered at the thought of such name and fame.

She picked up the other books: "Irmingarde of Immenzee," "The Mask and the Girl," "The Countess of Florida." All of them had been immense sellers. She herself had never read one of them, but she remembered vividly the binding of each book as it had flaunted itself at passers-by from every bookseller's window—the crimson hearts of the binding of the first book; the cobalt sea that stretched from cover end to cover end of his second book; the scarlet mask which adorned the cerulean back of his third book; and the very modern Christy-esque lady of curls and tiara which enlivened "The Countess of Florida's" crimson covers. He had even had some significant part of the cover-design of each book transferred bodily to the leather of his special bindings—the hearts and the mask and the Countess's crown!

She continued to gaze at them helplessly, with the sound of Holbrooke's big, happy, boyish voice still booming in her ears: "Not a soul knows, darling," he had said, "except Sidney and my publishers. I owe it all to old Sid, you know, darling, and I've gone on with the law because it's slathers of fun, and it's

been easy to do this on the side; because when I once get the story, the writing goes like a greased pole. I kept still at first because it seemed foolish to think I could write a book; and then I thought I'd prove it again, and I did; and then I met you, and somehow I never wanted to tell anybody before you, and I didn't want to tell you till it was a surprise worth while. It got to be sort of funny, too, because you'd never read any of my books, and just did n't discuss them, and it amused me like all things. Especially since we're both writers, darling, and you never even suspected it. I wanted these books for our wedding day, but that fellow would n't be hurried up, and that's why I hurried you home to be here this morning, on our fourth anniversary, darling. And you'll have to read them now, you know, because we'll have such fun telling everybody. Imagine two authors being married! And to-night I want to tell you about the next book—the next one, that is, after the one that's just going to press, 'Winged Fetters!' It's got a cover that's a crackerjack, darling—silver wings and gold chains all over it."

What a pity, what a pity, thought Ellen, helplessly, that one must be ashamed of such a beautiful, glorious lover-husband as was hers; and the horror of it, that she was the wife, the loving wife, of a man who wrote *trash*!

She dipped into the books because she knew she must, and grew paler and paler with the horror of the thought that he was intending to own to his crimes, and that there was no decent way of stopping him. She could n't be ashamed of her husband,—at least she could never show him that she was ashamed of him,—but how was she to endure being known as the wife of the man who wrote "The Game of Hearts!" She gasped with the sudden flounce of the wheel. She had been so careful in every way not to give herself arrogant airs in his eyes over the promising and deserved place she had in the world of letters. The Dean of American Realism had openly praised her two novels and several of her shorter stories, and the Master of Subtleties, who refused to dwell in unillusioned and disillusioning America, had written her direct about her second book, and she had walked on air for days therefore.



Yet she was in the future to be known as Harper Holbrooke's wife! All her tender care that he need not be known as Ellen Grattan's husband had been totally unnecessary, because his was the wider fame, his was the reputation. Lived there in the whole stretch of the Americas a shop-girl with soul so dead who had not perused "The Game of Hearts?" Or a lady manicurist who could not discuss the pros and cons of "The Countess of Florida" with her patrons? Ellen granted there was not. As freely and more gladly she granted that there was hardly a shop-girl in the country who had ever heard of "Shibboleth" or "The Obsession." She would have been stricken dumb with shame if ever either of her darling psychological studies had figured on the "Six Best" list. She did not want the wider audience, did not write for it. But Jasper—yes, that was it—Jasper was going to help her! He saw where she fell short of reaching her public! He was going to help her gain it!

She picked up "Irmingarde of Immenzee," and began to glance through that seven hundred and ninety-third imitation of the Zenda bonbon, laughing weakly, helplessly, with now and then a tear. She read it through, her fingers delighting in the feel of the exquisite binding, and her soul revolting at the thought of such content in such casket. It was utterly absurd and impossible, but it *was* a story, smoothly told, with somewhat the air—it was her only consolation—of winking with a sympathetic reader from behind the filmy gauze of his impossible tale. She skimmed through "The Game of Hearts" that afternoon and "The Countess of Florida," and the tragedy of her marriage deepened to unrelieved gloom. She had seen it humorously for a moment; but the comedy faded swiftly. Jasper was intending to tell! He was utterly without shame. He was intending to talk about the best methods of stepping into the lime-light, on this, their fourth Wednesday!

library. He was standing by the fireplace, complacently smiling.

"Yes," she told him, and shrank at his attitude of waiting, as he lighted his cigar.

"They are very nice stories," she said faintly, after a frightful moment of trying to snatch at the glacé opinion she had set aside for his feeding, and had forgotten. So she said the first thing which came to her, which was the most damning thing possible, of course. "Very nice stories!" She almost moaned in her poignant distress of mind.

"Yes; they're good stuff," said Holbrooke, assentingly. It was not conceit, at least no more than a trace of it. It was mere calm statement of a fact subscribed to by one out of every five men, women, and children in the country. "I tell you, Ellen, they're good stuff. You bet they're nice stories."

His unhappy wife clenched her hands hard. At first she had feared he would resent her sickening praise of his specially bound masterpieces. Now she wished he had resented it. His resentment would have been easier to face than his rhinoceros-hidden obtuseness.

Suddenly Holbrooke laughed aloud, and Ellen lifted her dull eyes to his, trying to smile with him. She loved the very sound of his rich, happy laugh.

"It's been so absurd that you've never read any of them before," he said. "I could n't urge it too much, or you'd have suspected, and after I got the idea of surprising you, I wanted to keep it up as long as it would last. Why, darling, I've made love to you like Karl made love to Irmingarde, like Saxon to the Countess—and you never knew, with all your reading of books, and writing them. And it's this last I want to talk about. Listen!"

He dropped down into a chair beside her, and reached out for her reluctant hand.

"'Winged Fetters' is coming out with 'Harper Holbrooke' still on the title-page." Ellen breathed a sigh of deep relief. "But this next book that I'm all ready to begin, this is to be *our* book, darling. It's going to start over in England somewhere, with the heir to the title dying, leaving his uncle, who's brought him up, all but mad over the thought that the estate and title pass

"Have you read any of them, darling?" Holbrooke asked that evening, after dinner was ended, and they were in their

to a scoundrelly cousin— *unless* they can get a half-brother of the dead man, an illegitimate son, who is here in America, cow-boy or something—that can be worked out—to come over and take the place of the dead man, see? Of course he's got to be the counterpart of his half-brother, but we can fix that up—"

"But, dearest, it's been done so often," said Ellen, gently. "And it's so impossible."

"Done often? Of course," laughed Holbrooke. "That's why everybody is so fond of it—they know there's no chance of the happy ending going astray. As for impossibility, there's nothing impossible for the novelist. Of course, too, there's the girl who was going to marry the dead duke for state reasons and who is mysteriously drawn toward the new one without knowing why, and falls desperately in love with him, and wonders at it—"

"Dear," murmured Ellen, plaintively, "she would know. A woman would know the man she loves."

"But she can't know in this plot, don't you see," argued Holbrooke, patiently, "until the end; there'd be no climax otherwise. We can fix her up all right. Then, of course, to take the bad taste out of every one's mouth over the cow-boy coming into the title with no rights, there'll be a dandy secret passage and a chest of carved oak and copper, and inside it the marriage certificates that make him the eldest son all along. Seems to me the girl ought to find 'em—shut her in the secret passage, eh?—stumbled into it in her despair over discovering the cow-boy's imposture on her and the world, and finds the right papers—"

"She should take matches with her, dear," murmured Ellen, in gentlest sarcasm.

"Sure!" said Holbrooke, agreeably. "She'll have to have a light, because all the thrill would go in a well-lighted secret passage. But that'll be easy. I've got a regular classified list of how to get lights when you need 'em, and of ways to discover wills, for that matter, and queer places to keep keys, and crazy poisons. What do you think of an old silk-stockinged codger keeping the key to his strong chest on his garter, eh?

Or of this, that bananas and yellow chartreuse, taken together, are said to be a deadly poison without leaving traces behind? I'm going to get a chemist to work on that some time, and if there's sense in it, do a dandy murder story. Of course you keep stacks of notes like these, too?"

"I keep a note-book, of course," said Ellen, faintly.

"And I've got the title, too," pursued Holbrooke, happily. "'Love Laughs at Lions!' Pretty good, eh? Oh, hackneyed, perhaps, but every thing's hackneyed, and it's the old things that take best. It does n't matter near so much what you say as how you say it. 'Love Laughs at Lions' tells a love-story from the start, and that's what you've got to have to set the ball going. Then any title with 'Love' or 'Hearts' in it is bound to make a book go. Look at 'The Game of Hearts'—150,000 sold the first season, and that book is n't near up to this new one in plot."

"I dare say you know best," breathed Ellen, submissively.

"Well, I don't know," Holbrooke said generously. "Of course we're both in the craft. But you just take 'The Obsession,' for instance, compared to 'Love Laughs at Lions.' Don't you see the difference right away, darling, in the chance for sales? You see, the vast majority of Americans not only don't know what 'obsession' means, but they won't try to find out. By the way,—you don't mind, darling?—how many copies of that book sold?"

"Certainly not, Jasper," said Ellen, with a tender pride in her voice. "It has almost reached eight thousand, and is still selling."

"Good Lord!" breathed Jasper Holbrooke, pitifully. "That's a rotten shame! Why, 'Winged Fetters' has advance orders of 130,000 right now, and they've just put it on the presses!"

"But, Jasper," said Ellen, reasonably, "that's a *very* good sale for 'The Obsession.' 'Shibboleth' sold only twenty-five hundred till 'The Obsession' made the sales go faster; and really, most of the books that are printed don't nearly reach two thousand."

"But they're not your books or mine," said Holbrooke, also reasonably. "I



knew, of course, that your books had n't had much of a sale, though I 'm sure your publishers have done very well in the way of advertising, considering. But you never have talked much about your work, not until that time, not long ago, when you gave me a scare by telling me you were always going to write under 'Ellen Grattan.' I was sure you 'd found there were two in the family."

"And I am, Jasper," said Ellen, firmly. "My reputation is made under that name, and my sympathy for librarians, if for no one else, is great enough to keep me from changing my author's name merely because I 'm married. I intend to be 'Ellen Grattan' to the end of my last chapter. I 've told you that, you know."

"I know you have, darling," said Holbrooke, "but I want you to change your mind, you see. In fact," he blurted out, "I want you to collaborate with me on 'Love Laughs at Lions,' and bring it out under our two names, I 'll just tack 'Jasper' to the front of my name, and you add 'Holbrooke' to yours, and there we are. Dunn & Runn say, with the advance sale on 'Winged Fetters,' and the plot I 've got for 'Love Laughs at Lions,' that the advance orders on the 'Love' book ought to run up to 175,000. And you see, darling, collaborating with me that way, you 'd come in for your full share of glory—I 'd see to that. Dunn & Runn are fine fellows, any way, and they 've got a man on their publicity staff who 's the very dickens, darling, for getting up catchy stories, particularly about their women writers. He ran all that stuff that was syndicated the country over about Pauline Diana Darrows taking lessons of Belasco so as to star in her own dramatization of her novel, 'The Flames of Love.' And, by George! he worked the thing so well, that the first-night audience did n't know whether they were going to see her or the actress who was really engaged. He 's the fellow who took her into the department stores and got her introduced to the clerks and heads of the book departments, and then she 'd waltz in from time to time and take the different girls out to luncheon. Why, till the other firms caught on, no one who did n't know what he wanted could buy anything off those counters but 'The Flames of Love!'"

"Really," said Ellen, delicately, "this hardly concerns me, Jasper. You have no desire to have me take shop-girls out to luncheon, or be giving interviews to yellow journalists on the gentle art of acting in 'Shibboleth'? My work is not that sort of work at all, dear."

"Certainly not," said Holbrooke, decidedly. "But as long as you 're in it, you might as well be making as much money as the rest of them; and that 's why I want you to take my name and collaborate with me at least. That would give you all the start you 'd need. Then the only other things to do would be to get catchier titles, and break up your pages with a little more conversation,—paragraphs at least,—and go over to Dunn & Runn, and there 'd be no more eight-thousand sales, darling. You know, I always insist on seeing page-proofs for this one reason, to break them up into paragraphs. I want four paragraphs to a page any way—get a solid page full of type, and it makes a tired man weary before he 's begun, and no telling on just what one page an eye will light, and travel no further."

Ellen gazed speechless into the fire. Four paragraphs to a page, measured doubtless by a half-gill measure! She, praised of the Subtle Master, collaborator in "Love Laughs at Lions!"

"And I thought," went on Holbrooke, a shade of doubt creeping into his voice, "that you perhaps could do all the descriptions of scenery, darling—you do sunsets and spring fine. You could write off a lot of 'em, and I could chuck 'em in anywhere they fitted, and perhaps, if you 'd make your lovers talk a little more—you usually stop 'em too soon."

Ellen waited, listening for the rest of her share in the collaboration. As the silence deepened, and she realized that Holbrooke had entrusted all to her which he dared,—the scenery,—she began to laugh, softly at first, and then hysterically; and finally Holbrooke, troubled and dense, caught her in his arms. "What is it?" he asked.

"Only that I 've married you," gasped Ellen through her tears—"a writer! It 's been such a shock, *such* a surprise! Forgive me, darling, *darling*! It 's just the surprise. It 's such a—*joke*!"

As the days went on, she grew to hate those books and their staring titles. Her honeymoon had been perfect, and now this cloud hung between her husband and her. He was eager to get down to immediate work on "Love Laughs at Lions," and she was neither helping him nor allowing him to help her. She still insisted that she wanted to be to her public merely "Ellen Grattan," and she seemed strangely averse to sharing her husband's lime-light, or, indeed, to seeing him bask in the full glory of discovery. She urged him constantly, and after a coward fashion, to keep the secret a little longer, and he was mystified and very considerate. He felt that he occupied a delicate position, for he did not wish to hurt her feelings in the slightest degree, and he grew rather fearful of referring to the sales of "Winged Fetters," which were already in excess of "The Countess of Florida's" stupendous sale, lest she might recall with bitterness her pitiful little 8,000 copies of "The Obsession" sold. He was buying her matched pearls, one for each fifty thousand of his books which had sold, and when "Winged Fetters" passed its 200,000 mark, he brought her modestly her fifteenth jewel.

Ellen took the pearls, feeling like an ingrate and a hypocrite. Her own work was at a standstill; she could settle to nothing. She had not expected to do much in this first new, bewildering year of marriage, but she found herself turning instinctively to her old loves for help and abstraction, and they only provoked distracting thought. She could not bear the thought of hurting Jasper, and yet she could not, if she never wrote another line, put her name upon such a creation as "Love Laughs at Lions" was sure to be. Sales? Oh, yes! Behold "Winged Fetters"—200,000, and still selling! She could be nothing ever but "Ellen Grattan." If Jasper insisted on anything else, she must give up everything, never to write again.

Yet she *was* happy so long as she could keep those dreadful books out of her mind and the thought of Jasper's love in it, and one morning she woke late, with glowing spirits, and ran down to the breakfast room with shining eyes.

"What 's the matter?" asked Holbrooke over the top of his paper, which he scanned hastily for another moment before he put it aside. "I thought you were n't coming down."

"It must be because it 's the night of the lecture," said Ellen, happily. "I did n't stop to think why I feel so gay; but that 's it."

"Oh!" said Jasper, comprehendingly. The Master of Subtleties had come, like a homing bird, at last unto his own people, for a lecturing tour and an impressionistic view before he took an already engaged passage back across the waters. He was to lecture to-night, his only appearance in the city, before one of Ellen's exclusive clubs, and Holbrooke really felt a pang this morning that his identity with Harper Holbrooke was not now disclosed. Yet it quickly passed. There was plenty of time, and Ellen should have her hour there. He understood that the Master approved her work—had gone quite daffy over "The Obsession," which was selling in the nine thousands now, to Ellen's quiet delight, and his secret pity.

He came around to her side of the table, and bent to kiss her before he went out to his motor-car, waiting at the door, for his morning spin down to his office. Her greatest pride in him lay in his devoted love for his law profession and his steady rise in it.

"I 'll get home by five to-night," he told her. "We can have a drive before dinner, and you can be in fine trim to meet the heavy gentleman. Can you read his books, Ellen? Honest?"

"Oh, they are glorious, Jasper," she protested. "Glorious!"

"They drop too slow for me," said Holbrooke. "I get too thirsty, waiting for the drink, and when I reach the end, it 's all leaked away, while I 've been looking for it. But good luck to him and you, Ellen Grattan, in your meeting!"

Ellen smiled and flushed. "I know my aim is as high," she said humbly, "but I fall so far below. I am as tremulous over this meeting, Jasper, as I ever was over my first sweetheart."

Holbrooke laughed delightedly, Ellen flushed so seldom, and ran down to his motor-car.

She turned from the window where she had waved him good-by, with a number





Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'ELLEN,' HE SAID GENTLY, 'YOU WILL REGRET THIS ALL YOUR LIFE'"





of emotions working within her. She was happy, forgetting those dreadful books, and so long as Jasper's shameful secret was unknown of men. But when all was disclosed, she trembled to think what was in store for them then—of how her respect for her husband would stand the strain of ridicule and criticism. If only he saw; but he did not. He really seemed to take it all rather seriously. It was not merely money which he was after—he really liked the red-letter, yellow-postered fame which was Harper Holbrooke's. It was all terrible, terrible! She could force back memory of his crimes and crush down her own criticisms by remembering his unflinching love and consideration for her—and hers for him. She could not help loving him now, in spite of all things; but how would it be when she heard others voice what she would not; when she must hear ugly truths and know them for ugly truths, and be powerless to refute them? What would she do then? What strength would her love show then, if respect for the man she had married went crashing down? Almost was her day clouded.

When Holbrooke *honk-honked* at the door that afternoon, she went down to meet him in her beautiful new furs, which were his last lavish gift, happy again, full of eager anticipation to meet the Master. When they were fairly off, Holbrooke put a box into her hands.

"The twenty-fifth anniversary!" he said boyishly.

"Jasper!" Ellen murmured, as she lifted the lid, and saw the pear-shaped pearl lying there. "You must not! Think how fast the pearls have been rolling in in these six months."

"It's not every day a fellow has a twenty-fifth anniversary!" Holbrooke said defensively. "It will do for the pendant, won't it, when we get them all set up? And old 'Fetters' is spurting along the last ten thousand before it reaches the 250,000 mark. That means another of the matched ones due, darling. Dunn & Runn telephoned me to-day."

Ellen's face clouded even as she laid her hand gently on his arm, and snuggled closer to him as the keen wind whipped them. Was ever woman so frightfully torn between happiness and threatened woe! "You are so good to me!"

she murmured self-reproachfully, hating herself for the dread she had of the meeting between her husband and her Master that night, because of her keen fear that somehow her husband's unspeakable secret might be known, and that she must stand forever blasted in the Master's eyes as the wife of the man who wrote "The Game of Hearts." And because of her self-reproach and sorrow she nestled closer still to her husband, and he smiled down at her that beautiful smile of his which belonged to the gods and never to any mortal capable of putting out in cold blood "The Countess of Florida."

IV

"He has already asked for you, my dear!" whispered the President of the Fortieth Decade club to Mrs. Holbrooke as she greeted that lady and her handsome husband. "How very proud of her you must be, Mr. Holbrooke," she added to that gentleman. "To be asked for specially by him means more to people who care and know than a presentation at the Court of St. James. And she is the only one he has insisted on seeing. He does n't wish to meet any one, my dear, until after his lecture; but after that, you'll come up immediately, won't you?"

"I'm sort of leary of this deal, Ellen," her husband confided to her shell-like ear as they sought seats. "A fellow who can't write his books in clear enough English to be understood by a man accustomed to legal briefs—what do you bank on his talk being like? And if he can't get a plot for his novels, can he get backbone for a lecture?"

"He deals altogether in situations, Jasper," murmured Ellen—"psychological difficulties in people and between people. More and more I feel that plot, in the old definition, is n't the vital thing."

"It's what makes the sellers all right," said Holbrooke, calmly, "and don't you ever forget that, little girl, when you're scanning the 'Six Best!'"

"His situations are wonderful, wonderful!" said Ellen, breathlessly. "Hush, he is here!"

For an hour following Ellen sat at the feet of her Master, and was not disap-

pointed. Sentence after sentence was graven on her memory for all time, so intense was her concentration. She forgot her husband utterly: for that hour he was as if he had never been. She had no idea how he had been enjoying himself. When the lecture was ended, and the Master stepped down, and the patter of hands woke her to consciousness, she stared vaguely at Holbrooke as if she had never seen him before. He, her husband, could not understand. He had no idea of the meaning of the whole beautiful talk; the devoted giving of a sacred message to a world always in need of higher things; the burden laid upon the novelist by the sacredness of his mission. No; her husband could not understand.

Her face clouded slightly as she rose. People were crowding all about the lion of the evening. She had no fancy to join that first throng. She would wait for the quiet moment. She stood beside Holbrooke, glad of his silence, since he could not comment understandingly, yet cut to the heart because he had nothing to say of such an hour. She glanced up at him once longingly, to find him staring ahead of him, with but little intelligence in his fixed gaze. No doubt he had been bored to death.

At last only two people stood between her and Holbrooke in their approach. The President had departed for refreshment, worn with her labors. There remained, then, for Ellen her own quiet self-introduction, and then the actual living of a life-long dream—speech with him!

She was not listening, but a sentence from one of the group about the Master smote her brain, and she leaned forward, her cheeks flushing painfully, waiting for his reply. It came, as piercing as a sword-thrust, and for a few moments the light war of words raged, scattering at last like wind-blown leaves, leaving behind them upon the verbal battlefield the mangled bodies of Pauline Diana Darrows and Harper Holbrooke, disposed of, done for, dead—slain with epigrams and irony!

When it was over, Ellen looked up from her piteous view of the corpses, suddenly remembering that Holbrooke was beside her, and saw that he too had gazed, somewhat dismayed, upon his mangled self. The group about the Master sud-

denly dissolved, and Holbrooke touched her arm, to bring her to herself, and pushed her gently forward. But she gave one gasp of pain, shame, rage—Holbrooke did not recognize it, never having heard it before—and turned away. "Come, come, come!" she muttered chokingly, and he followed her perforce. In the broad hall he stopped her.

"Ellen," he said, "go back. He wants to meet you without fail."

"I 'm going home," she said with choking voice. "No! I shall not! I 'm going home."

Holbrooke got his things and met her. He took her down to their waiting carriage and put her in it. Then he paused before stepping in himself.

"Ellen," he said gently, "you will regret this all your life. He has no idea—"

"Get in!" she said curtly, and Holbrooke stepped inside and sat down beside her. He realized as never before that he did not understand Ellen, and he felt a distinct hopelessness to-night that he ever would. He felt, when that brief, swift battle of wit began, that it was a contest to the death between the Master and himself, and he had gazed upon his own dead body,—dead before he knew it,—slain by the deadliest of weapons, ridicule. His bewilderment was therefore complete when Ellen threw her slender self upon him.

"Oh, the brute, the brute!" she sobbed, "not to know that they are nice stories, that they are lovely stories! The brute, the brute, the brute!"

Holbrooke laughed gaily. His relief was unspeakable. He had perceived many things to-night calculated to discourage him. Now he perceived one thing which drove all discouragement away. He took her in his arms, and pressed her head into its accustomed resting-place.

"Now, don't be silly, darling," he said. "I 've never really thought I measured up to Scott or Dickens or Balzac or that gang; but I have depended for my point of view on the figure side of the ledger, and somehow I feel to-night that somebody's sized me up right."

"But he had no right," sobbed Ellen. "Irmingarde is *sweet*, and so is the countess—"

"Do you remember, darling," said



Holbrooke, ruminatively, "what he said a man must do before he dared call himself a novelist—live deeply, see truly, select wisely, and then write it down by grace of his God-given talent that fuses all the parts into one great whole? That 's you; and one novelist 's enough in one small family, darling."

Ellen listened wonderingly as he quoted the kernel of the Master's message; and then, remembering the aftermath, she sobbed again for the hurt dealt her beloved.

"But the stories are lovely," she wept piteously. "They are! They *are* lovely!"

"No," laughed Holbrooke; "they 're not—but you are." Then he laughed again. "By George!" he said, "that man ought to know this. It has his star 'situation' skinned ten miles, darling, for 'subtleties.' And you *shall* meet him, after all. We 'll have him to dinner to-morrow night. He 's staying with his cousin, and Jack owes me some money, and has got to bring him!"



## THE STRANGE CASE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND JULES SIMONEAU

BY JULIA SCOTT VROOMAN



ALL roads in California lead the tourist to the quaint town of Monterey, the "old Pacific capital," with its picturesque missions, its early Spanish theater, its many monuments of a bygone age and a vanished people. For the life of Monterey is all in retrospect: its shops deal in antiquities, its cypresses are centuries old, and the chimes that ring out from the mission-tower are voices of the past, faint echoes of that far-off time when they called the Indians to San Carlos Mission to hear the glad tidings Father Junipero Serra had come across the seas to tell.

But among all the relics of the past, to me the most interesting was Jules Simoneau, friend of Stevenson in the early days, who welcomed that "Prince of Vagabonds" to his little Bohemian restaurant and to his big French heart with such generous hospitality and such genuine love that Mrs. Stevenson, writing to him afterward from Scotland, when Stevenson was too ill to write himself, said: "His heart yearns to be in some sort of communication with 'his dear Simoneau,' as he always calls you, even though it is at second hand and through my pen. Your friend-

ship and kindness to Mr. Stevenson are among the very few things he can remember with unalloyed pleasure connected with his stay in California. He cannot speak of it now without tears in his eyes."

In a New York periodical,<sup>1</sup> a writer, mentioning Simoneau in connection with Stevenson, evidently unaware of the intimacy of which I am about to give proofs, says: "Something very like a friendship ripened between them." As to Stevenson's own estimate of the relationship, we have only to turn to the letters he wrote Simoneau. Through these he, being dead, may yet speak of his love and gratitude. Some one has said: "A man is better read by the letters he receives than those he writes." After seeing Simoneau, I felt it was indeed a privilege to be able to read this delightful character through the medium of Stevenson's letters; but truly they cast their light both ways and reveal as much the tender heart of the master as the goodness of the old man.

Aside from the evidence they give of Stevenson's happy faculty for making friends and even lovers among all classes, these letters are rarely interesting in that

<sup>1</sup> "The Book Buyer," May, 1899.

they mark the transition from poverty to ease, from the period of unrecognized struggle to that of dawning fame. They come to us fresh and buoyant out of the heart of that happy time at Hyères, of which he wrote from his island exile to Sidney Colvin: "Methought you asked me—frankly—was I happy. 'Happy? (said I); I was only happy once; that was at Hyères.'" The picture of that happiness, which he draws for the old man, has only one blot to mar its beauty. "Now I am in clover," he writes, "only my health a mere ruined temple; the ivy grows along its shattered front. Otherwise I have no wish that is not fulfilled;—a beautiful small house in a beautiful large garden, a fine view of plain, sea, and mountains, a wife that suits me down to the ground, and a barrel of good Beaujolais. To this I must add that my books grow steadily more popular; and if I could only avoid illness, I should be well to do for money; as it is, I keep pretty near the wind."

Most of the letters are in French, greetings for the exile from his own land in his own tongue. It is interesting to note Stevenson's perfect command of French and his peculiar literary charm, which even in this foreign language at times is manifest. There are no dates, a characteristic of Stevenson's correspondence, but one letter explains a longer silence than usual, by saying he had lain for weeks between life and death;<sup>1</sup> but that now his strength was returning, and "C'est avec une vraie joie que je me trouve à même de vous assurer que je ne vous oublierai jamais, que notre bonne amitié et tous nos bons jours ensemble sont et seront (in secula) chers par ma mémoire. Non, he adds, "je serais un bien pauvre sire si j'oubliais ce que je dois à papa Simoneau."<sup>2</sup> And again he protests: "Ne pensez pas que je vous ai oublié ou que je vous oublierai jamais. Il n'en est rien. Votre bon souvenir me tient de bien pres, et je le garderai jusqu'à la mort."<sup>3</sup> And this again from the sick-chamber, to reassure

the old man: "Écrivez-moi donc bien vite, cher Simoneau, et quant à moi je vous promets que vous entendrez bien vite parler de moi; je vous récrirai sous peu, et je vous enverrai un de mes livres. Ceci n'est qu'un serrement de main, *from the bottom of my heart, dear and kind old man!*"<sup>4</sup> Your friend, Robert Louis Stevenson."

And this, in a letter written in English: "It would be difficult to tell you how glad I was to get your letter, with your good news and kind remembrance. It did my heart good to the bottom. I shall never forget the good times we had together, the many long talks, the games of chess, the flute on occasion, and the excellent food."

Then in another French letter, as to his writing which begins to be recognized: "Je travaille beaucoup, je commence à ne pas être le dernier et ce qui ne gâte rien—l'on commence à me payer un peu plus cher mes petites bêtises. Déjà on se dispute ce que j'écris et je n'ai pas à me plaindre de ce que l'on appelle les honoires."<sup>5</sup>

And this, apropos of an incident of overbearingness that has aroused his disgust: "But the race of man was born tyrannical, doubtless Adam beat Eve, and when all the rest are dead, the last man will be found beating the last dog!"

Here is a characteristic observation which the Englishman in France writes the Frenchman in America: "All races are better away from their own country, but I think you French improve the most of all. At home I like you well enough, but give me the Frenchman abroad; had you stayed at home you would probably have acted otherwise. Consult your consciousness and you will think as I do. How about a law condemning the people of any country to be educated in another, change sons, in short! Should we not gain all around? Would not the Englishman unlearn hypocrisy? Would not the Frenchman learn to put some heart into his friend-

<sup>1</sup> His illness of May, 1884.

<sup>2</sup> "It is with a real joy that I find myself able to assure you that I shall never forget you, that your good friendship and all our happy days together are and will be forever cherished by my memory."

<sup>3</sup> "Do not think that I have forgotten you or that I ever shall forget you. There is nothing in that. I hold your good memory very close, and I will guard it till death."

<sup>4</sup> "Write me then very soon, dear Simoneau, and as for me I promise you that you will hear talk of me very soon; I will write you again shortly, and send you one of my books. This is only a grip of the hand."

<sup>5</sup> "I work hard, I begin not to be the last, and, that which spoils nothing, they begin to pay me a trifle more for my little foolishnesses. Already they contend among themselves for what I write, and I cannot complain of what they call the fees."

ship? I name what strikes me as the two most obvious defects of the two nations. The French may also learn to be less capricious to women and the English to be a little more honest. Indeed their merits and defects make a balance:

<i>The English</i>	<i>The French</i>
Hypocrites	Free from hypocrisy
Good, stout, reliable friends	Incapable of friendship
Dishonest to the root	Fairly honest
Fairly decent to women	Rather indecent to women

"Here is my table, not at all the usual one, but yet I think you will agree with it, and by travel each race can cure much of its defects and acquire much of the other's virtues in turn. Let us say that you and I are complete! You are, anyway. I would not change a hair of you. The Americans hold the English faults, dishonesty and hypocrisy, perhaps not as strongly, but still to the exclusion of others. It is strange that such defects should be so hard to eradicate after a century of separation."

Our party had heard only by chance as we were leaving Monterey that Simoneau was still living there, still glad "to discuss the problems of the universe" with others, as he had with Stevenson. The problems of the universe did not interest us so much just then as the reminiscences of which we heard he was full, and though we had only two hours before our train left, we hurried down to his little cottage, hoping to have some talk with him. We went simply to see the man who had succored Robert Louis Stevenson. We came away as impressed with the personality of Simoneau as Stevenson had been, and fully convinced that any one who knew him well enough would realize that Stevenson's friendship for him was based on something other than a mere sense of gratitude; that between the litterateur and the peasant, in spite of the gulf that separated them socially and intellectually, there existed a real affinity of soul.

We were met at the door by Simoneau's old Spanish wife, who, at sight of our party of six, assumed a most forbidding aspect. Evidently she had suffered many things at the hands of tourists who had "done" her house and her husband, with scant regard for consequences to either.

In answer to our question if we could see M. Simoneau before our train left, she replied in a burst of broken English: "He eat now; he work hard all day; he only eat two meal a day: he so old, so tired, so bad stomach, if he hurry to eat, or be stopped to talk, his stomach he act bad,"—from which we gathered that Stevenson's jovial friend of the early days had developed into a dangerous dyspeptic whom it behooved us to leave in peace.

We tried to pacify the old lady in every way except the one way she plainly indicated by the door still closed in our faces. At her first note of refusal, we were quick to gain an entrance, willy-nilly, on the plea of our desire to try her famous tamales, and I placed a half-dollar in her hand, making an apprehensive mental calculation as to how many bunches of tamales each of us would have to eat. She weakened a trifle and asked us to be seated while she got the tamales. This was a step gained, and we intrenched ourselves, glad to be at least under the same roof that had sheltered Stevenson.

When the door opened we looked up eagerly, but, alas! it was only the tamales done up in a newspaper, tied and evidently prepared for outside consumption. From the little kitchen we heard the clatter of dishes and caught through a crack in the door a glimpse of the old man at his supper. It seemed all the view or interview we were to have. Our mingled zeal and disappointment fought with our pride, and we lingered while the old lady continued to explain how fatal it was to interrupt him. We acquiesced in all she said, agreed it was brutal to hurry him, and then asked irrelevantly if she supposed he was nearly through. I realize now we overstepped all limits. She must have realized it then, but when she saw how matters stood,—rather how firmly we sat,—she accepted the inevitable gracefully and concealed her impatience, seeming only distracted between two conflicting duties—her plain duty to her husband, and, what seemed to her Spanish idea of etiquette, her no less plain duty to these guests who had thrust themselves upon her.

At last she went into the kitchen and whispered something to Simoneau. In a few moments he appeared with his napkin tucked in his blouse, plainly intending to shake hands with us and let us go. We



explained our persistence by saying we had loved Stevenson and all his works and wanted to thank him for what he had done to make those works possible.

He saw we were real lovers of his hero, and instantly his manner changed. His face was transfigured; there were tears at his eyes as he said in a ringing voice that belied his eighty-five years and left us no doubt of our welcome: "Whoever comes to me in the name of that friend, is indeed *bienvenu*."

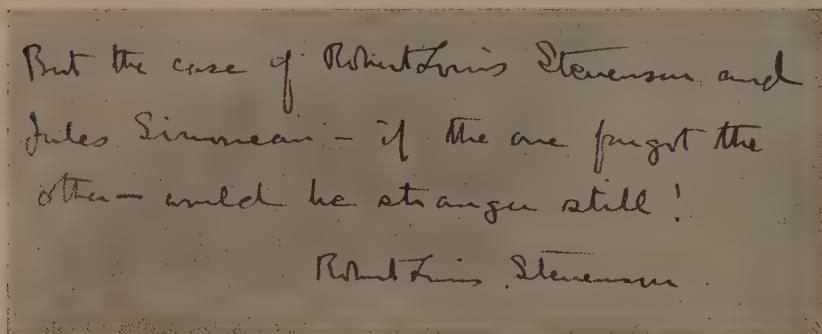
Tossing his napkin into the kitchen, he came forward with the heartiest manner, motioning us to chairs, rubbing his hands in the genial French way, throwing out

Jules Simoneau et le temps jadis!"<sup>2</sup> In another, "Que nous avons passé de bonnes soirées, mon brave Simoneau. Sois tranquille; je ne les oublierai pas."<sup>3</sup> In still another, "If there ever was a man who was a good man to me, it was Jules Simoneau."

He showed us different photographs he had of his friend, pointed out the Stevenson mottoes on the wall, and read in a voice like a trumpet, with a strong French accent:

"Ze world is so full of a number of zings,  
I am sure we should all be as happy as  
kings!"

Adding in a reminiscent tone: "That was



STEVENSON'S INSCRIPTION IN A COPY OF "DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE"  
GIVEN TO SIMONEAU

his chest, suddenly all alert, all eagerness, to speak of his friend.

He got down his books, an entire set Stevenson had sent him, each volume bearing on the fly-leaf a typical inscription and his autograph, Simoneau's own name often linked with the author's, as in this:

"Ce qu'il y en a de mes ouvrages! Je ne trouve plus rien à griffoner.

"N'oubliez pas

"Robert Louis Stevenson.

"Il n'oubliera pas Jules Simoneau."<sup>1</sup>

In the "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," we found this: "But the case of Robert Louis Stevenson and Jules Simoneau—if the one forget the other—would be stranger still! Robert Louis Stevenson." In another we read, "Vive

Stevenson—always as happy as a king."

When I asked him if Stevenson had sent a letter with the books, "No; que voulez-vous?" he said with a laugh, pointing to the crowded shelf. "Was that not enough to read in one day?" But this opened up the subject of the letters, and he took them reverently out of a little iron box. As I read them aloud, the old man fell into a reverie. He knew every syllable by heart; if I hesitated, he was quick to give me the word; but it was not my voice he heard—a voice that for us was still was sounding in his ears; a hand we could not see was beckoning him.

In answer to our question as to how he found Stevenson, he said: "Why, he found me. He came to me at once. All Bohemia

<sup>1</sup> "Here are all my works! I find nothing more to scribble.

"Do not forget

"Robert Louis Stevenson.

"He will not forget Jules Simoneau."

<sup>2</sup> "Long live Jules Simoneau and the good old days!"

<sup>3</sup> "What good evenings we have passed together, my brave Simoneau. Be tranquil; I will not forget them."

came to me." Then he told us how one morning, with the little company of regulars and irregulars, there had appeared at his restaurant a pale young man, sick in body, sick at heart, with no friends, no name, no prospects, whose only recommendation was his need. Many such he welcomed in those days, glad for the breath of the outside world they brought with them, little heedful of the bills they often left unpaid. Not forgetful to entertain strangers, more than once he had been rewarded with the "angel unawares."

In Stevenson's case, however, I think he was never entirely unaware, since when we asked him his first impression of Stevenson, he answered with a smile that seemed to light up all the years that were gone: "It was just love at first sight; that was all!"<sup>1</sup>

When we spoke of the debt of gratitude the world owed him for having come to Stevenson's rescue, he said quite simply: "It was only what I should have wanted done for me; he was worth saving." And I thought, as I glanced from the works of Robert Louis Stevenson on the shelf to the face of this old man: "What a golden harvest literature has reaped from this application of the Golden Rule, what a wealth of experience was his, that are sunset memories now!"

One secular letter, so to speak, he kept with the sacred ones—a letter from the secretary of the Robert Louis Stevenson Fellowship Society of San Francisco, announcing his own and Mrs. Stevenson's election to honorary membership, and warmly inviting him to be the guest of the society at its next meeting. Among all the brilliant men and women who make up its membership, none is more honored than Simoneau, and he spoke with naive enthusiasm of his reception when he read them his letters: "It was a royal welcome, madame; I was like a demigod."

He inquired eagerly if we should be in San Francisco the 13th of November, the date of the next meeting, which, though it will add almost another to his eighty-five years, will still, according to his count, make him feel at least twenty years younger, since, as he assured us when we

apologized for the length of our visit, "Every good talk I have of Stevenson makes me ten years younger." His wife, by this time beaming on us as benefactors, added in her expressive way: "When he have the bad feelings and be sorry, I run quick to get some one to talk to him of Missa Stevenson, and that make him well again."

Emboldened by this new view of the case and loath to leave the feast while so much remained untasted, I suddenly made up my mind, and when the others said "Good-by," I said "Au revoir." This hour with Simoneau had somehow dulled my appetite for the stock sights on our program. What did I care for Lick Observatory, when I might look through this old man's eyes at a life that had shone like a star?

The next morning I arrived at his cottage with camera and note-book and asked that I might take his picture, get a few points for a sketch about him and Stevenson, and perhaps (here my heart thumped) sandwich in a phrase or two from the letters, to show how matters stood. To my immense relief, he agreed to everything and explained with a logic in which I was quick to acquiesce, "the vast deafairance between publishing the letters as a whole, that which he would nevair consent to," and publishing extracts from those letters in an article about himself. He had made a gift of one or two letters to a Stevenson Society in Philadelphia, but no gold could buy his treasures; his eyes flashed fire as he told me his one answer to all would-be purchasers, to persistent publishers, and callous collectors, who had tried to tempt him with big sums of money—"Ze money is not coïnéd which could buy zeese zings from me."

I could see that all hands were needed in the preparation of the chili and the tamales; but when I rose to go, saying I must not keep him longer from his work, his wife came to the rescue of my accusing conscience, assuring me she would do all the work herself, "so that," as she explained with tactful turning of the tables, "he might have the pleasure to speak of Missa Stevenson." A delicate way, this, of setting me at my ease by giving me to

<sup>1</sup> Stevenson's full appreciation of Simoneau was more tardy, as his first references to him are slight. He was in Monterey from the latter part of September, 1879, to the end of the year, as ap-

pears in the volume of letters, edited by Sidney Colvin (Scribner's, 1901, p. 164) where only occasional superficial impressions of Simoneau during the first few weeks of his stay are recorded.

understand that, instead of my being under obligations, they were the favored ones. I have rarely met with a finer courtesy than in this little cabin by the sea, with my French host and my Spanish hostess rolling up tamales in the kitchen.

But Simoneau did enjoy the talk and grow young again. His eyes sparkled as he told of the rare old times. Think of what had been his—the companionship of Stevenson for three months; the certainty that he would come every morning as surely as the sun (though a little later, for he breakfasted at ten), and every evening for his supper, the “occasional music of the flute and the long talks,” as regularly as the sun set! He told me he had few friends now, but I did not pity him overmuch; in the old days he had feasted indeed, and memories sufficed now for friendship's daily food.

Laughing to scorn the suggestion that I might betray his confidence, he left me alone for a few minutes to copy the extracts while he helped his wife pack the tamales. I submitted to him the extracts I had taken, and when I recall his hearty response to each one of my tentative proposals: “Mais oui, madame, take what you will. Have I not explained the deefairance?” My one haunting regret in the whole affair is that I did not copy more. Only once did he take exception to my choice. As I read one of the extracts that was particularly tender and intimate, he shook his head, saying, “No, that is too *intime*; that was just for me,” and I admired the fine instinct which recognized the dividing line between conversation and communion; I envied him his lot, that Stevenson had spoken thus to him.

One volume of his set I noticed was missing,—probably the theft of some trusted visitor,—and as I was about to ask him for his address, that I might replace it, my eye fell on a faded envelope with a Hyères postmark, whereon was written in a firm, clear hand, “M. Jules Simoneau, Monterey, Monterey County, California, U. S. A.” It was as if the master himself had answered my question to whom I should send his book.

At last the tamales were ready and the hour had come for Simoneau to start on his daily round. Just one more request I had to make: “Might I take the ‘Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde’ down town and

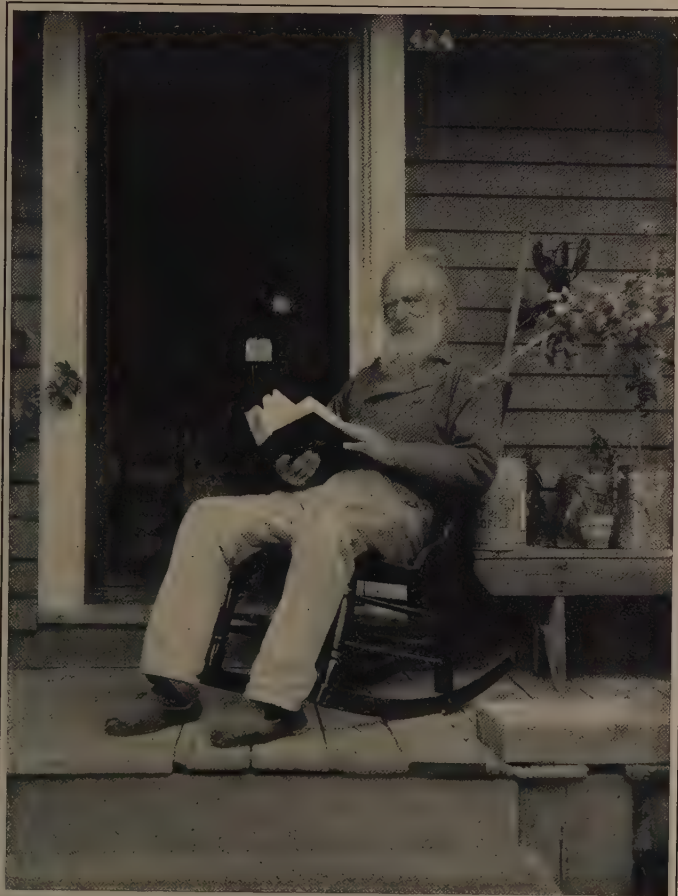
have the inscription properly photographed?” I would bring it back safely within an hour, I added, as he hesitated. It was perhaps too great a strain on his new confidence to trust me with that book, but he replied with prudent chivalry that he would go with me, so that I might escape the long walk back. When I protested that he would miss some of the morning's sales, he said: “*Ze plaisir* that I have to walk with you, madame, is greater far *zan ze plaisir* the money from *ze tamales* could bring”; and, strapping a basket over each shoulder and tucking the book safely in his blouse, he started off with me.

After the photograph was taken, I told him I was going to the Junipero Serra Monument. “You know,” I explained laughingly, “I have seen no sights in Monterey but you”; and he responded gaily: “Shall I tell you what is a definition of Monterey? It is one very old town, where lives one very old *philosophe* who is named Jules Simoneau.” And then, as if to prove how good a joke that was, he would not desert me till he had shown me some of the sights I had neglected.

He trudged to the old fort with me, and pointed out, in the distance, Pacific Grove, where he goes on his rounds distributing tamales. One hundred and thirty-one bunches he had in all that day, and “always it is that I cannot make as many as I can sell. I have not to ask people to buy; they wait for me. On the street? No, I leave that to the little lads; my clientele is in the country,—poor families who buy a dozen or a half-dozen bunches. Five cents a bunch I sell them. You see, madame, it is this way: the rich who could pay ten cents do not eat tamales. No, I do not make much money; but I do not need much money, so there it balances. Tired? Yes, sometimes, for I am getting old; but *que voulez-vous?*”—with a shrug of his shoulders and a laugh as he tightened the straps and adjusted the baskets: “It is to do; I do it—*voilà tout*.”

So this old philosopher of Monterey shouldered his heavy burden and started gaily out for his day's work, as that other philosopher at Monterey, so many years ago, shouldered his heavier burden and started off for his day's work—a day that was, alas! so short for the work he had to do!





JULES SIMONEAU READING THE WRITINGS OF  
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Before my car came I had just time to see the monument to the old Spanish priest, Father Junipero Serra, who landed here in 1770 and founded all the missions along the coast. As Simoneau climbed the steep hill that overlooks the sea, never losing his breath or seeming to be weary, I said: "Not many eighty-five-year-olds are as active as you."

He replied: "Shall I tell you *ze zecrete*? I *nevair* fret. If good luck comes, I enjoy; if bad luck, I get out of it as soon as possible, and I *nevair* get sick with *désir* for what I cannot have. *Enfin*, I am content," and, throwing out his chest proudly, "Stevenson was like me."

I thought as I looked at the old man and remembered the young one: "Yes, Stevenson was like you. He truly made always the most of the best, the least of the worst; he, if any, practised the courage that he preached, and by his example led countless souls to resolve with him to 'play the man.'"

Seeing my car in the distance, I ran down the hill to catch it, while Simoneau waved his sombrero—a hearty farewell. A splendid picture he made, in his rough peasant's blouse, with his sun-scarred face and erect figure, the old philosopher of Monterey, standing by the monument to the old priest of the mission.



Drawn by Harry Fenn. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

THE HOUSE IN WHICH STEVENSON LIVED IN MONTEREY



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"HE BLEW AT THEM SOFTLY"

## THE SHADOW OF A TRAGEDY

BY GRACE ELEANORE TOWNDROW

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE



boat from Coney Island, heavily freighted with weary humanity, throbbed and panted as it plowed its way through the moonlit waters.

It was Sunday night and the crowd was tremendous but good-natured, in spite of the discomfort, with the exception of the babies, who wailed and fretted with weariness and want of sleep.

There was much laughter and joking as the people crowded together to make room for new-comers, who were still straggling up the companionway, looking for places on the upper deck. Lizzie moved closer

to Tom,—unnecessarily close, if the truth were told,—to make room for a couple that were looking for a seat.

The man and girl sitting opposite were holding hands in unabashed affection, the man's arm supporting the girl as she leaned on his shoulder. Then the girl slept, and the man continued to hold her tenderly, fearful of waking her. She wore a large picture-hat, which she had not removed, and the feathers brushed the man's nose and chin. He blew at them softly, but could not get rid of them without disturbing the sleeping girl. His position was strained and uncomfortable, but he bore it with the fortitude of a martyr.



"It's a wonder she would n't take off her hat," sneered Lizzie, derisively. She pretended to scoff at them, but wished with all her heart that Tom would put his arm about her and look at her as the man opposite was looking at the girl on his shoulder. It must be delightful to be petted and taken care of. But Tom stared straight ahead and answered only in monosyllables.

"It's gettin' kind of cold," Lizzie remarked, moving still a bit closer, with an affected shiver.

"Are you cold?" asked Tom, turning with a slight show of interest. "Why don't you put your jacket on?"

It was disappointing, but she held out the jacket for him to help her into it, and the touch of his big, clumsy hands thrilled her as he pulled the collar about her neck. Why did n't he look down at her and say something to make her smile and blush, as she had seen other men do? Was it bashfulness or simply indifference? If the former, she was quite willing to help him out a bit; if the latter—well, she would win him, anyway.

This was their third Sunday at Coney. She was well aware that she had rather forced him into the first trip, but he had taken the initiative in the two that had followed, and that was at least encouraging.

She had seen him the first morning she went to work at the factory, and had admired his strong, brown face, with the ruddy cheeks and the dark eyes that gazed straight ahead, without so much as a glance in her direction. Each morning after that she met him on her way to work, and confided her admiration of him to a girl who said she knew him. The girl was good-natured, and one day as they stood talking and giggling on the corner, Tom passed, and she had called to him and introduced him to Lizzie. He had pulled off his cap awkwardly but respectfully, and after murmuring a few words, while the rich color mounted to his dark curls, he had hurried away. But the meeting gave Lizzie an opportunity which she was not slow to grasp, and thereafter when she saw Tom coming down the street she would slacken her steps and bid him a pleasant "Good morning," and, if he were not going too fast, would add some little remark about the weather.

The night before that first beautiful trip to Coney, she was sitting on the stoop of the tenement that was her home. Every inch of space was crowded with slovenly women and noisy children, come out of their sweltering apartments for a breath of air—such air as the heated pavements and narrow streets could give them. The women were gossiping and the children quarreling, each indifferent to the other, and Lizzie was talking with a girl of her own age as they sat on the bottom step. Tom was always in her thoughts now, so she was hardly surprised to see him turn the corner and come slowly toward them. She measured the distance well, and when he was directly opposite them, she jumped up, laughing at something her companion had said, and ran to the middle of the sidewalk; then stopped suddenly and looked up into Tom's face with a start of well-feigned surprise.

"Why, what are you doing here?" she asked.

"Oh, just takin' a walk. I did n't know you lived here."

"Did n't you?" The faint hope that he had come for the purpose of seeing her died hard, but she did not let it daunt her.

"It's a fine night for a walk," and, as though unconsciously, she moved slowly along beside him until they had passed beyond the hearing of the group on the steps. Tom had snatched off his cap when she first spoke to him, and, whether from gallantry or embarrassment, had not replaced it, but twirled it in his hands as they walked along.

"What do you say to a glass of soda?" he finally blurted out, with a violent twist of the cap.

"I never say, 'No,'" answered Lizzie, gaily. This was so much better than she had hoped.

Her easy acceptance restored Tom's self-possession. He set his cap back on his head, and the high color vanished slowly beneath his collar.

After the soda—nectar of the gods!—Lizzie turned so that their steps brought them to the dock at the end of the street. It was pretty well crowded, but Lizzie found a vacant place on the string-piece, and Tom stood beside her, leaning against one of the spiles. How handsome he was! Lizzie's heart beat fast as she remarked carelessly:



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"THE NEXT MOMENT SHE WAS CLINGING TO HIM"

"Ain't the water pretty?"

"Grand!" responded Tom, laconically.

"Have you been to Coney this year?"

The question was asked with apparent indifference, but it had been in her mind for days. Many times this scene had been rehearsed in her imagination, and it was hard to believe that it was at last being realized. She was going to make the best of her opportunity.

"No. Have you?"

"Yes; I was down last Sunday with Kittie Mahoney. Oh, it's great! They've got lots of new things there this summer. You ought to go."

"Maybe I'll take a run down to-morrow."

"I'm thinkin' of goin' myself to-morrow." Lizzie was poking at the dirt in a crevice with a stick she had picked up, and was the picture of indifference.

"You must be crazy for Coney, goin' again so soon."

"Oh, I don't know. There ain't a better place to go on a hot day, and one's got to go somewhere to get away from the flat."

"That's so, and it's as cheap as any. What boat do you take?"

"Oh, I get out early,—right after mass,

—and stay all day. It 's better than hangin' round the hot city."

"That 's right. Well, I may see you on the eleven o'clock boat, if you ain't goin' with any one in particular."

wonderful pastimes invented for risking life and limb of Coney Island pleasure-seekers. To Lizzie it was a delightful day, and she congratulated herself on the foresight that had prompted her to invite



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"HER HEART WENT COLD WITH JEALOUS FEAR"

"Only my little sister. I 'm takin' her for a treat."

She felt that she had forced him to it, but she had succeeded—and it was worth it.

Although Tom's compliance had been only half-hearted, he came up like a man, and spent his money lavishly on all the

her sister in place of Kittie Mahoney. Kittie was by far too pretty to be thrown in Tom's way. Lizzie was not pretty, and she was painfully aware of the fact. Her hair was of a glaring, carrot shade of red, and the society in which she moved was not sufficiently artistic to appreciate red hair. Many a night she had cried



herself to sleep in bitter resentment of the terms applied to her; "brick-top" and "speckled beauty" being among her pet names, for the freckles which usually accompany this brilliant shade of hair were another source of misery to her. But Lizzie was blessed with a keen wit and a glib tongue, thanks to her Irish parentage, and with these she often won admirers where a prettier girl would pass unnoticed.

Oh, that "happy day! Lizzie lived on its memory for nearly a week, and then Tom invited her to go again. This was a genuine invitation; nothing half-way about it, and no hints on her part.

The summer days passed by, and Tom was looked upon by her friends as "Lizzie's steady." He was not exactly an entertaining companion, but Lizzie did not mind. She always found something to interest her, something to talk about; and so long as Tom was willing to listen, she did not care very much whether he answered or not. But she did wish he would show a little more affection. Surely it was quite time, according to the etiquette of her circle, that he make known his intentions by some act or word; but neither the act nor the word was forthcoming. Lizzie thought he might be bashful, and was quite willing to meet him half-way; but he never advanced the other half, and it was a difficult matter to coquette with a man who would not even look at her, but stared straight ahead,

utterly indifferent to coy glances, and who responded only in monosyllables to the insinuations she threw out.

He looked particularly handsome to-night in his Sunday clothes and "boiled shirt." His hair was newly cut and his

hat set well, and Lizzie thought him quite a "swell." Some one in the bow of the boat began to play a harmonica, and then a voice raised the melody. It was a national air, and one after another swelled the chorus until the whole boat was surging with sweet sound. There was a clapping of hands, and the children ceased to cry as song after song followed each other. From national hymns they went to popular songs; even old tunes, some long forgotten, were revived when the new songs were exhausted.

"Only One Girl in the World for Me" was started, and the man opposite joined lustily in the chorus:

"She's not so very pretty, and not of high degree,  
But there's only one girl in this world for me!"

The girl by his side had been wakened by the music, and he gave her a joyous hug to demonstrate the truth of his assertion, and she smiled trustingly up into his face.

Lizzie sighed. "Ain't it grand!" she whispered.

"Fine!" replied Tom.

"It must be great to feel like that—like



Drawn by Jay Hambridge  
Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"SHE LOOKED LIKE AN ANGEL IN A  
VIOLET CLOUD"

what the song says—that there 's just one in the whole world you love.”

“I suppose so.” Tom stared silently across the moonlit water, and Lizzie sank back in her seat disappointed.

When they reached the door of the tenement where Lizzie lived, she halted and seemed loath to go in, although the hour was late.

“It 's a crime to go in these beautiful nights,” she said. “The flat 's so warm one can't sleep, and the street is nicer after every one else has gone in.”

She sat down on the step, and Tom leaned over the railing beside her. It was

honest eyes, and Lizzie wished they would often look at her that way. She determined to make another effort to obtain her heart's desire this glorious night when Tom was all her own. What matter if she appear bold, if she could only win?

“You need a wife, Tom, to look after your things and keep 'em in order.”

“That 's right,” agreed Tom, readily, still looking at her.

“How would I suit you?” she asked, with another hysterical laugh, pretending to make a joke of it.

“First-rate,” he replied, smiling; and the next moment she was clinging to him,



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

“‘WHY DID THE LORD MAKE ME SO UGLY?’”

the first time he had seemed inclined to be the least bit lover-like, and she felt encouraged.

“There 's a button off your nice new suit,” she said, passing her hand caressingly over his coat.

“Yes,” he replied. “I carried it round with me for a few days, but there was no one to sew it on for me, so I lost it.”

“Why did n't you bring it to me?” she asked, with a nervous little laugh. “I 'd been only too glad to sew it on for you. You 've done enough for me.”

“I did n't think of it, or I would. But you must n't talk as if you owed me anything. Have n't I had your company all summer?” He was looking down at her now, and Lizzie thrilled beneath the glance of his dark eyes. They were kind,

laughing and crying. She never quite knew how she got there.

THEY had been married a year when the baby came. It was a boy, and Lizzie's joy should have been full, for he had his father's dark eyes and hair.

Tom had been kind to her, as she knew he would be,—gentle and considerate,—but never once in the year that had passed had he said, “I love you,” and ever in her heart rankled the thought that she had courted him. She had done so deliberately, and would do so again if there were no other way. She loved him, and he was worth winning even at the cost of her self-respect. But, ah, how the memory of it seared and scorched her in her moments of solitude! If he would only tell her he

loved her, only bestow upon her some of the caresses she lavished so freely on him! She had thought it would all come in time, and had been patient, but her waiting had been vain.

As the boy grew older and developed cunning little ways, his father's heart seemed wholly centered on the child. He would sit for hours before the baby as it played on the floor, his body bent forward, his hands hanging loosely clasped before him, watching its every movement. Every now and then he would put forth a guiding hand to prevent it from falling, as the child struggled to its feet in the first uncertain efforts to walk.

"Look at him now, Lizzie! Did you ever see the like? He's got hold of me boot and is tryin' to get it off. See how strong he is, and how hard he's workin'! Is n't he a wonder?"

Lizzie watched her infant's clumsy efforts for a few minutes with motherly pride, and then her mood changed.

"I believe you think more of the kid than you do of me," she said pettishly.

"Aw, Lizzie, don't be silly! Ain't you his mother?"

"Yes; I'm his mother, an' I suppose you think that ought to be honor enough for me, but it don't satisfy me."

"Why, what more could you ask for, Liz?"—in slow perplexity. "Is there anything I can do for you? I always thought you were perfectly happy, especially since the boy came."

"Yes, yes,"—drying her eyes on her apron,—"*I am* perfectly happy. You must n't think anything of these spells. I know I'm foolish. Maybe I'm gettin' 'nerves,' as the ladies say. Why should n't I be perfectly happy with a boy like this?"

She seized the child and smothered him with passionate kisses, until he began to whimper.

"There! don't cry, darlin'! Did mother frighten you? Go to your father. I love you both too much, that's the trouble."

One evening Tom came home looking tired and troubled, and Lizzie, who was quick to detect his moods, asked what was the matter.

"Aunt Maggie is dead," he said, "an' I'm all broke up. She was like a mother to me after me own mother died."

"Aunt Maggie!" cried Lizzie, aghast.

She had never met Tom's aunt, who had lived in Boston, but she had always heard him speak fondly of her, and knew that she had a daughter some years younger than Tom. "What's to become of your cousin? Has she any relations she can live with?"

"I don't believe there's any one but us. Don't you think I'd better write and ask her to come to us?"

Lizzie was silent. The thought of a stranger invading their little Eden was intolerable, but she did n't like to oppose Tom's wishes.

"Do you think it's expected of us, Tom? Ain't she got any friends—or relations on her father's side, maybe? You can hardly afford to support another, especially a girl that wants spendin'-money for clothes and things."

"Mollie ain't the girl to be dependent on any one. She's in a nice position. But even if she had no livin', I'd work me fingers to the bone for Aunt Maggie's daughter, and feel that I was n't doin' enough."

"Maybe she won't want to give up her nice position to come to New York," ventured Lizzie.

"Perhaps not; but it ain't right for a girl to be left alone in the world without some sort of protection—and a pretty girl, too. Oh, she'll come, I guess. She's right smart with her needle, and can get work anywhere."

"So she's pretty, is she?" questioned Lizzie, slowly, watching Tom's face closely. "You never told me that before."

"Did n't I?" he said—indifferently. "Yes; she's a beauty, all right. No one can touch her when she gets her glad rags on. She dresses like a swell."

Lizzie offered no further objections, although her heart protested against the thought of this girl being brought into their home. So Tom wrote for Mollie to come to them, and she accepted.

When she came, Lizzie found that she was prettier by far than she had even imagined from Tom's description. She had a dainty, patrician beauty—inherited, perhaps, from some far, far distant ancestress who may have been a duchess when Roderick O'Connor was king of Ireland.

As Lizzie looked at her, scrutinizing



her, searching for faults that she could not find, her heart went cold with jealous fear. Could such beauty come before Tom's eyes daily, in living, glowing contrast with her own plainness, and he not see it and regret?

"Did you live in the same house with Mollie before you came to New York?" she asked, as soon as they were alone.

"Yes; I lived with her and her mother for three years. It was the only home I had."

"And was she as pretty then as she is now?"

"Yes; I guess so. I don't see that she's changed any. Why?"

"Oh, I was only thinkin', Tom, how could you take to me after havin' such a pretty girl as Mollie round you all the time?"

"Oh, I dunno. You're pretty enough to suit me, Liz."

Lizzie flushed and her eyes glowed, and for the moment she was almost as pretty as Tom imagined her to be. It was the first time he had mentioned her looks in any way, and the nearest he had ever come to a compliment. Could it be that she was pretty in his eyes? Surely there could be no doubt of his love if that were so, for he must be blind, indeed.

For a few days she took a new interest in her appearance. She had grown careless since her marriage, especially since the baby came and monopolized so much of her time; but Tom's compliment acted as an incentive, and every evening, just before he came home, she arranged her hair carefully and dressed herself and the baby neatly. But Tom did not appear to notice the change, and when she looked at Mollie's glowing beauty she felt how useless were her efforts, and finally ceased to make them.

She watched with sullen, jealous eyes each glance Tom bestowed upon Mollie, and listened to detect, if possible, any added tenderness in his tones when addressing her. Any little kindness or attention on his part was magnified until it seemed quite lover-like, and she would lie awake far into the night, with staring eyes, thinking, thinking; and all day, when alone with the baby, she would rehearse every insignificant act, looking at it from all standpoints and trying to find some hidden meaning in it. She grew

taciturn and sullen, and on the slightest provocation the shrewish tongue which was her birthright, but which had been kept in check by her love for Tom, would break loose, and she scolded needlessly and ceaselessly.

At first Tom pretended not to notice these outbursts of temper, and his stolid indifference was more provoking to her than retaliation; but when Mollie quietly gathered up her sewing and slipped away to her own tiny room to escape the noise of the wrangling, then Tom spoke:

"Aw, Liz, let up! What's the matter wid you, anyway? You're gettin' to be a regular rag-chewer. You ust n't to be like this."

"Did n't I? Maybe it's only by comparison that you're seein' me faults. I don't pretend to have the fine-lady airs that some people have, and I don't want to copy them—they make me sick."

"If you mean Mollie, I'll thank you to leave her alone. She's never done nothin' to you, and you're making her home unhappy for her."

"Her home, indeed! I'd like to know who made it her home. She's made my life miserable enough for me, and little you care!"

"Lizzie, Lizzie, hush! She'll hear you! What do you mean? Has she ever done anything to you? Explain yourself."

Tom's voice was terribly stern, and his eyes held hers with a look she had never seen before, and beneath which she trembled and shifted her gaze.

"I mean nothin'. If you're blind enough not to see, let it go at that."

"We'll not let it go. You've said too much to take it back, and I want to hear all now."

She lifted her eyes shrinkingly to his, they were so stern and terrible, and then flung herself into his arms, clinging to him convulsively and sobbing:

"I did n't mean nothin', Tom. I'm tired, and I guess them nerves are gettin' the best of me again. Baby's been so cross all day with the teethin', and I'm so wrought up, I don't know what I'm sayin'. Forgive me, dear, for bein' so ugly, and forget all about it."

Tom was puzzled, but could not withstand her tears.

Peace reigned in the little household

for a few days, and one night Tom came home with a radiant face. "I 've got tickets for the Timothy Casey Excursion, Lizzie," he said. "Fix yourself and the boy up in the best you 've got, and we 'll go and have a good time."

For a moment Lizzie's face brightened with anticipation; then she shook her head.

"I can't go, Tom—not to take the baby. It 's no place for children."

"Oh, pshaw! There 'll be lots of kids there," replied Tom, looking disappointed.

"Yes, I know; but I don't want our boy to go. There 's danger of his catching some disease. He 's pretty miserable, these days, with the teethin'; and he 'd only get tired and cross, if nothin' worse. No; I don't want to take him, and there 's no one to leave him with. You go,"—in a burst of generosity,—"go, and take Mollie."

But Mollie also shook her head. "I 'm in mourning, you know; and it would n't look just right for me to go and dance."

"Oh, nonsense! You work hard, and the rest and change will do you good. Leave off mournin' for a day, and have a good time." Tom crossed the room and, bending over Mollie's chair, said something to her in a low tone. She laughed, and when she raised her head Lizzie saw that she was blushing rosily. "Then I 'll go," she said, giving Tom a glance of thorough understanding. "But I must get something to wear—and in a hurry, too; the excursion 's only two days off."

The next evening she came home with an armful of bundles. From one of them she took a roll of pale-violet organdie, and asked Lizzie if she thought it would make a pretty dress. She shook it out over the dining-table, where it caught rosy tints from the lamp, making it look like a bank of clouds at sunset.

"It 's beautiful!" said Lizzie, her heart sick with jealousy as she pictured Mollie's delicate beauty clothed in this violet mist.

Late that night, and the night following, they heard the low rumble of the sewing-machine, and knew that Mollie was working hard and late to gown herself for the great event.

Lizzie's imagination, however, did not do justice to Mollie's beauty. When she came into the little parlor, dressed for the

excursion, Lizzie gasped with wonder, and Tom gave a low whistle of admiration. She looked like an angel in a violet cloud, and a large black picture-hat crowned her sun-burnished hair. Her cheeks were glowing and her eyes sparkling with delighted anticipation, and altogether she was good to look upon.

"Hullygee! but you certainly are a beaut!" cried Tom, surprised out of his usual indifference. "Won't the fellers be jealous of me to-day? They 've got to take off their hats like gentlemen and ask me for the privilege if they want to dance with you."

Mollie laughed merrily, and said something in reply that Lizzie did not hear, and Tom joined in the laugh.

Lizzie's face was white and her lips were cold when she lifted them for Tom's good-by kiss.

"I 'm sorry you 're not wid us, Liz. Take care of yourself, old girl, and we 'll get home as early as we can."

She watched them from the window until they were out of sight, Mollie stepping daintily, her pretty head erect, and Tom walking proudly by her side. When they turned the corner and Lizzie could no longer see them, she threw herself on her knees beside the sofa, where the baby was playing, sobbing and beating her hands together in a frenzy of jealous rage.

"Oh, baby, baby, why ain't I pretty and sweet and lovable? Why did the Lord make me so ugly, and then put a love in my heart that no one wants?"

During the afternoon the child became fretful, and, the flat being frightfully warm, Lizzie knew that she ought to take him down to the dock and get what breeze they could from the water.

She made the boy tidy in a clean slip, and then began her own toilet. She had given little thought or care to her personal appearance of late, and to-day, as usual, put on the first things that came to her hand. She twisted her hair up without a glance in the mirror; slipped on a walking-skirt over the waist she had been working in, and, rummaging in the bureau for something to put around her neck, snatched up a length of green ribbon, which she wound carelessly around her throat, tying it in front. When she had pinned on her hat, she turned to pick up the baby, but something made her pause

and look in the glass. The reflection that met her eyes was anything but pleasing—a shapeless figure in a red shirt-waist that looked hot and dirty; a skirt with waist-band sagging from the belt at the back, and gaping where hooks were missing. The hideous green ribbon strung carelessly about her throat gave additional pallor to her white face, and her eyes and nose were swollen and red from crying. A misshapen hat, pinned down over her red hair, which was drawn tightly back from her pale face,—this completed the unlovely picture.

She gazed at the reflection for a long minute, not sparing herself any of the ugly details; then with a cry of rage she tore from her neck the awful ribbon, and dashed her hat to the floor, stamping upon it until she had crushed it out of all shape. Then she sat down and stared moodily at the wreck, comparing the picture she had just seen with the vision of Mollie's loveliness as she had seen her go forth in the morning. Oh, fool, fool that she had been to let them go! Fool to let Tom see Mollie's beauty in a new light!

The baby began to fret and whine, and she knew she ought to take him out, but could not go as she was. She bathed her swollen face and proceeded to dress again with more care. She shook out her luxuriant red hair, and fluffed it softly about her face as she had been used to wearing it before she was married. Then she put on a clean white waist and collar, adding a neat black tie. She brushed and mended her skirt, fastening it to her waist so that there were no distressing gaps visible; then adjusted her belt carefully, and felt repaid for her pains by the neat figure that met her eyes in the mirror. Taking the baby in her arms, she went down to the street.

On the stoop one of the neighbors spoke to her, and Lizzie was passing on with merely a nod, when she called after her:

"I see ye 're a grass-widder to-day, Mrs. Kelly."

"What did you say?" asked Lizzie.

"I seen yer husband go out this mornin' wid that pretty boarder of yours, an' thought yer might be lonely."

Lizzie went on her way without answering, but the words rankled. So others had noticed and were pitying her. Perhaps they had seen more than she was aware of.

Down on the dock she seated herself against one of the spiles, facing the water. Soothed and fanned by the soft, salt breeze, the boy soon fell asleep in her arms, and she sat motionless for fear of waking him, staring across the sunlit water, brooding moodily. Two excursion-barges, lashed on each side of a noisy little tug, passed down the river with flags and streamers flying. They reminded Lizzie of an important little man escorting two large, gaudily dressed women. Strains of music came floating to her from the barges, and she could see the people dancing. So Tom and Mollie were dancing, possibly, at that very minute, Mollie looking like an angel in a violet cloud, and Tom—her Tom, big and handsome—holding the angel in his arms and smiling down at her as they glided to the strains of a dreamy waltz. It was intolerable! Why had she been such a fool as to let them go? Why had n't she gone herself? It would n't have hurt the baby. He had been cross, anyway. Even suppose he got sick, what matter? What did anything matter now? What had Tom whispered to Mollie that made her consent so readily to go? What had she said that very morning before they started out, looking up in his face with that half-shy, half-coquettish glance that was like a stab to Lizzie's jealous heart? What secret was between them? Gritting her teeth and clenching her hands in impotent fury, she felt that she hated them both.

"I could drop right off here, and no one would know but what it was an accident," she thought sullenly, staring down at the water until it seemed to draw and beckon to her. "Then he'd be free when I was out of the way."

She leaned far over the edge of the pier, and the green water washed and sucked around the piles, beckoning and calling to her in low tones. Farther and farther she leaned, until she grew dizzy and her grasp on the post got weak. In leaning over she crushed the child, and it stirred and began to whimper. She drew back. "I can't," she whispered. "I can't leave the boy." She hushed him to sleep again, and, exhausted with emotion, a dull apathy came over her, and she almost slept herself.

Voices, almost in her ear, aroused her





Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THIS IS NOT THE MEDICINE WE GIVE TO CHILDREN, LIZZIE"



from partial unconsciousness, and she knew that some of her neighbors had gathered on the dock and were sitting just on the other side of the post that hid her from them. She paid no attention to them, only desiring to be left alone. Then she heard something that banished sleep from her eyes, and awoke the jealous demon that had been silenced for a brief moment.

"I 'd like to see *my* husband going off with a pretty girl, and leaving me home to mind the baby."

"That 's right. Is n't she the fool to stand it? Serve her right for takin' a pretty girl into her home. I 'd fancy meself puttin' temptation in my man's way three times a day; an' Tom Kelly 's no better than any other man, if she *does* think he 's perfect."

"They say the girl 's a cousin of his."

"'Cousin' 's good. How does she know who she is?"

"Did yer see 'em goin' out this mornin'?"

"Indeed I did. She was dressed up like a Fift' Av'noo belle, an' he that proud uv her he never took his eyes off her. I watched 'em goin' up the street, an' you 'd think the pavement was n't good enough for her to tread on, the way she carried herself. Oh, I 've got no use for them dainty creatures; they 're too proud to mix in wid common folks, an' no good ever comes to them."

"He 's pretty attentive for a cousin, I must say. Do you remember the big storm we had last week? Well, he went after her wid an umbrella an' rubbers for fear she 'd get wet. I was in the hall when they come in. They did n't see me, so I just watched them. He unfastened her cloak an' shook the rain off it, bendin' down an' talkin' to her like a lover; an'—I 'd not swear to it, but it looked mighty like as if he kissed her."

"That would n't surprise me at all. When a girl 's as pretty as she is, an' looks at a man in that confidin' way uv hers, he 'd have to be made uv stone if he did n't take all the kisses comin' his way."

After a pause the conversation turned to other matters, and finally, as the hour grew late, the women moved away.

Lizzie sat motionless long after they had gone. The iron had entered her soul. The sun went down in splendor, leaving

the water tinged with purple-and-crimson glory, which, in its turn, faded to gray. With a shiver, Lizzie roused herself and looked at the sullen, gray-green water still lapping against the piers. Then she shook her head, as though in answer to their call, and turned her steps homeward.

She stopped at the corner drug-store and asked for some carbohc acid.

"What do you want to use it for?" asked the clerk, looking suspiciously at her white face.

"For cleaning, of course. You can't keep a place sweet an' wholesome this hot weather without a drop of disinfectant."

So he gave it to her.

She climbed the stairs to their apartment, and opened the door leading into the dining-room with her latch-key. Then she stood staring on the threshold.

Seated at the table, which was heaped with fruit and flowers, a bottle of wine adding a festive appearance to the board, were Mollie and Tom, and with them a stranger.

"Just in time for the banquet," said Tom, setting down his glass and coming toward her. "Where have you been so long? We 've been waitin' near an hour for you. Let me introduce Mr. Healey, Mollie's intended. You 'd better treat him good, for he 'll soon be your cousin."

There was a general laugh, and Mr. Healey seized Lizzie's hand in a vigorous clasp.

"I 'm glad you 've got back in time to join us, Mrs. Kelly," he said. "The picnic was so tough, Mollie would n't stay, so we left the boat and took a train back. We thought we 'd break the news to you and celebrate the occasion at the same time."

"Mollie won't drink beer, so we 've got to take wine like regular swells," said Tom. "Put the boy down and join us."

Stunned and bewildered, unable to grasp the meaning of what she had heard, her only desire now being to get rid of the bottle that seemed to her so conspicuous, she slipped from the room under the pretense of putting the baby to bed.

Hearing Tom's footsteps behind her, she hastily slid the bottle under the pillow. He came to her side and put his arm about her shoulders as she leaned over the bed, covering the child.

"I 'm awful glad to get home, Liz," he



said. "This is the first time I've went anywhere without you in over two years, an' I missed you awful."

"What 's this about Mollie's intended?" she asked. "You all talked at once, so I could n't understand. I did n't know she had a sweetheart."

"I guess she was n't sure of it herself until to-day. Mr. Healey is me boss—the foreman at the factory. He 's been just daffy about Mollie for some time, an' I guess she liked him pretty well, for she jumped at going to the excursion when I told her he was goin' to be there. So, after gettin' them together an' seein' that things were goin' as they should, I just made meself scarce, an' they fixed it up between them."

"And you don't care, Tom? You don't—she don't— Oh, what a fool I 've been!"

"What 's the matter?"

"Nothin'—nothin'."

"There is somethin'. What is it?"

"I—I thought you were in love with Mollie. She 's so pretty, and you looked at her as if you loved her."

"Me in love with Mollie? Oh, Liz, you 're a fool, sure enough! No, my girl; you 're the only woman in the world I love, an' I don't want you to forget it."

"Oh, Tom, Tom! I 've been waitin' years to hear you say that, an' how near it come to bein' too late!"

"Too late? What do you mean?"

"Nothin'—nothin'," hastily. "Only I 'd 'most given up hopin' ever to hear it."

"Why, Liz! You knowed I loved you; but it 's not me way to talk much. I did n't think you ever doubted it, old girl."

"I never will again, Tom," she said softly; and slipping her arm through his, she led the way from the room, her face

shining with her new-found happiness. But Tom paused beside the bed.

"How 's the boy been to-day?" he asked.

"Pretty cross. Come, Tom; they 're waitin' for us." She saw the bottle partly protruding from beneath the pillow, and was anxious to get Tom away, but he caught sight of it at the same moment.

"What 's this?" he asked gravely, drawing it from beneath the coverlet.

"Oh, nothin',"—trying to snatch it from his hand,—“just some medicine I got for the boy. He had a little fever this afternoon.”

But her trembling eagerness betrayed her. Tom held her off and tore the wrapping from the bottle. His face went ashen as he read the label.

"This is not the medicine we give to children, Lizzie," he said sternly. "What does it mean?"

"It 's for cleanin', if you must know," defiantly. "You ask so many questions you have me crazy." But her eyes dropped before his glance, and she sank to her knees.

"Oh, Tom, don't be angry! Don't spoil the happiness I 've just found. That 's what it would have been if I 'd lost you."

There was a long silence, and she could hear Tom's heart beating as she pressed her face against his sleeve, not daring to raise her eyes to his face.

"Lizzie," he said at last, raising her tenderly, and his voice was husky, "no more of this, little woman, or you 'll break me heart. Mollie 'll be havin' a home of her own soon, an' I hope nothin' 'll ever come between us again. I 'll take care of the 'cleanin' stuff'; I don't like havin' it around. Now dry your eyes, an' we 'll go out an' help them to celebrate the engagement."



# THE DOUBTFUL AGE

LETTERS AND EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS WRITTEN BY MISS EVA FARLEIGH, IN ENGLAND,  
TO HER SISTER, MRS. ELLA CHESTER, WHO HAD JUST LEFT ENGLAND  
FOR SOUTH AMERICA

BY ANNIE C. MUIRHEAD

IN TWO PARTS

WITH PICTURES BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

## PART ONE

*"The White Lion,"  
Hazeledge, March 28, 189—.*

*My dearest Ella:* It's so delicious to be in the country again that I can hardly contain myself. It seems, at any rate, as if I were too small to contain my satisfaction; and it vents itself in little bursts of meaningless energy. I keep running to the window to look out—my window framed in honeysuckle! Of course, it is n't out yet; but just think how sweet it will be later in the summer! Meantime I get joy by merely repeating its name to myself: "Honeysuckle!" How delightful are the names of the dear old-fashioned flowers! There is fragrance in their very syllables: honeysuckle, dahlia, sweet-pea, pansy. They all grow in the garden, my landlady tells me; and my beloved old brown wall-flower, too—there is so much homely comfort in the look of it! *That* will soon be in bloom, I can see, and I may pick as much as I want of it, Mrs. Green says; so you will be able to picture in your mind's eye a big blue bowl full of it in the middle of my table, and I, sitting with my arms around that bowlful, inhaling its fragrance, and not able to go on with my writing for love of it. You used to laugh at me for getting so much pleasure through my nose; but, indeed, it is something to be thankful for

in this sweet, fresh English springtime, when the air is full of the most delicious suspicions of scents. I'm enjoying myself, I can tell you, after dusky, smoky, sooty, ill-odorous London.

It is quite wicked of me, I know, to run on like this, boasting of the delights of dear old England in the tender springtime, when, I suppose, where you are it is hot and dry and glaring. *Is* that your climate? I am longing to hear your first impressions, and how you are settling down, and can hardly bear to wait these few weeks to hear from you on the way there.

For the present I can do nothing better than describe to you my immediate situation and surroundings.

As soon as possible after you sailed, I got my flat in trim order for the incoming tenants (I was lucky to get rid of it so soon), and packed up my traps to come here. This is a whitewashed little inn,—you know the simple picturesque kind that is in almost every English village,—with roses and honeysuckle growing up the front wall, and an untidy garden full of old-fashioned flowers, as aforesaid.

Mrs. Green, my landlady, brimming over with the milk of human kindness, is a link between me and the outside world, and keeps me in touch indirectly with

my fellow-creatures. Already I know the histories of nearly every one in the village.

I have slept a large part of the time since coming down here, and am already feeling much rested and able to take the long walks I enjoy so much. The trees are in a delightful state of young leafiness already, the air is mild, and everything wonderfully advanced this season.

But I must hurry up and tell you what I know will interest and amuse you—about my encounter with an ardent admirer. I was walking along the road some distance from here yesterday, and the sun was so positively glaring (in March!) that I had to hold my parasol before my eyes, and didn't see a youth coming in the opposite direction till I was just upon him; then, in hastily moving my parasol, whom should I see but young Egerton? He hadn't recognized me either till that moment, and it did one's heart good to see how his face brightened on beholding me. Off came his cap from his brown curls, and out came his cordial hand to greet me, and he was altogether so boyishly and unaffectedly glad to see me that I could n't help being glad, too.

It turns out that he lives in this neighborhood. His father, who, I understand, is somewhat of a recluse, has a house just about a mile and a half from my village inn, and Joe Egerton is home from Oxford, spending his Easter holidays. His jubilation was quite touching when he discovered I was here to stay awhile, especially when he found I was not visiting anybody and did not even know anybody around here; and he proceeded to make himself responsible for my entertainment by arranging all kinds of expeditions for us to take together—walks and bicycle-rides to every point of interest in the neighborhood, promising me introductions to all the people I cared to meet, and announcing that he would bring his father to call on me forthwith. He is really a dear boy. I finished my walk in his company and enjoyed it all the more, and ended by inviting him back to tea with me.

We had a cozy meal together, with Mrs. Green's fragrant tea, and piles of her delicious scones (piles were neces-

sary, I assure you), new-laid eggs, and homemade jam. It was a treat to see how that boy *wired* into his victuals. I suppose it was near his usual dinner-hour, and he was gladly missing that sophisticated urban meal—late dinner—for the sake of my company. And as for me, I found it quite warming to the cockles of my heart to see his handsome face opposite me at table, and listen to his brilliant, light-hearted talk bubbling forth without stint. Of course he stayed on after tea, and got more and more sentimental as the evening grew into darkness. There was a moon, and I made Mrs. Green forbear from lighting the lamp, and we sat there by the open window (it was so balmy) talking about all things in heaven and earth; and altogether I enjoyed it very much.

You will be smiling that sardonic smile of yours, and saying that I am a silly old thing; and I suppose I am. But I was feeling so desolate after saying good-by to you and the children for dear knows how many years, feeling dreadfully alone in the world with no one near to care for me, that it was very "grateful and comforting" to have this warm, generous boyish devotion lavished on me. It was like having a warm shawl wrapped round my shoulders on a chilly night, and of course I liked it. I know you will object, that if that is the kind of utilitarian view I take of it, it's not fair to the youth. Neither it is. I'll be more careful in my behavior next time. Meanwhile, the dear boy has made me happy for the first time since you sailed, and I went to bed last night full of soft thoughts of him.

*March 31.*—It's easy to make good resolutions, but not so easy to act upon them. Joe takes possession of me in such a calm matter-of-course way that I am powerless to protest. He introduced me to his father as if I were an old friend, whereas the simple truth is that he had seen me only once before I came here. Do you remember that night at the Laurences' when we first met him, and it seemed to be a case of love at first sight with the gentleman, and he devoted himself to me all evening in such a naïve, open way that everybody was smiling over my sudden



conquest? "I came, *he* saw, I conquered!" Then, when he called, I was out, you remember, and things seemed at an end—till now. Now he resumes the interrupted acquaintance as if we had known each other since all eternity.

Still, there's no use taking too much credit to my charms, after all. The boy is glad to find something to do down here and to find somebody to play with. His father gracefully intimated as much to me during his call, hoped I would not let Joe bore me, said he was grateful to me on his boy's account, and so on.

Said father is delightful. But, indeed, one could see by five minutes' talk with Joe that he comes of good stock. The father is a plain-looking edition of Joe, only darker, with black hair thickly silvered; even taller, rather gaunt in figure, but stately. There are just the two of them, Joe and his father, and they seem devoted to each other. Their story as related by Joe and Mrs. Green at different times (I wish I had the facile pen that could reproduce for you Mrs. Green's racy idiom) is somewhat as follows:

Mr. Egerton is the younger son of a good old county family (his brother is a baronet, with no sons of his own, so Joe will succeed to the title one of these days), one of those conventional, Conservative hidebound families that have been the same generation after generation. But Joe's father appears to be a "sport," and has developed perfectly unexpected ideas and customs. He is a Liberal-Radical; non-military, anti-imperialistic, pro-Boer; unorthodox, ultra-democratic in his sympathies, and everything else terrible you can think of. Hence consternation in the highly respectable Egerton family, who look upon him as a most disreputable relative. The intention had been to educate him for the church; but he proved to be agnostic or atheistic or something in his principles, so that little scheme fell through. Then the idea was to send him to Parliament; but he refused to profess the recognized family politics, and they did n't feel disposed to use their influence on his behalf in any other constituency, and apparently he was not keen to try for a seat himself. I believe, however, that he has ambitions for Joe.

His brother is a fox-hunting squire who does n't care for anything but his own amusement.

Mr. Egerton has been much interested in the conditions of the agricultural laborer's life,—another occasion of disagreement with his family,—and since the baronet will brook no interference on his own estates, has busied himself on the parish council here, and done what he could in quiet, unobtrusive ways for the good of the people round about.

He even married against his family's wishes. There was a rich heiress pinning for him, they say, but he insisted on marrying for love and not for money. His wife, though well born, was absolutely poor. Unfortunately, she became an invalid after Joe's birth, and died after a year or two. So Joe has been brought up exclusively by his father, whose misdeeds have been crowned by the imparting of his own dangerous tendencies to the heir.

Mr. Egerton lives on a small income left him by his mother, which he supplements by literary work (political, mainly), and occupies a picturesque house some little way out of the village, the acquaintance of which I am to make before long, as Joe insists on getting up a luncheon for me. Mr. Egerton impresses me as a strong character, rather reserved and even stern, who must have felt his unpopular position in his own family very much, while remaining quite inflexible as regards his own opinions. He seems to have no ambitions on his own account,—or at least not the ordinary ambitions—and is entirely modest about his quiet, upright life and labors in behalf of others, and centers all his hopes in Joe. I trust the lad won't disappoint him. At any rate, he has great affection for his Dad, and I like to see the two together.

I have had two long walks with Joe since this letter began, and have decided he is very companionable, and that it brightens existence wonderfully to have him about. Also, he has insisted upon coming to tea with me again. He is a great favorite with Mrs. Green, and, indeed, with everybody around. The boy is not selfish, either. He is fairly willing to share me with other people, and talks of getting up a picnic, and a boating-

party, and what not, which involves the introducing of me to at least one other family in the vicinity.

Do you know, Ella, I am beginning to wonder whether it "would do"? And having made that confession, I may remark that I am glad you are on your way to the other side of the world. I should never dream of saying to you all those things that I write, nor could I possibly write to you as freely as I am doing if you were in London, when I could get an answer to my letter by return of post, bringing me your elder-sisterly remonstrances and scoldings. I should feel ashamed of myself for having indulged in such confidences, and should shrink into my shell again. But since I know it will be nearly three months before I can get an answer to my letter,—and I may be an utterly different being in three months,—it gives me a sense of immunity. I may say what I like quite unabashed, enjoying the luxury of making confession, which they say is good for the soul; use you like a diary, in fact. It helps to make things clear to myself, if I can just set them forth in cold black and white.

After all, what is there against the marriage of myself and Joe Egerton? I am ten years older than he is; that is virtually the only reason, and it is n't such a very strong one, after all. It is quite the fashion these days for women to marry men much younger than themselves, and the marriages turn out happily enough.

You will at once ask me, I know, with the severity of a romantically married matron: "Are you in love with him? That's the only reason *for* the marriage."

Well, I don't know that I am—yet; but I think I could easily be, if I let myself go.

The trouble is, I am a modern, complicated, conscientious woman, who bothers herself as to reasons and motives, instead of listening to the single voice of instinct. I'm afraid one minute of being selfish and unfair to him if I *do* marry him; why should I saddle him with an elderly wife? And the next minute I am wondering whether it is n't heartless cruelty on my part not to return his generous affection and make him happy by saying "Yes."

Oh, I could make him deliciously happy

—for a short time at least! But would it last? Have we enough interests in common to keep us united and sympathetic beyond the glamour of the honeymoon? That's what I am trying to decide for myself.

As one gets older, one gets more fastidious and clear-sighted, and detects the defects in a man. They all have 'em.

But one also learns not to expect perfection, and to be content with something a good deal less. One is even prepared to accept marriage on a less ideal basis than romantic affection on one's own part. The lonely spinster hankers after companionship and a home; and if the man in the case is romantically in love with *her*, does n't that seem enough?

Perhaps you won't appreciate all this, for you were married early, while you were in the glow of youthful romance and thoroughly in love with your Ned. But, bless me, woman! have n't you found out since that he is n't nearly so perfect as you thought him, and are you any the more disposed on that account to give him up? Not likely! Well, the middle-aged bride's disillusion comes before marriage instead of after—that's all the difference.

I know there are some good spinsters who absorb themselves so thoroughly in other people's interests that they never realize their own loneliness—devoted maiden aunts who are so bound-up in their nephews and nieces that it never occurs to them to regret not having any children of their own. But, alas! I am not of that unselfish variety! I want somebody to belong to *me* specially, so that it will make all the difference to their happiness whether I am here or there. Now you know very well that a sister is not indispensable where there is a wife, nor a maiden aunt where there is a fond mother. Besides, you and yours are the only near folk I have in the world, and you are not near in the sense of being within my reach. Can I, wasting on my virgin stalk, be content to know that there are some very dear belongings of mine in South America? No, Sister Ella, I can't.

Some people would tell me to take comfort in my work; it is so necessary in the cause of humanity for women to be on all manner of public bodies (so it is); I

have quite distinguished myself as a Poor Law Guardian (I am proud of it); few members, male or female, have done such useful committee-work as I have on our vestry in London (I know it; I have been a surprise to myself): but men have all the fun of their work, and the domestic affections as well.

I want to live, *live*, LIVE—live *deep*, as well as live broad or high. I want a more vivid life than any I have yet known. I resent being left out of woman's deepest experiences—wifehood and motherhood. Not to know these is to come wofully short of my destiny as a woman. Not the most brilliant and useful career in the world can compensate; nor can I be considered anything but a failure in the great scheme of nature.

This rebellious feeling is not altogether new since your departure, though undoubtedly it seems to have burst out recently, perhaps since Joe Egerton has been demonstrating how much he cares for me. How can I help being touched when I see how easily I can make him happy or unhappy? His pathetic brown eyes seem to be demanding my heart all the time. When I speak his name (I have got the length of calling him "Joe"), he straightens himself with such a proud, delighted gesture. When I touch his hand as he helps me over difficult places in our rambles, I feel a thrill going through him. How can I remain unmoved? I am not made of ice. The sweetness of it all appeals to me if I am ten years his senior. Do you blame me? And spring in the air, too!

Perhaps I'm taking the whole thing too seriously. After all, every man has to experience calf-love. I suppose I ought to laugh at myself for looking upon this as anything else. And if poor dear Joe *had* to fall in love with a woman older than himself, he could n't have fallen in love with a safer person.

Or perhaps you think I am treating the whole thing too frivolously? Oh, if you only knew! It's a great temptation, sister mine.

By the time you reach South America, it will probably have been decided whether I yield or resist.

*Hazledge, April 9.*

*Dear Ella:* I have only time for a short

letter before the mail goes, but I wrote you such a long one last week that perhaps you won't be sorry. It seems absurd to complain of lack of leisure when I am in a sleepy village, supposed to be taking a holiday; but, indeed, I have been kept "on the go" ever since my last. Of course Joe Egerton is mainly responsible. At his instigation, people from all round have come to call upon me, and been just as nice and cordial and hospitable as possible. The result has been a succession of informal lunches and afternoon teas and drives and motor-rides and lawn-tennis parties, so that I have scarcely had time to turn round; and if I did, there was Joe sure to be at my elbow, suggesting some cozy little expedition for just our two selves.

It has all been very pleasant, and yet already I am tired of it, and shall be almost glad when next month comes, and all the good people go up to town for the season, and leave me to enjoy the glorious sweet country in the height of its beauty. Is n't it foolish for people to live in the country all through the bare winter, and then, whenever the country begins to clothe itself with color and the air gets intoxicating with sweetness, and all the young things begin to live, and "mere existence is perfect bliss," to rush off to town and wear themselves to death with its most artificial pleasures? "Lord, what fools we mortals be!"

My round of gaieties began with a charming little luncheon given for me by Mr. Egerton, to introduce me to my nearest neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Lestrangle and their two daughters, who live at the Moat House (their avenue-gate opens upon the road where my inn stands). The curate, Mr. Bainbridge, completed the party.

It was so interesting to see the inside of the Egertons' house, and I came away enchanted with its possibilities. Mr. Egerton is a man of artistic tastes: but, then, it is so easy to be artistic when you grow up among the exquisite old furniture that your ancestors have collected for you and bequeathed to you; and not only old furniture, but old silver, and old china, and old glass, and everything old and nice. Mr. Egerton does not do much collecting himself, for, for one thing, he has n't a great deal of money;



and, secondly, he spends it chiefly on others.

But he has indulged in a few modern pictures by living artists, some of whom he has actually "discovered," Joe says, or at least helped into public notice and a competency. He seems, at any rate, to have plenty of artist-friends, and one or two of his choicest "bits" are gifts from their authors. Their drawing room (a very *mannish* drawing room, somehow) was hung with the most delightful water-colors. I longed to spend all the time looking at them, but no one else of the party would take the least interest in them. "Oh, yes, sweetly pretty, sweetly pretty!" said Mrs. Lestrangle when I appealed to her for sympathy, and, "Are n't they jolly?" responded the younger Miss Lestrangle, absently, when I asked for appreciation from her. So I gave it up. But Mr. Egerton noticed the attraction they had for me, and has asked me to go again some day to have a quiet look at his treasures. He makes a delightful host, he is so sympathetic, and, in that quiet way of his, seems to divine what people are thinking and wishing, and arranges accordingly.

But artistic as the house was, it was an artistic *confusion*. I longed to be able to get to work, and put things where they belonged, and give just those feminine touches that are needed to make a place look homelike. There's something pathetic in the fact that these two innocent men should be living there together all by themselves with no woman to care for them.

We had a refreshingly simple little luncheon, very well served, on the whole. Joe is apparently the one who looks after this branch of the housekeeping; at any rate, he looked a little responsible and nervous during the course of the meal, in case things did n't go right.

As for the company, the Lestranges are a typical English family, and it hardly seems necessary to go into details. Mr. Lestrangle is a genial, red-faced country squire—you know the type. His wife is a genial, red-faced, motherly, house-keepery woman, with two marriageable daughters—you understand all that implies. The daughters, Maud and Polly, are two sensible rosy-cheeked girls, devoted to horses and dogs and an outside

life. When not in riding-habits, they go about usually in short skirts and stout boots, take long walks, incredible bicycle-rides, play lawn-tennis "awfully well," and can row a boat almost as well as Joe himself, and he is one of the crack men of his college. He rows in his college eight in Eights Week,—did I tell you?—and is having his final fling here during the Easter holidays, so he explains, before he goes back to Oxford and begins to train. Of course I have already been solemnly made to swear that I will go up to Oxford for that rare occasion.

Well, I begin to understand why my society has charms for a clever young chap like Joe, even though I am not young or particularly athletic, and cannot ride. As far as his out-of-door pursuits are concerned, these Lestrangle girls are much better adapted to him physically than I am; but they have so few ideas beyond, they are like good, simple children. Naturally, Master Joe, who has been discussing every idea that ever occurred to anybody with other brilliant young men at Oxford, feels immensely more experienced, and looks down with a lofty contempt on these nice girls. A woman of my age and experience can hardly help being a trifle more subtle. But although I am nice, I am not obviously nice. I have always maintained that it takes a clever man to appreciate me (you may make the emphasis where you please). I consider Joe's liking for me a tribute to his own intelligence; it is not every one who can appreciate the subtle. The things he likes in me are precisely what most men think queer and uncomfortable. That goes a long way with me in deciding that Joe is the man I ought to marry; for it is one of my matrimonial maxims that a woman ought to marry the man who can appreciate her "little ways." Some men they displease; and some they shock, or at least startle; and some don't see them at all: the man who dotes on them is the only safe choice.

But there! There seems no end to my egotism; and though you *did* tell me to "be egotistic" in my letters, even you must be getting tired of me.

I wish the bairns were here! The absurd little rag-doll, the treasure of Mol-

lie's heart that she parted with for her dear Auntie's sake, sits on my dressing table, and salutes me every morning. At first it moved me to smiles every time I looked at the thing; but yesterday the sight of it seemed to touch another chord, and I sat down and cried, with the dollie in my lap. I *wish* you were n't so far away!

*April 13.* Forgive me if my letters are monotonous. There is one subject that bulks so largely on my horizon at present that I can see nothing else, and that subject is Joe.

I keep studying his disposition, and wondering whether it would be a good thing for him if I were to join my fortunes with his. Already, you see, I have got to the point where it clearly appears a good thing for *me*.

The lad is *all* temperament. That's what makes me feel that it might be best for him to have a wife like myself, old, mature, and steady—if only I could be sure that I *am* steady, and not a mere chaos of feelings and opinions and principles. And there is a point where I seem to feel his superiority to my weak femininity. Is it his masculinity, or is it simply his youth, that makes him have strong convictions on matters where I have nothing but doubts?

Ten years ago, for instance, how I should have storned myself (of nowadays) for so much as considering whether I should marry a man so much younger than myself! Now I can't tell whether I am not a fool for not jumping at the chance.

I seem to have sloughed my first set of convictions, as I shed my milk teeth, and have nothing to take their place. Alas! better have only milk teeth, though, than be toothless, don't you think so?

*April 16.* I would have you to know that, except for that first evening in the moonlight, I have been trying all along to be discouraging to Joe, acting the part of older sister, pleased to walk with him and talk with him, for want of anybody else, but suppressing any attempt at sentiment on the young man's part by meeting it with an innocent unconsciousness of his meaning. That, you appreciate, is much more wet-blanketing

to a man than to be met by a sense of resistance.

But, do you know, in the short time since I came down here he has got so pale and thin, and his fine eyes have that *dumb* look that comes into the eyes of people when you have hurt their feelings, that it has melted my heart with pity and ruth, and I am resolved that the thing has got to end one way or another; it is too cruel to keep him dragging on so. It will be much kinder to give him a chance to speak out.

I remember a man saying to me once (he was not a Puritan, either, but a rather nice man of the world) that no right-minded woman ought to have more than one proposal in the course of her life, and that the one she accepts. His idea was that any intelligent woman could see a mile away when a man was beginning to fall in love with her, and, if she did not mean to marry him, ought gently to avert the proposal, to save the man the mortification of a refusal. The kind of woman who likes to dangle scalps at her belt he dismissed from the conversation with a sniff. I argued with him that a woman needed some experience before she could so readily tell; a young girl, for instance, was hardly to be blamed if her first proposal took her by surprise. After some discussion, he grudgingly granted two proposals,—one for experience and one for use,—but no more.

But *my* experience is that men don't like to be "averted." They will have far kinder feelings for you forever after if you lead them on and on, and then refuse them point-blank, than if you gently dissuade them from ever proposing at all. It seems less mortifying to their vanity, though I'm sure I don't know why.

Yes, I do, too. Of course, if you let them fall in love with you, they have a tender feeling for you, no matter what you do; and if you don't, they *have n't* a tender feeling for you. It's quite simple, after all. But Joe is already in love with me, and Joe goes back to Oxford very soon now.

When I begin to think what it will mean to me to reject Joe's warm young love, and go shivering back in the cold to my lonely life in London, I feel it is too much to expect of me. It will be

so much more easy and pleasant to make him happy along with myself (I can just imagine the light that will leap into his eyes when I say yes!).

*April 17.* I am restless and cannot settle to anything but a talk with you, so I am going to describe to you a scene that happened to-day.

Joe came to take me for a row, by previous arrangement, the day being as mild as milk. He always looks so well in his flannels, he is so long and lithe, so clear-featured and clean-limbed. Our plan was to row for an hour or so on the little river, and back to the Eger-ton's boathouse (the river runs past the foot of their garden), where we were to disembark, as Joe wanted to show me a portrait of his mother that hangs in his father's study; and then we were to walk home together.

We started off very silently. I was a little oppressed with the portentousness of the resolution I had made, and Joe, so far from realizing that I was at last of a more "coming-on disposition," took some little time to understand the altered state of affairs. He had a subdued air about him at first, as if he had finally made up his mind that the case was hopeless, yet saw no reason why his tenderness should abate because I was unresponsive, but had determined to make me as happy as he could while he remained in Hazeledge. At least that is how I read my cavalier's mind as interpreted through his behavior.

There is something nobly generous and self-forgotten in a youth's first love. The same man may have different characteristics at different ages, but, while young, how he throws self-interest, prudence, everything, grandly to the winds, asks nothing from the woman but her love, and is lavishly anxious to bestow himself and everything he has upon her! He does not criticize, he does not exact: he only seeks to please. An older man chooses the object of his affections with more reference to himself. He waits and watches and observes, to see whether she is worthy to be his wife, whether she has the social gifts that will make him proud of her in company, or a talent for repartee that will prevent him from being bored by her in the privacy of

domesticity. He asks quite as much as he gives: it is a commercial bargain.

In one way, perhaps, it is more of a compliment to be "selected" by such a wary eye from among so many other nice women. With the youth, it is more a matter of blind Nature's prompting; but give me blind Nature's promptings, say I! Give me the ardent, unquestioning devotion of a youth all aglow! It touches me to an answering generosity and uncriticalness.

*"It shall not be a matter of calculation between us, Joe. If you can succeed in making me love you, I will love you. And I will give you every chance."* (The italics represent the burden of my thoughts on our way down to the river.)

And so I was soft and sympathizing to Joe, and he is too susceptible to remain long unresponsive to the state of the mental atmosphere. The real, physical atmosphere, too, had, I daresay, its effect upon both our moods. It was one of the most exhilarating of spring afternoons, the air caressing and fresh and fragrant, and we had the most idyllic waterway to glide along. The fields come down on one side nearly to the edge of the Hazel, leaving just room enough for a fringe of trees on the bank for the sunlight to sift through; and the woods begin in good earnest on the other. The trees have just budded into their first delicate green. And down this peaceful emerald avenue we—drifted, I was going to say; but there was no sense of drifting in the strong, firm recurrence of Joe's oar-strokes. I was being unmistakably borne triumphantly along at his will and at his mercy. It was a deliciously irresponsible feeling. I nestled among my cushions and dreamed and allegorized. And the "nimble air" got gradually into my blood.

Once we landed, on catching sight of a patch of wind-flowers in the wood. You know how *daft* I am about flowers. They were growing there in their myriads, delicate white stars twinkling above their elaborate green leaves. Joe, the poetical, says wind-flowers remind him of me: they are so slight and graceful and pale-hued and transparent—like me in my appearance, and also because they suggest the Quakerish tints I affect in my dress,



which he much admires. But, most of all, the unexpected gleam of their pinkish-silvery undersides, when they bow their starry heads to the breeze, is like the gleam of my "silver humor" peeping out through my melancholy! *Et cetera* and so on.

We gathered handfuls and heartfuls of beauty from that anemone-patch, until we grew wearied-out with the luxury of it, and, half-loath to leave what we could not gather, wended happily on our way.

We were both lighter-hearted after that little episode. Joe had plucked up courage again, and was, oh, so sincere!

Everything around me was exhaling youth and joy and hope, till it seemed as if even for me there must be vivid and joyous life ahead. It had been ridiculous of me to feel so old and worn-out; it was only that I was tired with my winter's work. I had been too much among the poor and unfortunate in city slums, and taken their burden on my heart till it was heavy, and till there seemed no happiness anywhere in all the world—and behold! here it had come to meet me with outstretched hands! I had only to grasp at the golden opportunity and make it mine.

Joe, pulling away at his oars, looked so handsome and strong and purposeful. How his high spirits would shoulder away through life for my more melancholy nature! and how I, who have been through so much, and gaged the relative importance of things, could take the sting out of most troubles and trials for him!

And meantime it felt so sweet to be able to make him happy. That hour on the river was the loveliest experience I ever had in my life. I don't think we talked much, but every little word was so brimful of feeling that it made the air tremble.

At last Joe broke off abruptly what he was saying, and with a little catch in his voice said: "When we get home, there is a question I want to ask you. May I take you straight there?"

He rested on his oars, and looked at me appealingly; and I answered "Yes" as bravely as I could. I guessed that the dear fellow was going to ask me for my love in the presence of his mother's portrait.

So he bent to his oars again, and we skimmed lightly along, swifter than any arrow from the bow, it seemed to me, with a secret between us that we dared not disturb by so much as a whisper.

As we neared the garden boathouse, I felt my heart going faster and faster, and could scarcely breathe. Was life really going to be so charming for me? I knew how he was feeling, and dared not look at him.

"If only I can stave off the moment till I get some control of myself!" I kept saying nervously, under my breath, and the next thing our boat had touched land, and Joe had vaulted out to help me ashore. Something magnetic in the clasp of his warm hand forced me to meet his eyes: there was a masterful bright look in them that fairly compelled me. He had only to speak the word and I should surrender.

It all happened more quickly than I can say. He put his arm around me to steady me as I stepped out of the boat, his grasp on my hand tightened, I felt his hot breath stir my hair; with a quick pant he began to speak—just at that moment there was an irruption of females from the house, calling "Joe! Joe!" at the top of their voices. It looked to me at first, startled by the sudden onslaught, like a whole crowd of *mænads* and wild beasts, rushing and shouting; but it resolved itself at last into three perfectly respectable young ladies, accompanied by their dogs—the two Lestrangle girls and another whom they introduced as Miss Lynn, a visitor. She was a birdlike little creature, with eyes that seemed to take note of everything. At the very first glance they showed a distinct appreciation of the handsome Joe, and it struck me by the curious way she looked at me that she divined that the arrival of her party had interrupted an interesting scene. But it may have been only my fancy; and, anyhow, the Lestrangle girls were perfectly innocent of being "*de trop*." They had come, they announced, to have afternoon tea with Joe (such informalities were a matter of course with them, who had grown up with Joe from infancy), and his cook had a reputation for making a special kind of hot cake which they also vociferously

demand. They all seemed very young and gay and deafening—by which you will perceive that Joe was not the only one put out by their sudden appearance on the scene. Of course he had to play the host graciously, and order tea, and of course I was pressed to stay; but, under the circumstances, I thought it would be easier for all parties if I went: so I excused myself and departed. Poor boy! His white face looked as sharp as a knife. I felt mean to stalk off and leave him like that; but what could I do?

Ever since I have been experiencing the dull, flat sensation that comes after a climax missed. I cannot believe it was I who had those vivid feelings and hopes this afternoon. I am wondering now whether the next time Joe gets round to the crucial point I shall be in the same soft mood and ready to say "Yea."

And can you imagine the weak, foolish thing I have done since? I am so ashamed of myself that I *have* to confess to you. In the middle of the evening Mrs. Green announced that young Mr. Egerton was below and wanted to speak with me. I, in a panic, excused myself from seeing him. I was n't expecting him at that minute, and did n't feel ready, somehow. Since that moment in the garden, I have become suddenly shy of Joe, and afraid to meet him again. Is that what they call being "coy?" It deserves a deeper-sounding name. But I don't know what to make of myself, nor what poor Joe will think of me.

*April 21.* There is time to add a little before this need catch the mail, and in thinking over the happenings of the last few days it would seem that Cynthia Lynn is the most important happening. The girl is quite a fascinating study. She is petite and dark, not exactly pretty, but "chic" and well-dressed, a great deal younger than I am, but old enough to have had some experience of the world. She seems to have lived some time in France, but has not been brought up at all like the French *jeune fille*. Rather has she the finesse of the most accomplished society woman. She is clever, and, after all, the word I used for her first, though obnoxious by commonplaceness, is really the word for her: she is chic. She thoroughly understands her

own limitations, which I think the top-notch of wisdom. I am always attempting a vast amount more than I can ever perform, and have a lively admiration for the people who reserve themselves for the things they can do well. Miss Lynn sings charmingly: she has not much voice, which fact she perfectly well recognizes herself, and sings nothing but bright little French or Italian *chansons*, interesting on account of their verve and style rather than for their music. They're the sort that always bring down the house.

Then she can dance, and it is typical courage on her part to pose as solo dancer when the fad for skirt-dancing is so long past. It is delightful to watch her. She composes her own dances mostly; quite often they are impromptu, and down here they generally have to be, as she depends chiefly on Joe's impromptu accompaniment. Polly Lestranger has conscientiously learned a few of her set dances, and thumps away at them good-naturedly; but I notice Miss Lynn prefers Joe's music—and no wonder.

She can also play lawn tennis and golf vastly better than the average girl, and I believe can even sing coon songs to a banjo accompaniment.

You will observe she is a lady of many accomplishments, and I am realizing how superior is the art of doing to the art of being. I, as you well know, can do nothing. It avails not to pretend to despise those "parlor tricks"; it remains a fact that she who can *do* has an immense advantage over her who merely *is*. All that I said in a former letter about not being obviously nice, etc., now comes back to me, weighted with a meaning other than I had intended.

Miss Lynn undoubtedly "has the field" at present. Of course she has quite frankly "gone for" Mr. Joe, as he is the only attractive young male within reach. She is the sort of girl who prefers masculine society (very sensible of her! I believe I do myself), and openly bids for it. When Mr. Bainbridge was here, she likewise exercised her fascinations on him; but he has departed, and the new curate has not yet come.

It is very amusing, too, to watch her



Drawn by Clarence F. Underwood. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"THERE WAS NO SENSE OF DRIFTING"



pretty little ways with Joe's father, an ally not to be at all despised. I have always felt a little afraid of the gentleman, though I like and respect him ever so much. Just on that account I am afraid of him, I suppose, and have never ventured to "make up to" him, even for Joe's sake. Nor was it, perhaps, necessary, when I could boast of Joe's wholehearted allegiance.

But now the scene has changed. Joe has transferred his allegiance, holubolus, wholesale, and thoroughly, to the new charmer. In other words, he dances attendance on Miss Cynthia Lynn.

The transference of said allegiance is so extremely complete, as well as so extremely sudden, that it does n't deceive me in the least. It is not that Joe is fickle, dear lad, but that he is for the moment, oh! tremendously diplomatic! But, alas! for his Machiavellian schemes! I can see through the dear innocent fellow as if he were made of glass.

He has been studiously avoiding me the last day or two, and I can hardly wonder at it, considering the way I treated him. But he has n't thrown me over, for all that. His plan is to make me jealous, thus hoping to arouse passion to a flame within me, which being accomplished, he will return with a *je-ne-sais-quoi* of magnanimity, and a great deal of relief, to my feet.

That is the situation at present, sister mine. Admit that it is highly romantic.

*April 23.* I quite admire Joe's persistency. To be sure, it cannot be much of a hardship to have the sympathetic company of so interesting a girl as Cynthia Lynn. As for her, she is a bit of a minx, and is therefore thoroughly enjoying her conquest, and her triumph over me; for she is quite keen enough to realize the situation, and, anyhow, I suppose the Le-strange girls have gossiped to her. My friendship with Joe is very much taken for granted.

At times I am feminine enough—feline enough, I might say—to be anxious to show her that her triumph is not so great as she supposes, seeing that up till now I have leaned all my weight on her side. If I were to pull just the least little way against her, I am confident she

would have little cause to triumph. And really I do wish I might try my strength with her, just for the fun of the thing. But, alas! my reason and intelligence and good sense all seem to fight against me, and are much more effectual fighters than she, if she only knew it! She is much more appropriate for Joe than I, and, after all, it is Joe's welfare I have at heart much more than my own petty triumph. She is young, to begin with, ready to start on a career along with Joe, who has all his future before him: with me it would be a case of starting life all over again. There is a useful amount of worldly ambition about her, and a shrewd practicalness that might be very advisable to help along Joe's idealism. Life is not all poetry. She enjoys society, and shines in it, and would make a clever hostess and an effective baronet's lady.

My doubt is whether she is *motherly* enough for Joe. Don't smile too loud, Ella. He really needs petting, and you know very well how hard and self-seeking the modern young woman is apt to be, and how utterly comfortless and joyless a home can be if it's all outside and no inside. I am afraid she thinks too exclusively of outward show, and looks on matrimony purely as a matter of common sense, and not of romance.

However, Joe ought to be able to find out the soft spot in her heart, if anybody can.

And so I don't stir, or, at least, only to encourage Joe in his devotion to Miss Lynn, and to suggest further expeditions for them to make together. I know the surrounding country so well now, thanks to Joe, and rather enjoy teasing the boy by prompting him to repeat with Miss Lynn our dear little private excursions. He does n't like it a bit, and is quite savage with me, I can see; but is bent on making me feel the loss of his devotion and companionship. Really, I miss him a good deal.

I am a little provoked beneath it all that he should be so foolish and so unstraightforward as to try diplomacy with me; and am just sufficiently pricked by the jealousy he is doing his best to inculcate to resolve that he shall miss *me*. Behold a duel *à outrance*!



Drawn by Clarence F. Underwood. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"MR. EGERTON . . . TOOK ME IN TO SUPPER"

*April 24.* To-morrow Joe goes off to Oxford. To-night there was a party at the Lestranges, from which I have just got home. Let me tell you about it.

Joe kept up his policy of neglect all the evening. Cynthia Lynn shone like a bright, particular star. She danced, she sang, she talked almost brilliantly, and made a great impression on "the party," which consisted of a houseful of guests and all the surrounding families within reasonable distance—not a large gathering at that. All the young men vied with one another as satellites of Miss Lynn, but she openly gave the preference to Joe, and I was always coming upon them in corners of conservatories, or in a nook of the supper-room, or strolling in corridors, till the thing waxed positively comic.

Mr. Egerton, who was at the party, too (an unusual appearance that excited general comment), was not at all pleased with his son's behavior, and did his best to make up for it by kind attentions to me, took me in to supper, etc., and, when the time came, offered to see me home. We broke up early; it was a lovely night; and as the Lestranges' house is so near my inn, of course I meant to walk home.

I was making my adieux, when up came Joe to do ditto, and remarked: "Of course you will let me see you home, Miss Farleigh?" He had taken it for granted that, as usual, there was no one else to do it. I chuckled with inward satisfaction that I was able to say that his father had already kindly arranged to escort me. What a crestfallen Joe it was! His face grew so long that I began to be sorry for him; yet he quite deserved the disappointment. I understood now that he had looked forward to this walk as the consummation of the evening, and had intended to "make it all up" on the way home; he had meant to confess to me how he had been acting intentionally for these last few days (as if I did n't know it!), how his heart was really true to me, and how he wanted a pledge of my affection before he returned to Oxford. He relied upon the warmth of the parting moment to weigh with me in being kind to him, and in allowing him to be extra kind to me.

And now his father, of all the unexpected interferences, was going to spoil

it all. He did not give up the point without argument: told his father it was his special prerogative to see me home, and must not be interfered with. Mr. Egerton remarked calmly that he supposed I would have no objections to letting Joe walk along with us. I protested with great cordiality that I should be delighted; but of course this did not please Joe a bit better. He then got desperate and retired with his father into a corner to represent his case. I should like to have heard what he said, but, whatever it was, Mr. Egerton was gently inexorable, and would not be shaken off. I have noticed this calm imperturbability in Mr. Egerton before; his enemies would call it obstinacy, I suppose, and his friends, firmness. He seemed to want to punish his son for his cool behavior of that evening. Cynthia Lynn next tried to detain Joe by some exercise of her witchery; but matters had gone too far: he was now in no mood for dalliance. At last we all three set off, a case of where three was no company, indeed. Mr. Egerton and I conversed animatedly all the way home; Joe lagged sulkily behind, with his head down, and said never a word.

When we got to the inn, Joe eagerly proposed to come in and light my lamp for me. "Don't wait, father, I'll soon catch you up." Mrs. Green, as usual, had left a candle just inside the door for me, and it did not take long to light *that*. I did not invite him to come in, as he evidently hoped; and his father, who *had* waited, laid a hortatory hand on his arm and bade him not linger, as Miss Farleigh must be tired and ought to go straight to bed. "Besides, you've got to be up betimes yourself in the morning." And so poor Joe was led away like a reluctant child.

I did *not* feel tired, as it happened, and, after getting into my dressing-gown, sat down to write to you, and relieve—

*Later.* I was interrupted just there by something coming through my open window, *flop!* on to the floor. When I investigated, to see what it was, I found a red, red rose.

And thereby hangs a tale.

At the party to-night Miss Lynn was dressed in bright yellow, very becoming



to her, with a dark red rose in her hair, and one pinned on her shoulder. It was a rather daring contrast, but made its effect accordingly. However, I heard Joe, early in the evening, remonstrating with her about the combination, I imagine just for the sake of teasing a little (he poses as an esthete, among other things), and rallied her into removing the roses. He got her some dafodils instead, with their cool green leaves, and arranged them himself on her corsage, with much talking of his own delightful nonsense the while. Several of us were standing round, looking on, and laughing at his fun. I took up one of the roses to smell it (extravagant young thing, Miss Lynn, to have provided yourself with roses at this time of year!), and drew it across my lips meditatively as I was talking to some one. I really had n't thought what I was doing till I had laid the rose down again, and saw Joe furtively put his hand upon it when he thought nobody was looking. Then I remembered.

So you will understand whence came the red, red rose that flopped through my window.

I went and looked out. There was Joe standing bare-headed in the moonlight, looking up at me. He had come to say good-by—could n't say it while his father was hanging round. Was it too late to come up and talk to me? *Much* too late, I assured him; I had already begun to go to bed, and he must talk low, so as not to disturb Mrs. Green and her household.

It is difficult to be eloquent in remote whispers, so he had virtually to confine himself to reminding me of my promise to go up to Oxford for the Eights Week, and begging permission to write to me.

"Why, of course, my dear boy," I said, "I shall be glad to hear from you. Don't get into any scrapes while you are away. And now good-night and good-by!"

"I say," he whispered hoarsely back, "do you mind throwing me down that rose again?"

(To be continued)



## SENATOR HOAR

In Memoriam

BY H. D. RAWNSLEY

YOU of the spirit fresh with *Mayflower* dew,  
 A Pilgrim Father faithful to the end,  
 Stout-hearted foe and truest-hearted friend,  
 Who never trimmed your sails to winds that blew  
 With breath of popular favor, but foreknew  
 Storm followed sun, and, knowing, did depend  
 On One behind all storm high aid to lend,  
 And from Heaven's fount alone your wisdom drew,

Farewell! In these illiterate later days  
 We ill can spare the good gray head that wore  
 The honors of a nation. Fare you well!  
 When Love and Justice climb the starry ways,  
 And Freedom wins the height where angels dwell,  
 They there shall find your presence gone before.

# WHAT WAS EXPECTED OF MISS CONSTANTINE<sup>1</sup>

BY ANTHONY HOPE

I



O remember what 's expected of her!" cried my sister Jane.

It was not the first time that she had uttered this appeal; I dare say she had good cause for making it. I had started with the rude masculine idea that there was nothing expected—and nothing in particular to be expected—of the girl, except that she should please herself and, when the proper time came, invite the rest of us to congratulate her on this achievement.

Jane had seen the matter very differently from the first. She was in close touch with the Lexingtons and all their female friends and relatives; she was imbued with their views and feelings, and was unremitting in her efforts to pass them on to me. At least she made me understand, even if I could not entirely share, what was felt at female headquarters; but I was not going to let her see that. I did not want to take sides in the matter, and had no intention of saying anything that Jane could quote either to Lady Lexington or to Miss Constantine herself.

"What is expected of her?" I asked carelessly, taking my pipe out of my mouth.

"Nobody exactly presses her,—well, there 's nobody who has the right,—but of course she feels it herself," Jane explained. She knitted her brows and added, "It must be overwhelming."

"Then why in the world does n't she do it?" I asked. Here I was, I admit, being aggravating, in the vulgar sense of that word. For Jane's demeanor hinted

at the weightiest, the most disturbing reasons, and I had in my heart very little doubt about what they were.

"Can't you see for yourself?" she snapped back pettishly. "You were dining there last night—have you no eyes?"

Thus adjured,—and, really, Jane's scorn is sometimes a little hard to bear,—I set myself to recover the impressions of the dinner-party. The scene came back easily enough. I remembered that Katharine Constantine and Valentine Hare had once more been sent in together, and had once more sat side by side. I remembered also that Lady Lexington had once more whispered to me, when I arrived, that the affair was "all but settled," and had once more said nothing about it when I left. I remembered watching the pair closely.

True, I was placed, as a friend of the family, between Miss Boots, the Lexingtons' ex-governess, and Mr. Sharples, Lady Lexington's latest curate (she always has one in tow; some of the earlier ones are now in a fair way to achieve gaiters), so that there was nothing very likely to distract my attention from the center of interest. But I should have watched them, anyhow. Who could be better to watch? Katharine, with her positive, incisive beauty (there was nothing of the elusive about her; some may prefer a touch of it); the assurance of manner which her beauty gave, and the consciousness of her thousands enhanced; her instinctive assumption of being, of being most indisputably, Somebody,—and to-night, as it seemed, with a new air about her, both watchful, expectant, and telling of excitement, even if it stopped

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1906, by A. H. Hawkins.

short of nervousness,—Katharine, with all this, had a claim to attention not seriously challenged by Miss Boots's school-room reminiscences, or Mr. Sharples's views on church questions of the day.

And Valentine, too, the incomparable Val! Of course I watched him, as I always have, when fortunate enough to be thrown into his company, with a fascinated, inquiring interest, asking myself always whether I was a believer or whether scepticism crept into my estimate. Val, however, demands, as the old writers were fond of saying, a fresh chapter to himself. He shall have it, or at least a section.

But before ending this one, for the sake of symmetry and of my reputation for stage-management, also in order to justify at the earliest possible moment the importance which Jane attached to the events of the evening, let me add that just beyond me, on the other side of Miss Boots, and consequently quite remote from Miss Constantine, sat a short young man with a big, round bullet of a head: it looked as if it might be fired out of a cannon at a stone wall, with excellent results, from the besiegers' point of view. This was Oliver Kirby, and I have to own at once that the more than occasional glances which Miss Constantine directed, or allowed to stray, toward our end of the table were meant, as my observation suggested before the evening was out, for Kirby, and not, as I had for some happy moments supposed, for me. I am never ashamed of confessing to an amiable sort of mistake like that.

## II

WITHOUT present prejudice to the question of his innermost personality, Val was at least a triumph of externals. Perhaps I should say of non-essentials,—of things which a man might not have, and yet be intrinsically as good a man,—but, having which, he was, for all outside and foreign purposes, a man far more efficient. Val was, as I shall indicate in a moment, a bit of philosopher himself, so he could not with reason object to being thus philosophically considered. Birth had been his discreet friend—a friend in setting him in the inner ring, among the families which survive, peaks of aristocracy,

above the flood of democracy, and are more successful than Canute was in cajoling the waves, discreet in so ordering descent that, unless a robust earl, his uncle, died prematurely, Val had time to lead the House of Commons (or anything of that sort) before suffering an involuntary ascension, which might or might not be, at the political moment, convenient. He had money, too—a competence without waiting for his uncle's shoes. He had no need to hunt a fortune: it was merely advisable for him, and natural, too, to annex one under temptations not necessarily unromantic. Nobody could call Miss Constantine necessarily unromantic.

So much for birth, with all the extraordinary start it gives—a handicap of no less than fifteen years, one might be inclined to say, roughly generalizing on a comparison of the chances of the "born" and of the bourgeois. Now, about brains. If you come to think of it, brains were really a concession on Val's part; he could have achieved the cabinet without them—given a clever Prime Minister, at least. But he had them—just as splendid shop-window brains as his birth was flawless under the most minute Herald's College inspection. There was, indeed, a lavishness about his mental endowment. He ventured to have more than one subject—a dangerous extravagance in a rising statesman. North Africa was his professional subject—his foreign affairs subject. But he was also a linguist, an authority on French plays, and a specialist on the Duc de Reichstadt. Also he had written a volume of literary essays; and, finally, to add a sense of solidity to his intellectual equipment, he was a philosopher. He had written, and Mr. Murray had published, a short book called "The Religion of Primitive Man." This work he evolved on quiet evenings in his flat off Berkeley Square in two months of an early winter in London. All that can be said about it is that it sounded very probable, and set forth in exceedingly eloquent language what primitive man ought to have believed, even if he did not, because it led to a most orthodox, if remote, conclusion. Whether he did or not, Val, and most other people, had neither time nor inclination to discover. That would, in fact, have needed a lot of reading. After all, Val might





Drawn by Albert Sterner. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"KIRBY WAS NOW STANDING FACING THEM, AND APPARENTLY DOING  
MOST OF THE TALKING"

plead the example of some eminent metaphysicians.

Birth, brains—now comes the rarest of Val's possessions, one that must be handled most delicately by one who would do Val justice at any cost. I mean Val's beauty. Val himself bore it lightly, with a debonair deprecation which stopped only, but definitely, short of unconsciousness. He had hereditary claims to it; a grandmother had attracted—and by a rarer touch of distinction repelled—royalty. But Val made it all his own. A slim figure, bordering on six feet; aquiline features, a trifle ruddy in hue; hands long and slender; above all, perhaps, a mass of black hair touched with white—ever so lightly silver-clad. The grayness proclaimed itself premature, and brought contrast to bear on the youthfulness of the face beneath—a face the juvenility of which survived the problems of North Africa and his triumphs in the *a priori*. Add to this, a fine tradition of schoolboy and university athletics, and, well, a way with him of which women would talk in moments of confidence.

Speaking quite seriously, I cannot suppose that such a fascinating person has often appeared, never, merely a more decorative. And it was "all but settled?" Why, then, those glances toward our end of the table? Because they were not for me, as I have already acknowledged. Kirby? The bullet-head, with its close-cropped wire-thick hair? Could that draw her eyes from the glories of Val's sable-silver crown? These things are unaccountable; such really appeared to be the case.

### III

AFTER dinner I used the freedom of old acquaintance to ask Lady Lexington precisely what she meant by saying that it—the alliance between Miss Constantine and Valentine Hare—was "all but settled." We chanced to be alone in the small drawing-room; through the curtained archway we could see the rest of the company formed into groups. Val was again by Miss Constantine's side; Kirby was now standing facing them, and apparently doing most of the talking.

"He has n't asked her in so many words yet," said Lady Lexington; "but he will

soon, of course. It's been practically settled ever since she came to stay here—after her father's death, you know. And it's an ideal arrangement."

"Suppose she refuses him?"

"I sha'n't suppose anything so ridiculous, George," said my friend, sharply. "I hope I have more sense. What girl would refuse Valentine?"

"It would be heterodoxy," I admitted.

"It would be lunacy, stark lunacy. Even for her,—I admit she has a right to look high,—but even for her it will be a fine match. He's got everything before him. And then look how handsome, how fascinating, he is!" She laughed. "Old as I am, I would n't trust myself with him, George!"

"I have n't met Kirby here before," I observed, perhaps rather abruptly.

"Mr. Kirby? Oh, he's quite a protégé of Frank's. We met him in Switzerland last winter, and Frank and he did all sorts of unsafe things together—things you ought n't to do in winter."

"He probably stops the avalanches with his head?"

"I really don't know where he comes from or who he is, but he's in the Colonial Office, and Frank says they think enormous things of him there. I like him, but, do you know, he's rather hard to keep up a conversation with. He always seems to say the last thing about a subject first."

"Very bad economy," I agreed.

"Some people—well, I have heard people say it's hardly polite—when they're just thinking of something to say themselves, you know."

"He probably can't help it," I pleaded.

"Katharine seems to like him, though, and I dare say she'll get Val to give him a lift in the future."

"You're treating it as quite settled."

"Well, it really is; I feel sure of that. It might happen any—why, look there, George! Suppose it happened to-night!"

Lady Lexington's air of pleasurable flutter was occasioned by a movement in the next room. Miss Constantine was passing from the drawing-room into the library beyond, Val holding the door for her. Kirby had not moved, but now stood looking at her with a smile. Just as she passed through the door she turned, looked at him, and made the slightest

little grimace. I read it as defiance—playful defiance. Whether I was right in that or not, it was, beyond all doubt, a confidential communication of some sort. If "it" were indeed going to be "settled," the moment seemed an odd one for the exchange of that secret signal with Mr. Kirby; for her grimace was in answer to his smile, his smile the challenge that elicited her grimace. Yes, they were in communication. What about? I got no further than an impression that it was about Valentine Hare. I remembered the glances at dinner, and mentally corrected the little misapprehension which I have already acknowledged. But had the signals been going on all the evening? About Valentine Hare?

"I shall wait for news with great interest," I said to Lady Lexington.

She made no direct answer. Looking at her, I perceived that she was frowning; she appeared, indeed, decidedly put out.

"After all," she said reflectively, "I'm not sure I do like Mr. Kirby. He's rather familiar. I wonder why Frank brings him here so much."

From which I could not help concluding that she, too, had perceived the glances toward my end of the table, Kirby's smile, and Katharine Constantine's answering grimace. From that moment, I believe, a horrible doubt, an apprehension of almost incredible danger, began to stir in her mind. This, confided to Jane, had inspired my sister's gloomily significant manner.

#### IV

A WEEK passed by without my getting any news from Lady Lexington. My next advices came, in fact, from Jane. One morning she burst into my room when I was reading the paper after breakfast. I had been out late the night before, and had not seen her since yesterday at lunch. Her present state of excitement was obvious.

"She's asked for time to consider!" she cried. "Imagine!"

"The dickens she has!" I exclaimed. Of course I guessed to whom she was referring.

"Ah, I thought that would startle you!" Jane remarked, with much gratifi-

cation. "I was at the Lexingtons' yesterday. She is queer."

I saw that Jane wanted me to ask questions, but I always prefer having gossip volunteered to me; it seems more dignified, and one very seldom loses anything in the end. So I just nodded, and re-lighted my pipe. Jane smiled scornfully.

"You'll go there yourself to-day," she said. "I know you."

"I was going, anyhow—to pay my dinner call."

"Of course!" She was satisfied with the effect of her sarcasm—I think I had betrayed signs of confusion—and went on gravely: "You can imagine how upset they all are."

"But she only proposes to consider."

"Well, it's not very flattering to be *considered*, is it? 'I'll consider'—that's what one says to get out of the shop when a thing costs too much."

I had to ask one question. I did it as carelessly as possible. "Did you happen to see Miss Constantine herself?"

"Oh, yes; I saw Katharine. I *saw* her, because she was in the room part of the time, and I'm not blind," said Jane, crossly.

"I gather that she hardly took you into her full—her inner—confidence?"

Jane's reply was impolite in form, but answered my question substantially in the affirmative. She added: "Lady Lexington told me that she won't say a word about her reasons. You won't find it a cheerful household."

I did not. Jane was right there. I dare say my own cheerfulness was artificial and spasmodic: the atmosphere of a family crisis is apt to communicate itself to guests. It must not be understood that the Lexingtons, or Miss Boots, or Mr. Sharples, who was there again, were other than perfectly kind to Katharine. On the contrary, they overdid their kindness—overdid it portentously, in my opinion. They treated her as though she were afflicted with a disease of the nerves, and must on no account be worried or thwarted. If she had said that the moon was made of green cheese, they would have evaded a direct contradiction—they might just have hinted at a shade of blue. She saw this; I can quite understand that it annoyed her very much. For the rest, Lady Lexington's demeanor set the cue:



"It must end all right; meanwhile we must bear it."

She and Mr. Sharples and Miss Boots were all going to an afternoon drawing-room meeting, but I was asked to stay and have tea. "You 'll give him a cup of tea, won't you, Katharine?" And did my ears deceive me, or did Lady Lexington breathe into my ear, as she shook hands, the words, "If you could say a word—tactfully!" I believe she did; but Jane says I dreamed it, or made it up, more likely. If she did say it, it argued powerfully for her distress.

I had known Katharine Constantine pretty well for three or four years; I had, indeed, some claim to call myself her friend. All the same, I did not see my way to broach the engrossing subject to her, and I hardly expected her to touch on it in talk with me. My idea was to prattle, to distract her mind with gossip about other people. But she was, I think, at the end of her patience both with herself and with her friends. Her laugh was defiant as she said:

"Of course you know all about it? Jane has told you? And of course you're dying to tell me I'm a fool—as all the rest of them do! At any rate, they let me see they think it."

"I don't want to talk about it. Let's talk of anything else. I've got no right—"

"I give you the right. You're interested?"

"Oh, I can't deny that. I'm human."

She was looking very attractive today; her perplexity and worry seemed to soften her; an unwonted air of appeal mitigated her assurance of manner; she was pleasanter when she was not so confident of herself.

"Well, I should rather like to put the case to a sensible man—and we'll suppose you to be one for the moment." She laughed more gently as I bowed my thanks. "On the one side is what's expected of me—"

"Jane's phrase!" I thought to myself.

"What all the world thinks, what I've thought for a long while myself, what he thinks—in fact, everything. And, I tell you, it's a good deal. It is even with men, is n't it?"

"What's expected of us? Yes. Only unusual men can disregard that."

"It's worse with women—the weight of it is much heavier with women. And am I to consider myself unusual? Besides, I do like him enormously."

"I was wondering when you would touch on that point. It seems to me important."

"Enormously. Who would n't? Everybody must. Not for his looks or his charm only. He's a real good sort, too, Mr. Wynne. A woman could trust her heart with him."

"I've always believed he was a good sort—and, of course, very brilliant—a great career before him—and all that." She said nothing for a moment, and I repeated thoughtfully: "Astonishingly brilliant, to be sure, is n't he?"

She nodded at me, smiling. "Yes, that's the word—brilliant." She was looking at me very intently. "What more have you to say?" she asked.

"A good heart—a great position—a brilliant intellect—well, what more is there to say? Unless you permit me to say that ladies are sometimes—as they have a perfect right to be—hard to please."

"Yes, I'm hard to please." Her smile came again, this time thoughtful, reminiscent, amused, almost, I could fancy, tender. "I've been spoilt lately," she said. Then she stole a quick glance at me, flushing a little.

I grew more interested in her; I think I may say more worthily interested. I knew what she meant—whom she was thinking of. I passed the narrow yet significant line that divides gossip about people from an interest in one's friends or a curiosity about the human mind. Or so I liked to put it to myself.

"I must talk," she said. "Is it very strange of me to talk?"

"Talk away. I hear, or I don't hear, just as you wish. Anyhow, I don't repeat."

"That is your point, you men! Well, if it were between a great man and a nobody?"

"The great man I know—we all do. But the nobody? I don't know him."

"Don't you? I think you do; or perhaps you know neither? If the world and I meant just the opposite?"

She was standing now, very erect, proud, excited.

"It's a bad thing to mean just the opposite from what the world means," I said.

"Bad? Or only hard?" she asked. "God knows it's hard enough."

"There's the consolation of the—spoiling," I suggested. "Who spoils you, the great man or the nobody?"

She paid no visible heed to my question. Indeed, she seemed for the moment unconscious of me. It was October; a small bright fire burned on the hearth. She turned to it, stretching out her hands to the warmth. She spoke, and I listened. "It would be a fine thing," she said, "to be the first to believe—the first to give evidence of belief—perhaps the finest thing to be the first and last—to be the only one to give everything one had in evidence." She faced round on me suddenly. "Everything—if one dared!"

"If you were very sure—" I began.

"No!" she interrupted. "Say, if I had courage—courage to defy, courage for a great venture!"

"Yes, it's better put like that."

"But people don't realize—indeed, they don't—how much it needs."

"I think I realize it a little better." She made no comment on that, and I held out my hand. "I should like to help, you know," I said, "but I expect you've got to fight it out alone."

She pressed my hand in a very friendly way, saying, "Any single human being's sympathy helps."

That was not, perhaps, a very flattering remark, but it seemed to me pathetic, coming from the proud, the rich, the beautiful Miss Constantine. To this she was reduced in her struggle against her mighty foe. Any ally, however humble, was precious in her fight against what was expected of her.

v

MISS CONSTANTINE'S suppression of names, and her studious use of the hypothetical mood in putting her case, forbade me saying that she had told me that in her opinion Valentine Hare was a nobody and Oliver Kirby a great man, although the world might be pleased to hold just the opposite view. Still less had she told me that, in consequence of this opinion of hers, she would let the nobody

go and cling to the great man; she had merely discerned and pictured that course of action as being a very splendid and a very brave thing—more splendid and brave, just in proportion to the world's lack of understanding. Whether she would do it remained exceedingly doubtful; there was that heavy weight of what was expected of her. But what she had done, by the revelation of her feelings, was to render the problem of whether she would embrace her great venture or forgo it one of much interest to me. The question of her moral courage remained open; but there was now no question as to her intellectual courage. Her brain could see and dared to see—whether or not she would dare to be guided by its eyes. Her achievement was really considerable—to look so plainly, so clearly and straight, through all externals; to pierce behind incomparable Val's shop-window accomplishments, his North Africa, his linguistic accomplishments, Duc de Reichstadt, French plays, literary essays, even his supremely plausible and persuasive "Religion of Primitive Man" (which did look so solid on a first consideration)—to go right by all these, and ask what was the real value of the stock in the recesses of the shop! And, conversely, to pick up bullet-headed Kirby from the roadside, so to speak, to find in him greatness, to be "spoilt" (she, the rich, courted beauty!) by being allowed to hear the thuds of his sledge-hammer mind, to dream of giving "everything" to his plain form and face because of the mind they clothed, to think that thing the great thing to do, if she dared—yes, she herself stood revealed as a somewhat uncommon young woman.

Her appraisal of Val I was not inclined to dispute; it coincided with certain suspicions which I myself had shamefacedly entertained, but had never found courage to express openly. But was she right about Kirby? Had we here the rare "great man?" Concede to her that we had, her case was still a hard one. Kirby had no start; he was in a rut, if I may say so with unfeigned respect to the distinguished service to which he belonged—an honorable, useful rut, but, so far as personal glory or the prospects of it went, a rut, all the same. Unless some rare chance came,—they do come now

and then, but it was ill to gamble on one here,—his main function would be to do the work, to supply the knowledge secretly, perhaps, to shape a policy some day in the future, but *tulit alter honores*. Not to him would the public raise their cheers, and posterity a statue. Her worship of him must be, in all likelihood, solitary, despised, and without reward. Would it be appreciated as it ought to be by her hero himself? But here, perhaps, I could not get thoroughly into the skin of the devotee: the god is not expected to be overwhelmed by his altars and his sacrifices—his divinityship is merely satisfied.

"Mr. Hare is behaving splendidly," Jane reported to me. She had a constant—apparently a daily—report of him from Lady Lexington, his unremitting champion. Indeed, the women were all on his side, and it was surprising how many of them seemed to know his position; I cannot help thinking that Val, in his turn, had succumbed to the temptations of sympathy. They spoke of him as of a man patient under wrong, amiable and forgiving through it all, puzzled, bewildered, inevitably hurt, yet with his love unimpaired and his forgiveness ready.

"Do you suppose," I asked Jane, "that he's got any theory why she hesitates?"

"Theory! Who wants a theory? We all know why."

"Oh, you do, do you?" My "exclusive information" seemed a good deal cheapened. "Has she told you, may I ask?"

"Not she; but she goes every afternoon, just after lunch, to Mrs. Something Simpson's—that's the man's aunt. She lives in a flat in Westminster, and he goes from his office to lunch at his aunt's every day, now."

While I had been musing, Jane had been getting at the facts.

"Val knows that?"

"Of course Lady Lexington told him. Let's have fair play, anyhow!" said Jane, rather hotly.

"What does he say about it?"

"He's perfectly kind and sweet; but he can't, of course, quite conceal that he's—" Jane paused, seeking a word. She flung her hands out in an expressive gesture, and let me have it—"Stupefied." A moment later she added, "So are we all, if it comes to that."

"If one dared!" Katharine Constantine's words came back. They were all stupefied at the idea. Would she dare to pile stupefaction on stupefaction by confronting them with the fact?

In the course of the next few days the Powers That Be in the land took a hand—doubtless an entirely unconscious one—in the game. A peer died; his son, going up to the House of Lords, vacated the post of Under-Secretary for the Colonies. Amid a chorus of applause and of flattering prophecies Valentine Hare was appointed in his place. I met, at one of my clubs, a young friend who had recently entered the Colonial Office, and he told me that the new member of the administration's secretary would in all probability be Oliver Kirby. "And it'll give him a bit of a chance to show what he's made of," said my young friend, with the kindly patronage of youth.

But, under present circumstances, it might create a slight awkwardness, say, about lunch-time, might n't it?

## VI

Now I come to my share in this history. I confess that I approach it with doubt and trembling; but it has to be told here. It will never be told anywhere else—certainly not at the Lexingtons', nor above all, for my peace' sake, to my sister Jane.

The following day was a Sunday, and, according to a not infrequent practice of mine, I took a walk in Hyde Park in the morning—in the early hours before the crowd turned out. The place was almost deserted, for the weather was raw and chilly; but there, by some supernatural interposition, as I am convinced, whether benign or malignant only the passage of years can show, in a chair at the corner of the Row sat Oliver Kirby. I stopped before him and said "Hello!"

I had forgotten how entirely formal our previous acquaintance had been, perhaps because I had been thinking about him so much.

He greeted me cordially, indeed, gladly, as I fancied, and, when I objected to sitting in the chilly air, he proposed to share my walk. I mentioned the secretaryship, remarking that I understood it was a good thing for a man to get. He



shrugged his shoulders, then turned to me, and said with a sudden twinkle lighting up his eyes, "One might be able to keep our friend straight, perhaps."

"You think he needs it?"

"It 's only a matter of time for that man to come a cropper. The first big affair he gets to handle, look out! I 'm not prejudiced. He 's a very good fellow, and I like him—besides being amused at him. But what I say is true." He spoke with an uncanny certainty.

"What makes you say it?"

Kirby took my arm. "The man is constitutionally incapable of thinking in the right order. It 's always the same with him, I don't care whether it 's an article about North Africa or that book of his about primitive man. He always—not occasionally, but always—starts with his conclusion and works backward to the premises. North Africa ought to be that shape—it is! Primitive man ought to have thought that—he did! You see? The result is, that the facts have to adapt themselves to these conclusions of his. Now, that habit of mind, Wynne, makes a man who has to do with public affairs a dangerous and pernicious fool. He ought n't to be allowed about. What, I should like to know, does he think the Almighty made *facts* for? Not to be looked at, evidently!"

I was much refreshed by this lively indignation of the intellect. But, "You 're quite sure you 're not prejudiced?" said I.

"I said it all in a review of his book before I ever met him, or came into—"

"Conflict with him?" I ventured to interpose.

He looked at me gravely. I thought he was going to tell me to mind my own business. I have so little that I never welcome that injunction. Then he smiled.

"I forgot that I 'd met you at the Lexingtons," he said.

"I don't think you need have told me that you 'd forgotten."

"Well, I had," said he, staring a little.

"But you need n't have said so—need n't have put it that way."

"Oh!" He seemed to be considering quite a new point of view.

"Not that I 'm offended. I only point it out for your good. You expect people

to be too much like you. The rest of us have feelings—"

"I 've feelings, Wynne," he interrupted quickly.

"Fancies—"

"Ah, well—perhaps those, too, sometimes."

"Fears—"

He squeezed my arm. "You 've struck me the right morning," he said.

"Think what you 're asking of—the person we mean."

"She 's to give me her answer after lunch to-day."

"I believe it will be 'No'—unless you can do something."

He looked at me searchingly. "What 's in your mind?" he asked. "Out with it! This is a big thing to me, you know."

"It 's a big thing to her. I know it is. Yes, she has said something to me. But I think she 'll say 'No', unless—well, unless you treat her as you want Val Hare to treat North Africa and primitive man. Apply your own rules, my friend. Reason in the right order!"

He smiled grimly. "Develop that a little," he requested, or, rather, ordered.

"It 's not your feelings, or your traditions, or your surroundings, that count now. And it 's not what you think she ought to feel, nor what she ought as a fact to feel, nor even what she 's telling herself she ought to be brave enough and strong enough to feel. It 's what she must feel, has been bred to feel, and in the end does feel. What she does feel will beat you unless you find a way out."

"What does she feel?"

"That it 's failure, and that all the other girls will say so—failure in the one great opportunity of her life, in the one great thing that 's expected of her; that it 's final; that she must live all her life a failure among those who looked to her for a great success. And the others will make successes! Would it be a small thing for a man? What is it to a girl?"

"A failure, to marry me? You mean she feels that?"

"Facts, please! Again facts! Not what you think you are, or are sure you are, or are convinced you could be; just what you are—Mr. Kirby of the Colonial Office, lately promoted—it is promotion, is n't it?—to be secretary to—"

"Stop! I just want to run over all that," he said.

At, and from, this point I limit my liability. I had managed to point out—it really was not easy to set up to tell him things—where I thought he was wrong. Somehow, amid my trepidation, I was aware of a pleasure in talking to a splendidly open and candid mind. He was surprised that he had been wrong,—that touch of a somewhat attractive arrogance there was about him,—but the mere suspicion of being wrong made him attentive to the uttermost. Tell him he had n't observed his facts, and he would n't, he could n't, rest till he had substantiated, or you had withdrawn, the imputation. But, as I say, to suggest the mistake was all I did. I had no precise remedy ready; I believe I had only a hazy idea of what might be done by a more sympathetic demeanor, a more ample acknowledgment of Miss Constantine's sacrifices—a notion that she might do the big thing if he made her think it the enormous thing, are n't girls even that sometimes? The sower of the seed is entitled to some credit for the crop; after all, though, the ground does more. I take none too much credit for my hint, nor desire to take too much responsibility.

He caught me by the arm and pulled me down on to a bench—a free seat just by the east end of the Serpentine.

"Yes, I see," he said. "I've been an ass. Just since you spoke, it's all come before me—in a sort of way it grew up in my mind. I know how she feels now—both ways. I only knew how she felt about my end of the thing before. I was antagonistic to the other thing. I could n't see Val as a sort of Westminster Abbey only for the living—that's the truth. Never be antagonistic to facts—you've taught me that lesson once more, Wynne." He broke into a sudden amused smile. "I say, if your meddling is generally as useful as it has been to me, I don't see why you should n't go on meddling, old chap."

I let that pass, though I should have preferred some such word as "interpose" or "intervene," or "act as an intermediary." I still consider that I had been in some sense invited—well, at any rate, tempted—to—well, as I have suggested, intervene.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Settle it," replied Mr. Oliver Kirby, rising from the bench.

He might have been a little more communicative. It is possible to suggest that. As a matter of fact, he was the best part of the way to Hyde Park Corner before I realized that I was sitting alone on the bench.

## VII

HAD Kirby been at my elbow, his bullet-head almost audibly pricing my actions, relentlessly assessing them, even while he admitted that they had done him good, I imagine that I should not have gone. His epithet rankled. I a meddler! I can only say that it is a fortunate circumstance that he never knew Jane.

However, I did call on Lady Lexington that afternoon, and found just a snug family party—that was what my hostess called it. In fact, besides myself, the only outsider was Valentine Hare; and could he be called an outsider? His precise appellation hung in suspense. Talk was intimate and bright.

In view of Val's appointment, it was natural that it should turn on the colonies. Val himself hinted that the Foreign Office would have given more scope for his specialty (he meant North Africa, not the "Religion of Primitive Man"); but Miss Constantine was hot on the colonies, going so far, indeed, as to get out an atlas and discuss thousands of square miles, and wheat-belts, and things like that. Once or twice I fancied that the new Under-Secretary would have been glad not to be quite so new; a few days of coaching from, say, Kirby (Had she had? At lunch? No; it was hardly thinkable; he could n't have taken that moment to instruct her) would have equipped him better for her excellently informed conversation. As for poor Lexington, he broke down entirely when she got out to Assiniboia and Saskatchewan, and said frankly that in his opinion there was more of Canada than any man could be expected to know about. That did not seem to be at all Miss Constantine's view. She was stopped only by the ocean. I am not sure that a vaulting ambition did not confederate Japan.

Val was delighted. Miss Constantine

was so cordial, so interested, so congratulatory on his appointment. There was, as it seemed to me, a serenity in her manner which had recently been lacking—a return of her old assurance, softened still, but not now by the air of appeal: it was rather by an extreme friendliness. Val must have felt the friendliness, too, I think, for he expanded wonderfully, discoursing with marvelous fecundity, and with a knowledge as extensive as it was indefinite, of the British possessions beyond the seas. All said and done, he knew a lot more than I did; but, then, I was not his competitor.

So we got on splendidly together. Lady Lexington beamed, her lord warmed himself happily, Miss Constantine was graciousness itself, Val basked and blossomed—and I wondered what the deuce had happened at Mrs. Something Simpson's flat in Westminster. (Her real name was Whitaker Simpson, and I believe Jane knew it quite well.)

Yes, she was monstrously friendly—distrust that in your mistress whether wooed or won. She would do everything for Val that afternoon, except be left alone with him. The Lexingtons went—you can hardly stop people going in their own house; Miss Boots and Mr. Sharples, who were both there, went—to church. I tried to go, but she would n't let me. Her refusal was quite obvious: Val—he was impeccable in manners—saw it. After precisely the right interval he rose and took his leave. I had the atlas on my knees then (we had got back to Assiniboia), and I studied it hard; but, honestly, I could n't help hearing. The tones of her voice, at least, hinted at no desire for privacy.

"Once more a thousand congratulations—a thousand hopes for your success," she said, giving him her hand, as I suppose—my eyes were on the atlas.

"After that, I shall feel I'm working for you," he replied gallantly. No doubt his very fine eyes pointed the remark.

"Shall you?" she said, and laughed a little. "Oh, you'll—I'll write you a note quite soon—to-morrow or Tuesday. I won't forget. And—good-by!"

"To-morrow or Tuesday? That's certain?" His voice had an eagerness in it now.

"Yes, certain. I won't forget. And—good-by!"

"Good-by!" he said, and I heard the door open.

"A thousand hopes!" she said again.

I suppose he made some response, but in words he made none. The door closed behind him.

I put the atlas on the sofa by me, got up, and went to her.

"I suppose I may go now, too?" I said.

"How clever you're growing, Mr. Wynne! But just let him get out of the house. We must n't give it away."

A moment or two we stood in silence. Then she said: "You understand things. You shall have a note too—and a thousand hopes. And—good by!"

Not a suspicion of the meaning of this afternoon's scene crossed my mind, which facts proved me, I dare say, to be very stupid. But Val was hardly likely to see more clearly, and I can't altogether justify the play she made with the atlas and Assiniboia. As an exercise in irony, however, it had its point.

#### VIII

I do not know what was in Val's note: more of good-by, and more than a thousand hopes, I imagine. Is it fanciful to mark that she had always said "hope" and never "confidence"? Mine I got on the Friday, and it bade me be at a certain corner of a certain street at 11.30. "Where you will find me. Say nothing about it." It was a little hard to say, nothing whatever to Jane.

I went and met them at the corner—Mrs. Something Simpson, Kirby, and Miss Constantine. Thence we repaired to a registry office, and they (I do not include Mrs. Simpson) were married. They were to sail from Liverpool that afternoon, and we went straight from the office to Euston. I think it was only when the question of luggage arose that I gasped out, "Where are you going?"

"To Canada," said Kirby, briskly.

"For your trip?"

"For good and all," he answered. "I've got leave—and sent in my resignation."

"And I've sent in my resignation, too," she said. "Mr. Wynne, try to think of me as only half a coward."

"I—I don't understand," I stammered.

"But it's your own doing," he said.



"Over there she won't be a failure all her life!"

"Not because I 've married him, at any rate," Katherine said, looking very happy.

"I told you I should settle it—and so I did," Kirby added. "And, I'm grateful to you. I'm always grateful to a fellow who makes me understand."

"Good heavens!" I cried, "you're not making me responsible?"

"For all that follows!" she answered, with a merry laugh. "Yes!"

That 's all very well, but suppose he

gets to the top of the tree, as the fellow will, and issues a Declaration of Independence? At least he 'll be Premier, and come over to a conference some day. Val will be Secretary for the Colonies, probably (unless he has come that cropper). There 's a situation for you! Well, I shall just leave town. I dare say I sha'n't be missed.

Lady Lexington carried it off well. She said that, from a strain of romance she had observed in the girl, the marriage was just what was to be expected of Katharine Constantine.



## IN CHINATOWN

SAN FRANCISCO, 1904

BY GRACE S. H. TYTUS

A CHINESE lantern swings  
Above a scarcely lighted street,  
Deserted; yet one seems to hear  
The stealthy rub of cat-like feet,  
Hurried, yet loath; one's own heart-beat  
Strikes like a gong; yet far or near  
No living breath the silence brings,—  
Nothing—save fear.

A Chinese lantern swings  
Without a somber house-front, bare  
Of sign or symbol. All seems deep,  
Forbidden, dreamless, sullen sleep—  
The door ajar, as it had been  
Held thus in hushed insistency,  
A hand upon the latch within.  
The night lies heavy, smothered, tense  
With warning all unwarranted,  
As if some voice long since had cried.  
No hint of breeze moves in the dense  
Strange breathlessness, no memory  
Where sounds were choked. Yet, overhead,  
High in the unreverberate air,  
A Chinese lantern swings—swings—

# CHINA AWAKENED

## A MIRACLE OF NATURAL RESUSCITATION

BY JOSEPH FRANKLIN GRIGGS, M. D.

Medical Missionary at Peking for the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions



COMPETENT authority on things Chinese states that during the last two years China has made more real advancement than in the previous millennium. That his judgment is sound is apparent to those who enjoy the vantage-point of a residence in Peking. It has long been predicted that changes would be surprising in their speed, but the most sanguine had not hoped for what is taking place.

In passing through Peking, the streets seem to be the most striking phenomenon. Three years ago there seemed little hope that the black mud, and the disgusting sights and stenches, would ever give place to anything better. The board that had been appointed to repair the streets was considered to have an Augean task and was the butt of many facetious remarks. Now the broad thoroughfares are fast being converted into handsome avenues. The central portion, a strip of about seven yards in width, is being well macadamized with the aid of steam rollers. This is flanked on each side by shallow drains of brickwork, a row of trees, an unpaved strip of five yards in good repair, then a curbed sidewalk of varying width, cheaply cemented with pounded lime and earth. The building line has been straightened, necessitating the rebuilding of many shops the rehabilitation of which is in keeping with the rest. Long-forgotten sewers have been reopened, and places of convenience erected, the use of which is made compulsory. Innumerable unsightly sheds which have occupied half the roadway are being removed, forever, it is hoped, and the squatters have sought other fields in which to ply their trades. The

new roadways are guarded by uniformed police in their sentry-boxes, and kept in order by numerous laborers. Fine telephone-poles, strung with countless copper wires, replace the topsy-turvy line of the last few years. The telephone is no longer a curiosity, but is fast becoming a necessity to progressive business men.

The change in the appearance and behavior of the military is very noticeable. The good work of Yüan Shih K'ai, the progressive Viceroy of the province, is making its mark. Uniforms and equipment have improved, and discipline is being wrought out on Western lines. The crowning act took place a few weeks ago in the district of He Chien Fu, when two large armies came together for a demonstration before a large number of Chinese and foreign guests. The cause of this manœuvre was the desire of the Viceroy to make plain to the foreign nations that there was no longer reason or excuse for their maintaining soldiery for the assurance of peace and order among the natives. The United States alone of all the great nations has had no troops other than the handful required as a legation guard. The action is resulting in the withdrawal of these garrisons. To the evident gratification of the Viceroy, Germany has taken the hint and made a beginning. The other powers will doubtless follow the lead. Of course the legation guards will be retained, but China will feel that one source of humiliation no longer exists.

The boycott was another evidence of advancement. However ill advised it may have seemed, to a great extent it accomplished its purpose, and perhaps its usefulness is greatest in the testimony it offers to the fact that there exist a co-

hesion and a national feeling such as were not hitherto imagined. Previous demonstrations, such as the Taiping rebellion and the Boxer movement have been chiefly the outcome of unreasoning race hatred and fanaticism.

In the matter of education one is tempted to say that the most extraordinary of all the transformations is to be seen. Boys have heretofore been educated by a long process of training in the classics, chiefly of Confucius and Mencius, who, while deserving the title sage, left a mass of writing capable of various interpretations and quibbles, furnishing a field for memory and mental gymnastics rather than supplying any knowledge of value to the twentieth century. Long suffering lads were compelled to commit page after page of words the meanings of which were unintelligible, and the explanation of which was reserved for advanced years. The student's ambition in China is to become an official, which position opens to him a maze of corruption, bribery, and extortion, to traverse which to his own financial advantage is to be the aim of his life. The examinations leading to this position have for twelve centuries been based upon the classics, and including the writing of long essays and odes on obscure themes. The advancement from one degree to another has involved similar tedious and nerve-exhausting literary effort. All of this was valueless except to distinguish the man as an exceptional memorist and grind. The whole confusing mass of rubbish was suddenly brushed away last October by an edict requiring that the civil-service examinations should be based upon Western learning. The far-reaching significance of this act can be grasped when we realize that these classics, thus deposed, have for ages been considered not only the foundation, but the structure of all sociology, religions, ethics, and government. Henceforth the standard will have as its basis mathematics, the natural sciences, modern languages, law, statecraft, and a general modern liberal education. What it will mean to China to have her narrow-minded, ignorant, crafty, bigoted, and corrupt officials succeeded by liberally educated, virile,—and corrupt young men, one can scarcely hazard a guess.

Schools to the number of about seventy for training in these branches have been established all over the city. Some are under the control of the government, and a salary is paid the students more than sufficient for board and clothing. This is likely to be changed. Others are popular schools in the sense that they have been established by private effort. The teaching force is the best that can be obtained, which is not saying very much. Some of the teachers have been younger officers in the navy, a life which has given them a wide outlook. The head master of the government high schools in the city is an able man, having been three years in England, and connected with the navy for seven years, chiefly spent in the Mediterranean. The students are being uniformed; one reason commonly reported for this is that the police department wishes to be able to distinguish them and keep them under observation as they are "feeling their oats." Military and gymnastic training is occupying a large share of their time.

The establishment of girls' schools in the midst of so many other innovations seems to have excited little comment. At another time it would be astonishing.

About the walls of Peking and in various open spaces have heretofore been seen numbers of men of all ages practising with the bow and arrow. The first thought of a new-comer is, "Archery! Here at last I find the Chinese cultivating a healthful outdoor sport." Another disappointment. He soon finds that archery is taught in various schools, occupying old temples, conducted by "professors" who make their living from the fees of students. A long, serious course of training is pursued by hundreds of young men, devoting their time exclusively to acquiring the art of shooting an arrow in proper style through a four-inch disk at twenty-four paces. To what purpose? The present dynasty has granted to descendants of the conquering army a certain number of pensions. On the death of an incumbent, notice is given to eligibles, and he who best places his three arrows is the new recipient. He ordinarily forthwith lays aside all useful pursuits, so far as his stipend will allow, and becomes a banner-man, joining the army of proud good-for-naughts, gentlemen of leisure, the



only occupation of many of whom is keeping one or more birds, which they carry about in cages, the envied of all the populace. But this shooting has been done away with, and the regiments of hopeful youths are to be prepared for tests which will prove them to be more useful citizens. The graceful archers will be missed, but it is to be hoped that their status morally and as members of the body politic will atone for the loss.

The feature that has marked the Chinaman, and has perhaps led to most of the ignominy which he has suffered, is doomed. I refer to the queue. Thousands and thousands of young men are merely waiting for a word from the throne. Many soldiers have already removed their queues with the sanction (to say the least) of the Viceroy. The absence of their long braids is no longer the subject of much comment. Those who have not cut them off, among soldiers and students, are wearing them coiled in roomy military caps, fashioned after the Japanese pattern. Would it not be a sensible revision of the exclusion law to require Chinese immigrants to remove the queue and pass an examination in the rudiments of English? What would do more to solve the problem than thus assisting in their amalgamation?

The whole Chinese empire was shaken by the bold attempt to dynamite the special ambassadors as they were about to leave Peking. And the attention of the whole world was fixed upon an event not the least significant among the reforms. These five men were appointed to study the forms of government of various lands at close range. The step was the outcome of the petition of Yüan Shih K'ai, Chang Chih Tung, Chou Fu, and Tuan Fang, all viceroys or ex-governors, the last of whom became a member of the embassy. The petitioners asked the Empress Dowager to establish a parliamentary representation of the people. The Empress promised to accede after the passage of twelve years, which was thought to be the shortest possible period of preparation. It is reported that she fears death before that time and is very anxious, on account of the incompetence of the Emperor, to see the institution effected earlier. Many expect it much sooner. The embassy has at length

departed, but secretly, so as to avoid a repetition of anarchistic outbreak.

The recent annulment of railroad and mining concessions seems to be very gratifying to the Chinese, and is an earnest of national development. All will remember that the Chinese government bought up the first railroad built in China, from Shanghai to Moosung, only to tear up the road-bed and destroy the equipment. It is with a very different purpose that the purchase of the Hankow-Canton concessions was effected. China is apparently about to exploit her own resources and feels ready for all that such exploitation may involve.

Nor does she appear to be hesitating over even a greater undertaking, which is truly Herculean. I speak of the million-headed hydra of opium. No non-resident of China can appreciate the magnitude of this problem. Japan, with her secluded position, was able to eliminate the curse in a very short time, so that not only is it unlawful to smoke opium in Japan or to import it, but the law is effectively enforced. In China it is safe to say that nearly every family has felt the inexorable clutch of this monster. Whole communities have been impoverished. In many cities of the western provinces numerous magnificent residences and estates are offered for sale, but, a glut on the market, are falling into ruin and decay. Thousands of productive acres have seen their useful crops give place to the handsome poppy, and provinces heretofore independent are bringing their daily food from distant parts. All this is well known and need not be enlarged upon. There is now quite evident a sincere desire to wrestle with the problem, with Japan as a model, so far as the exposed frontiers and the merchant interests of foreign lands will allow. When China has thrown off this grewsome incubus, she may well claim to have accomplished one of the tasks of history.

We come now to the penal code, upon the revision of which the former minister to the United States, Mr. Wu Ting Fang, has been at work. Its provisions have gone into effect within a very short time, although its re-formation has not at present writing been completed. By it all punishments will be made less severe, descending one grade in the severer penalties.

Thus, cutting up alive has been abolished. The last persons executed in this manner perished last spring in a public place in Peking before the eyes of multitudes. One was a woman who had killed her husband, the other was the carter (or coachman) of a Mongol prince who brought his retinue last New Year's season to pay respects and offer tribute to the throne. I was called to attend professionally the victims of this carter's fury, and saw the culprit, bound hand and foot, awaiting the soldiers. He had slashed at the prince's head with a butcher's cleaver, cutting out nearly half his skull. I could, of course, do nothing, and turned to the other victims, a body-servant and a Lama priest who had endeavored to defend their master. Their heads had also suffered pitifully from the ruthless cuts of the heavy cleaver, but they recovered. Subsequent inquiry showed that it was an act of revenge on the prince, who had violated the carter's sister, also a member of the suite. In America there would probably have been returned a verdict of manslaughter, but here in China, because it was a prince, the poor criminal was hacked to pieces. A curious sidelight on Chinese character appears in the fact that after the tedious investigation which followed the crime, an official declaration was published in the court paper, "The Peking Gazette," to the effect that this Mongol prince had "come to his death by natural means," and the Empress Dowager contributed 500 taels (about \$350) toward his magnificent funeral. It was evidently a question of "face," that inscrutable factor in Chinese life. Photographs of these two cruel executions in various stages are on sale in Peking.

Crimes formerly punished in this way are now expiated by decapitation; decapitation is replaced by strangling; the last by "waiting for strangulation," the delay affording opportunity to prove innocence or to obtain leniency. Among minor punishments, beating is mitigated, branding and tattooing are forbidden. Not long ago a young man came to the dispensary with a wound of the forearm, self-inflicted. He had attempted to cut out two words tattooed in that spot, but was restrained by his mother, who clutched his hand and fell in a faint. One word had been cut out, and he

begged to have the other removed, saying he had reformed and had no wish to go through life bearing the mark of thief. It was done with no anesthetic, but he never flinched. For the first offense, the tattooing or branding is upon the forearm, for the second in front of the ear, and for the third over the cheek bone. Thereafter the offending person is subject to confinement or execution. The abolition of these barbarous practices is probably satisfactory to all. Beating to extort confession, and detention after proving innocence, are no longer permitted.

Five years ago a man seen reading a newspaper, of which very few were then published in the whole empire, was ridiculed as a follower of the foreign devils. Almost the only paper published in the capital was "The Peking Gazette," containing the decrees and doings of the court, subject to such modifications of the truth as instanced above. Now there are ten daily papers published in Peking, among them one of the few women's dailies in the world. This paper is interesting as being largely edited by women, and dealing just now with such topics as popular astronomy, geography, physical geography, the care of infants, and the training of children. The general newspapers are read by all classes, and are constantly increasing their circulation. They contain Reuter's telegrams, news of the country and city, and articles of considerable length and acumen on live topics. Some are pledged to the correction of old established customs, and the contents are extremely interesting, worthy of a separate article.

By way of advertisement, or, more likely, because of the zeal of reformers who are responsible for the newspapers, copies are posted on blank walls and on boards set up for the purpose, so that their contents may be perused by those who would not buy. In addition, a remarkable plan to secure the attention of the masses has been followed. In different places in city and suburbs have been fitted up reading-halls, with benches and tables, where tea is served free, and in the evenings capable men are engaged to read and explain the papers. These men are said to be volunteers, and the

halls, over twenty in number, are fitted up and supported by voluntary contributions.

There seems to be entire freedom of the press, no censorship being exercised. The papers are decent sheets, with numerous advertisements, but as yet poorly printed, for the most part with movable lead types, which rapidly deteriorate, making reading by a foreigner very difficult, even of those sheets which are published in current Manchuria, the language of the masses.

These newspapers keep before our attention one of the most remarkable movements the world has ever seen. Each day is published a long list of names of persons, including women, who are subscribing to a fund for wiping out the indemnity which the empire is paying for the Boxer uprising. All classes are giving liberally, in proportion to their means. All kinds of societies, Christian churches, and even primary schools, have been offering the contributions of their members. Recently was published a list of blind story-tellers, whose living is earned by going from house to house with banjo, singing and telling romances. It is deservedly italicized, for they have averaged more than an ounce of silver each (70 cents). Where will it end? This wave of patriotism has swept over the country. Everywhere the same feeling is shown. There is no doubt that these gifts evidence possibilities in the Chinese nature of which the world has never dreamed. With our knowledge of the systematic economy of the Chinese masses, the selfishness, the sordid parsimony of individuals; with our ideas of their lack of public spirit and national feeling, such phenomena cannot be reconciled.

Must we form new conceptions of the Chinese nature? A train of interesting questions follow these remarkable manifestations. Is it possible that these traits have always existed, lying dormant, waiting for the course of historic events of the last few years to waken them into unprecedented activity?

What are the forces that have been at work in this awakening? There are two which come into great prominence before us. First, the sense of inferiority which the Chinese people had forced upon them by the result of the Chino-Japanese war and the humiliation attendant upon the

Boxer movement; second, the inspiring effect of the successful war carried on against the greatest power of Europe by an allied yellow race, affording the hope of a similar escape from the obscurity and darkness of an age-long stubborn ignorance. Yet it would be unfair to overlook the less obtrusive influences of those societies which for many years have carried on their purely altruistic work of uplift, by means of schools and the diffusion of literature dealing with Western learning and with religion. This leaven has been silently effective in preparing the minds of people for such a time as this.

All observers, Chinese and foreign, agree that this is a period of tremendous importance. The reforms of to-day may make rapid strides, or a reaction may set in against a progress for which the land seems scarcely ready. It is not to be supposed that such strides will not tread down some whose influence must be reckoned with. The large number of teachers whose vaunted learning has thus been negatived will be the first to feel the pressure. Fitted for nothing else, too proud to work, if employment could be offered to them, their means of livelihood will be taken away. Will it be without a protest? Will the well-known peace-loving proclivities of the Chinese people carry them through, or shall we see riot and bloodshed? Will the moral stamina of the reformers stand the test of increased opportunity for power and ambition? The history of other nations leads us to think that troublous times of one degree or another will follow in the wake of these changes. At all events, it is tremendously interesting. The former president of one of our universities, now a resident of China, whose grasp on sociological problems is thorough and whose insight is keen, says that from the standpoint of absorbing interest he would rather live the next twenty-five years in China than to have lived in any other land during any fifty years of its history. Now that the eyes of the world are leaving the seas of Japan and the battle-fields of Manchuria, they will in all probability find a new fixation point not far away, which will rivet their attention for years to come. The interest which Russia will share with China will, to a great extent, trace its origin to similar causes.





Designed by Lorado Taft

FOUNTAIN OF THE FIVE GREAT LAKES





P I C T U R E S B Y  L E O N G U I P O N .



HE gentleman was not thirsty, so the specifications were not exact. He had a void of an indeterminate sort, and he felt that he had to fill it or supper would be a

failure. So from the green dining-room of the Hotel La Corona, Montreal, he reverted—and the reversion is easy—to the bar of the same institution. There he approached a junior. Now, because he had been four years in the far North in the service of the Honorable thé Hudson's Bay Company, he had come down by Fort Smith, the Athabasca River, Athabasca Landing, and Edmonton, and by rail to Montreal, and because of the lack of practice bred of this experience, the void remained indeterminate and the specifications, as before noted, were not exact.

"I want something about that by that,"—he indicated with his fingers a possible  $3\frac{1}{4}$  by  $2\frac{3}{8}$  inches—"with no stick in it to speak of, and a great deal of taste, d'ye see?" The junior pondered.

"I know what ye want, or, anyway, I know what I 'd want if I was wantin' what you want; but I don't think I can do it: but Frank can. Hi! Frank! Now tell him again."

The specifications were repeated. Frank held the sugar-spoon by the end and gazed into space for two—three seconds.

"Ha! Yes, sir!" and the sugar-spoon went on its air-line course to its home. Half a dozen bottles seemed to flash in the light at once, and a moment later a golden-brown liquid was running from a strainer into a dock glass that held some

snow and half a straw. The gentleman sipped and marveled aloud:

"Think of translating an inexpressible thought into a taste!"

Frank's lips never moved: the smile swept his eyes alone.

Then by the main front door of the bar entered three men, clad in the Montreal winter-evening glory of evening dress and fur-lined coats, and indefinitely conveying the idea that they entered as did the immortal Mr. Pycroft of "Their Lawful occasions," "seeking alleviation of a gum-boil." Casually it was only a tentative air of discontent, but beneath the surface there developed more. Incidentally, just here, it may be said that previously they had visited, in order, Krausmann's, the Windsor, and the Bellevue, and that the bars of the latter two had furnished potatoes that had emulsified a foundation of Pilsener. *Verbum sap.*

Caution was dethroned, and the spirit of war was in the ascendant. It was the middle of the last act at His Majesty's, and the Corona bar was at its emptiest. The discussion was of an actress of a frequent type, with finger-nails cut to a point, under the delusion that they made stubby fingers look tapered and thoroughbred, and the other characteristic of the class,—God help us!—and much over-married. It could be gathered that a New York newspaper-man, by name Joe Higginson, and necessarily of Boston, had inconsiderately told the general public the truth about the lady's latest love-affair, and the g. p. had had the bad taste to evince an interest. The story was unsavory and of no real interest to any man or woman. Mr. Higgin-



son had told it in righteousness of spirit and in perfect good faith, for the sake of the moral; but as few read it for the moral, and the immoral was much more patent, his work to a great extent miscarried. But this is aside from the story.

Mr. Higginson's story, being strictly true, was very difficult to deal with. It had caused the lady a great deal of inconvenience and a very considerable loss of money and friends. A reprisal of some sort was essential; but legally this was impossible, and the methods of possible action became narrowed down to a very few. At this present moment it happened that the lady was in Montreal for a week, doing a much advertised piece of vaudeville, and that Mr. Higginson was in Montreal as well. Both were at the Windsor. It appeared, furthermore, that on the evening before, after the show, the lady had given a little supper-party to three of her Montreal admirers, had broken salad for them all with those fingers, had stated her antipathy for Mr. Higginson, and had requested that Mr. Higginson be annihilated, expunged from off the face of the earth, or, at least, as near it as would be at all consistent with safety.

Each of the trio had visions of times gone past,—many times gone past,—and, it may also be said, entirely distinct times gone past. They remembered evenings that began with supper in New York, and that had no definite ending; and they all felt that they owed the lady much. So they looked upon the lady now,—and she was still nothing less than very beautiful,—and through the yellow orthochromatic screen of *Veuve Clicquot*, which cleared all mists ahead, they saw the aforesaid annihilation of Mr. Higginson, which they solemnly vowed to perform before the next day should have died.

On the day in question it was furthermore apparent that each of the three had awakened, entirely separately, to face a gray winter morning and the consciousness that Mr. Higginson stood approximately six feet two inches in height, and during his college career had devoted himself assiduously to several branches of athletics. This was inconvenient. The three had lunched at the Windsor and considered ways and means, and had re-

ceived a pregnant glance from a pair of brown eyes, and, in another part of the dining-room, as he came and went, had noticed the shoulders of the aforesaid Higginson. They had dined at the Windsor and had received more pregnant glances, and again noticed the shoulders; and when dinner was over the problem lay still unsolved. When the lady left for the theater, they went east to find a professional boxer who had lived near Sohier Park. He was in Westmount, but by telephone said he would meet them in the Corona bar at ten o'clock. Then, as has been said, by Krausmann's and the Windsor and the Bellevue they had arrived at the Corona.

Eight minutes later a heavy-weight also arrived, much too sober to talk to, and had to be given two drinks in quick succession to prepare him. Then the matter was explained.

"Gó to the Win'sor to bash a gen'l man in 'is room for fifty dollars?" he commented, "Naw, I won't!"

"Will ye fer-a-hunder?" queried the spokesman; and he explained thickly and at length how Mr. Higginson had "sul'd a lady."

"Naw, nor for a hundred. Why don't ye bash 'im yerself? 'T w'u'd be cheaper." And the heavy-weight bore the two drinks out into the night.

The three looked at each other with intense solemnity and sighed. The heavy-weight's suggestion came home unpleasantly. The man of the Honorable the Hudson's Bay Company recognized a psychological moment, and, with the poise of a great actor, the intelligence faded from his eye, his brow took on a monumental solemnity, and he spake with a deliberation that showed the case of one mentally walking a crack.

"Egscuse me, gemlen, but 'd I un'-oshten' you te say man insul' laay?" He stood severely motionless and erect, one of those rare cases that lose control of their speech first.

The junior attendant stared open-eyed at the transformation, and Frank, life-trained to be accustomed to all things, made no sign. The three regarded the stranger portentously. When he had reached Edmonton he had bought a ready-made suit, and he was still wearing it, while his Montreal tailor of former days



Drawn by Leon Guipou. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"TWELVE DEGREES BELOW ZERO, WITH A MODERATE BREEZE"

was making others. It fitted him as ready-made suits do men of five feet four. His face carried the red tan of the winds that come across the Barren Grounds, and a redder mustache, and his hands were as the hands of a fisherman. He paused to draw a somewhat complicated breath, but waited for no reply.

"'F a man insul' laay I 'd break 's head. I 'd break two men's head fer a hunder doll'r. 'S your man big man?" he queried, apparently after second thought.

"Yesh; awf'ly big," said the youngest of the three with emphasis. There was a short silence.

"Big 's I am?" said the man from Fort Simpson, trying to rest his arm easily on the edge of the bar.

The youngest, after a period of surprise at his cigar ashes failing to reach a spittoon a yard away, looked down on the figure in the clothes. "He 'd make two 'n' 'alf o' you," he said judiciously, with an evident desire to be fair.

"Well, I 'll break 's head fer hunder doll'r." The answer was evidently a permanent decision.

The oldest of the three stretched out a hand.

"See here, yo' 're a'right. Will you lick 'm in the Win'sor Hotel?"

The servant of the Great Company indicated all space with a sweep of his arm.

"I 'll lick 'm anywhere—Win'sor Hotel, Win'sor Hall, S'n' James C'thedral, Sohmer Park, Royal Aquarium, Wes'mins' Rabbey—anywhere!" he concluded comprehensively. The trio was visibly impressed, and smiled in unison for the first time since the evening before. The second of the three still retained some doubts, and gazed down steadfastly at the rim of the Hudson's Bay man's hat.

"S' 'ere, ol' man," he ventured, "you sure you c'n lick 'im?"

"P'rf'tl' certain; lick anybody fer hunder doll'r; lick you fer sevent'-five, kill you fer doll'r-'n'-quar'r." This was said without heat, and the stranger moved suggestively nearer. The trio retired.

"Tha' 's a'right, ol' man," said the oldest, in a conciliatory tone. "Have a drink?"

"No, sir!" This was very decided. "Business before pleasure," he added sententiously. "Gemlen, I 'll join you outside 'n' fi' minutes; I 'll have t' get m' ove'coat." And lifting his feet like a

hackney stallion, he walked slowly and with great steadiness into the hotel and through the office.

The last act at His Majesty's was over. The three retired into a corner of the bar away from the incoming crowd and made up a roll of ten ten-dollar notes. Then they invested one dollar in cigars, and went out into the snowy alley to fall on one another's necks. The second still had doubts as to the stranger's ability, but the youngest told of things he'd seen done by small, red-haired men. The oldest was also reassuring, explaining that it was ginger that counted, and that Julius Cæsar and Alexander the Great were both undersized, red-haired men. The doubter was convinced.

More than five minutes passed, more than ten, and the trio began to get uneasy; besides, it was very cold. But at last the champion appeared, walking rather wide down the front steps of the hotel, but with intense precision, and otherwise normal, as he had been in the bar. He apologized profusely for the delay. He had been hunting for his overcoat. He had formerly had an overcoat, but had at last remembered that he had left it on the train. He had one unfortunate but marked peculiarity: when he fought he had to be warm, very warm, almost ridiculously warm, otherwise he was no good. He would have to ask them for their overcoats, all their overcoats, one to put on, and the others to wrap around his legs and shoulders. It was a short drive to the Windsor, and he knew they would n't mind. When he was cold it took his courage, and in a special case like this one wanted all his courage. Once, when he was cold, he had let an Italian nearly kill him before he got worked up to fight; and, on the other hand, he had killed a man in an overheated bar in Dawson.

He put on one fur-lined overcoat where he stood, and when they had called a sleigh, he got in and they wound the other two fur-lined overcoats around him. But this was not enough. He insisted that they should further wrap him up in the two musk-ox robes that cost the Montreal cabman seventy-five dollars apiece. When there was nothing out but a fringe of red hair and his cap, he was satisfied. He occupied the front seat, down under the

driver's box, to shelter him from the wind. The trio crowded into the stripped back seat, and the sleigh started.

As they had foreseen, the stranger insisted on having his hundred dollars beforehand, saying that, of course, the gentlemen could come up and listen outside Mr. Higginson's door to learn that the job was well done. The delivery of the money necessitated a stop on the corner of Guy and Dorchester streets, where he made the cabman drive up on the sidewalk under the arc-light in front of the Crystal Rink while he counted and recounted it, examining each note minutely, intimating in explanation that the gentlemen would quite understand, but that he had met them for the first time that evening and that, after all, perhaps the job was a little peculiar. The youngest of the trio tried to keep his teeth from chattering while he suggested very tentatively that perhaps, if there was any real danger, they had better let the matter drop. But the stranger said no. No, sir; he had taken the matter in hand and had begun to feel a real interest in it. What they might think made no difference from now on. Personally he knew that he could n't sleep until he had licked Mr. Higginson. If the youngest felt afraid, he had better get out; but he, the servant of the Great Company, needed his overcoat for the present, and if he, the youngest, wanted it, he would have to fight for it.

The other two supported him, and the youngest explained that he was not in the least afraid, only that he did n't want to do anything rash. Then the servant of the Great Company had to be unswathed so that he might stow the money in an inside pocket, and as carefully done up again, all of which took time. All the while the stars looked down on three men in evening dress, without other wraps, in a city half buried in very crystalline snow, where the thermometer indicated twelve degrees below zero, with a moderate breeze.

They got under way again, and in a couple of minutes the lights of the Windsor loomed large ahead. The Hudson's Bay man grew confidential, and explained that, now that he had got into the air, he could see that he had taken just a shade too much to drink. It never affected his



fighting powers, but it affected his judgment, and he might go too far and kill the man, and that would be a great misfortune. He would be all right, however, if he could have the cool breeze on his forehead a little longer. He felt better already. He told the cabman to drive on down Dorchester street for a little way.

The three said they were cold; but he said that he did n't see what difference that could make, as they did n't have to do any fighting. He would look after that. They said they were uncomfortably cold, and looked wistfully in at the red light in the windows as they passed St. James' Club. He could n't see how a little discomfort could make any difference in a matter of this sort, and told them they should be ashamed of themselves. Anyway, he did n't intend to go far. By the time they had gone around Place Viger and come back St. Catherine street, he felt sure he would be all right.

The three huddled in a dismayed heap on the seat without breeding a reply. At Bleury they got desperate. If he wanted to go back by St. Catherine, he could go up Bleury and back that way. They were going no farther. His muffled voice, through clouds of steam, temporized and finally compromised. He would go up St. Lawrence Main and then back; and to that they had to agree. But he explained that they would have to take the responsibility; that the only reason he had suggested going farther east was that he might recover to the point where he felt that Mr. Higginson's life would be safe. He averred that his conscience told him that the St. Lawrence Main route was a shade too short; but they insisted, and took the responsibility freely.

What wind there was was westerly, and when they turned into St. Catherine they got it full in the face. It carried the white steam-frost of Montreal, and it bit terribly. The oldest of the trio once sat up and tried to swing his arms, but the operation opened up his anatomy so that he collapsed into a ball, and the youngest groaned as the edge of the seat cut into the only part of him not too numb to feel. Then they begged a horse blanket from the driver. It was spare, and full of loose hairs and an odor, but they crawled under it and bore in silence. The driver and the

figure in the front seat sat impassive, except on occasions, when the muffled voice of the figure boomed out, asking whether the "gemlen" were sure they would take the responsibility of taking him back in his present state, or whether they would drive a little farther.

At first the gentlemen reiterated that they would take the responsibility, but later they answered never a word, for a reason approximately similar to that which prompted the silence of the skipper of the famous schooner *Hesperus*.

Thus they arrived at the ladies' entrance of the Windsor. The trio crawled out, and their numb hands refused to unsweathe the Hudson's Bay man, who cheerfully kept his seat until a couple of cabmen were called in to assist. They asked what he was suffering from, but the three were incommunicative. They at last said that it was a sort of cold on the chest, but a bad one. The invalid increased in cheerfulness as they were helped on with their coats and crawled into the hotel. There they clung to a radiator, where they were instructed to stay while he went to the office to find out whether Mr. Higginson was in his room. He returned, walking with precision as before, and, if possible, even more cheerful, and reported that Mr. Higginson was in his room, and, better still, that the room was in a quarter of the hotel where there were no other guests at present, so that, in all probability, no one would be disturbed. This was better than they could have hoped, and the three, thawing out, began to regain their spirits.

Their cheerfulness, however, was as nothing to that of the man from Fort Simpson. His red mustache bulged with the smiles beneath, and he careered about the little reception room like an ant on a peony bud. He gleefully recalled several scenes of bloodshed in which he had taken an active part, one at Jack McQuesten's, on the Porcupine River, and one on the Stikeen, his only moment of sadness being one in which he said that he was afraid he was feeling too good, and accentuated the fact that he had n't driven as far as he had intended and might n't yet be quite safe. However, on remembering that the "gemlen" had taken the responsibility, he returned to his former cheerfulness. He finished by saying that



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"A PANEL SPLIT FROM TOP TO BOTTOM"

he did n't believe in letting these little jobs hang over, and if the gentlemen were warmed enough, they might as well go up and get it through with, as it would only take a few minutes at the most.

The elevator left them on their floor, and its light went on into regions above, while he trailed them through the long, darkened, deserted hall and through the swinging doors at the end. The three were strangely silent; but the man from Fort Simpson talked as freely as before. For some reason there was not a knee of the three that did not tremble; but the man from Fort Simpson walked with the same precise step. He led them as does a verger conducting sight-seers in an English cathedral. Straight down the hall a light shone through a transom.

"Tha' 's the door: he 's in there," he announced, waving his hand in the direction. The three cringed as if struck. They had thought much of this affair in the twenty-four hours, and their nerves were beginning to show the effect. The second put his hand on the Hudson's Bay man's shoulder and whispered, "Fer 'eaven's sake, ol' man, go easy!"

"Gweasy!" the reply came loud and free, and the cheerful note was still dominant. "Wha' for? He 's in there, an' he can' get away. He insul' laay, did n' he? Now you jus' stay here, an' I 'll be back jus' 'n a minute. I 'll op'n transom so you can hear everything. Oh!"—the tone became profusely apologetic for a profound oversight,—"you 've got no place sit down. Egscuse me!"

He bounced back through the swinging doors and reappeared at once with three gilded Louis XVI chairs commandeered from one of the drawing-rooms. He set them side by side almost opposite the door with the lighted transom, and insisted that the three sit down. It may be noted here that they were becoming sober with magical rapidity. Then once more he said: "Egscuse me! Now, you gemlen jus' wait an' I 'll only be a min't'"; the last quite reassuringly, and he walked over to the door and knocked.

A deep voice said, "Come in," and the man of the Hudson's Bay pranced in—literally pranced in, and shut the door. The three had caught a glimpse of a wide-shouldered, dark-haired, sun-browned person sitting at a table covered

with papers. They had seen the face before. The door no sooner closed than the transom opened, though not a word had been spoken. So far the man of the Hudson's Bay was performing like a calendar clock.

Mr. Higginson looked with evident surprise at the little wiry figure with the red hair, red mustache, blazing complexion, and ample suit, and the surprise apparently increased as the visitor turned and opened the transom, fastening it carefully with the wing-nut. The three outside sat petrified, staring through at the ceiling of the room.

They heard the silence broken by the man from Fort Simpson, and his tone was as cheerful and conversational as before.

"Mis-trigg'ns'n, I p'sum?" They heard Mr. Higginson say "Yes!" and they detected an irritated upward inflection. Mr. Higginson was a Harvard man. The cheerful voice continued.

"Sir, I un'rstan' you 've insul' laay in newspaper—Miss Mabel Bush, née Mrs. James Ronal'son—an' s'm' other names—don' recall resht—you know who I mean. Now, sir, any man that would insul' laay—specially 'n public—should be horse-whipped. I would lick anybody that insul' laay anyway, an' three gemlen frien's this lady gave me hunder doll'r t' lick you, besides. The gemlen 're 'n the hall waitin' t' hear you licked."

All this was delivered with deliberation, and the three looked at one another in paralyzed amazement. The last effects of the mixed drinks fled away from them in an instant, and they became utterly sober in time to hear Mr. Higginson say:

"You get out of here, you little red-headed runt, or by—"

But for some reason the Hudson's Bay man failed to appear. There was a sound of hurried footsteps, and a noise like the smack of a fist on something soft; then the indefinite mixed sounds of a struggle, terminating in a crackling smash that was coincident with a towel-rack dissolving into a cloud of splinters. Following came the sound of pounding boots and hard breathing, as when two men roll on the floor in each other's embrace. This continued for some time, and was terminated with a rending, as of clothes, and



a mixed, bursting noise that signalized the demolition of a cane-seated chair. Again came the sound of much foot-work, punctuated with an occasional rain of thuds, as from fists, and a second later there was a crash against the door, which jarred and gave, while a panel split from top to bottom. The three jumped to their feet unanimously and unanimously started to flee down the hall, then looked at one another foolishly and waited, shifting from leg to leg in their excitement.

In the meantime the scene of action had removed itself to the other side of the room, and the table had evidently waltzed into the danger area and became involved in the struggle. The following forty seconds bred a pandemonium of sounds in which the explosions of two electric-light bulbs in rapid succession were inconsiderable incidents, and which included some outrageous language on the part of Mr. Higginson. Then suddenly it was patent that a spring mattress had gone down, and for a moment the language became muffled. Immediately came a somewhat complex bump, such as would be made by two men falling out of bed, and a brief interval, overcrowded with Mr. Higginson's language, in which it was evident that the combatants were struggling to regain their feet.

Then the three, watching through the transom, saw on the ceiling shadows as of the legs of a chair lifted in anger, and heard the voice of the man from Fort Simpson growl, "Ye would, would ye!" There followed two or three smashing blows from a fist and the noise of a great fall, then only the sound of a man gasping for breath, as after heavy exertion.

The three stood altogether incapable of motion while, after half a minute or so, some one, kicking aside the ruins as he came, crossed the room and opened the door. It was the man from Fort Simpson. He held a bloody handkerchief to his nose, he had no coat on, and one shirt sleeve was torn off. Otherwise he looked quite normal. His cheerfulness seemed unimpaired. The three breathed a synchronous sigh of relief.

"Well, gemlen," he said, "tha' 's 's pretty good job, eh? He 's not what y' 'd call much 'f fighter—'s too slow." He became explanatory. "Ye see, I could 've hit 'im before, but I wan' t' give ye some

sa'sfaction fer yer hunder doll'r, an' I would 've given ye more, too, only he got t' usin' a chair, an', not wantin' t' waste any more furn'ture, I had to shtop the fight. I 'm sorry," he added apologetically; "but 't 's ne'sary. Come over an' see 'm."

They followed mechanically to where, with one arm under him, and face downward, the redoubtable Mr. Higginson lay in the corner of the room. They gazed in awe-struck silence while the champion tore off the fringe that represented the lost shirt-sleeve and put on his coat. He was still business-like.

"Le' 's turn 'm over an' show ye how li'l' I mark 'm in the face. 'F they die, frien's don' like te have face marked; makes 'em look horrid. 'F we turn 'im over, he 'll come to sooner."

The youngest of the trio shuddered. The man from Fort Simpson, with a heave on one leg and the slack of the coat, rolled the recumbent figure over, eliciting a slight moan. It was true that Mr. Higginson's face was quite unmarked, though it seemed very much flushed and at times the lips twitched peculiarly. The man from Fort Simpson regarded the face intently.

"Hm!" he ejaculated. The remark seemed to indicate some curiosity. Then again "Hm!" This time it meant nothing less than surprise. "Tha' 's funny!"

"What 's funny?" asked the oldest in a strained voice.

"Mos' extraor'nary!" persisted the man from Fort Simpson, with the interested enthusiasm a biologist might display in finding a nervous system in a desmid.

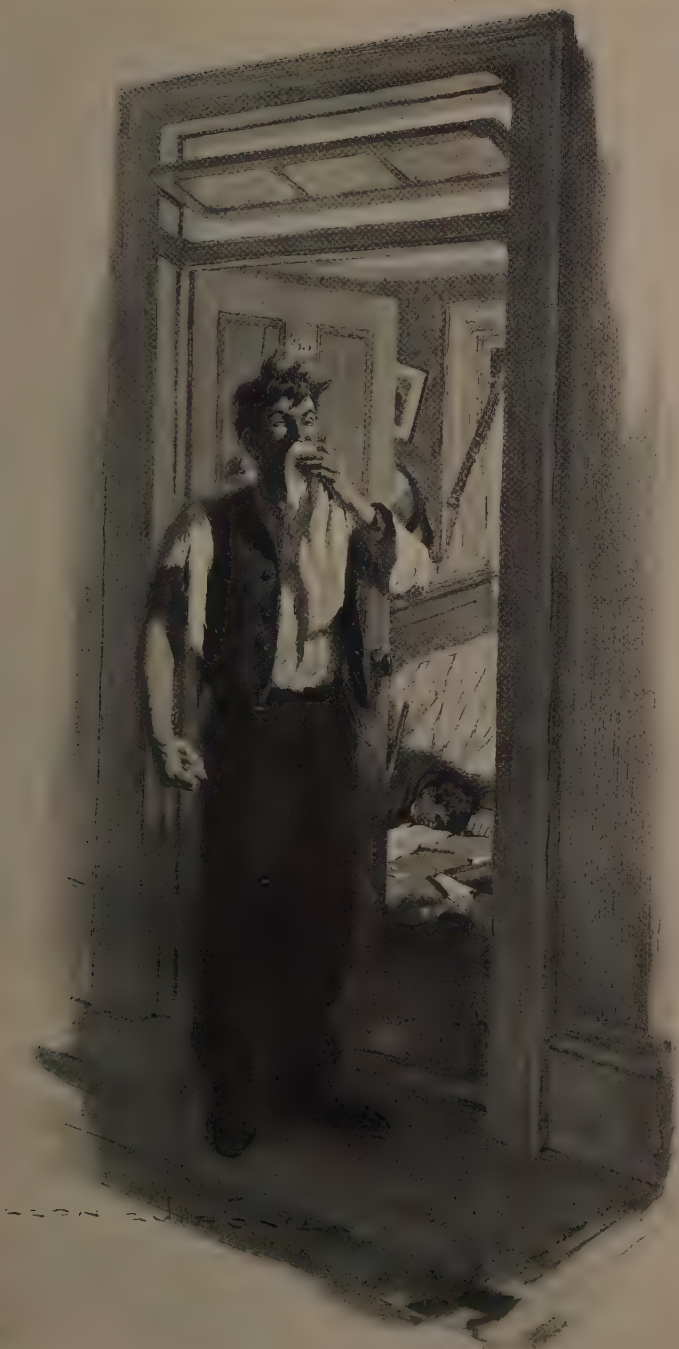
"What 's most extraordinary?" said the second, uneasily.

"'S face," said the servant of the Great Company, repeating, "mos' extraor'nary."

"How do you mean; what 's the matter with it?" It was the youngest this time, and his own had grown white.

"'T' so red; looksh bad," and the man of the Hudson's Bay developed the first expression of solemnity they had seen in the period of their acquaintance.

"Looks 's if he 'd bursh't blood-vessel somewhere. 'S too bad!" he added sympathetically. "Nice-lookin' man, too. Must 'a' hit 'im too hard. Always doin' that." This was addressed reproachfully to himself. He turned on the three. "I tol' ye I had n' been out 'n the air



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"HE HELD A BLOODY HANDKERCHIEF TO HIS NOSE"

long 'nough! Ye see—" Then he remembered. "But you took the reshponsibility, did n' ye? Tha' 's a'right," and he immediately returned to his former condition of cheerfulness.

He regarded Mr. Higginson again with the most unforced interest. "Looks jus' like the man I killed in Dawson did," he commented, after some study, "but he had c'nvulsions firsh't, sev'ral c'nvulsions before he died. Hit 'im in the same place, only not so hard; but he was n' so big a man." The oldest of the three faced a crisis and affected poise.

"I say, you don't really think he 's much hurt, do you?"

The man from Fort Simpson became judicial.

"'T 's likely he is 'f he dies," he said. There was a long frozen silence, broken only by Mr. Higginson's uneasy breathing. The youngest spoke. His voice was uncertain.

"Had n't we better get a doctor?"

The man from Fort Simpson explained that he had been thinking about that, but that, as the outcome was uncertain, he wondered if they, the three, had n't better run down to New York for a day or two until things settled themselves a little. About him, the man from Fort Simpson, personally, they need n't worry as to it inconveniencing him. He was going away, anyway, to Hamburg,—he had a brother there,—and he could just as well go *via* New York as by Halifax, as he had at first intended. So he would go with them. They would just have time to catch the last train to New York that night, and could send a doctor to see Mr. Higginson as they went. He was becoming more and more convinced that it was the safest plan. At this juncture a prolonged groan came from the corner, and the recumbent Mr. Higginson doubled up spasmodically and rolled over on his side. The man from Fort Simpson went over and regarded him critically, stating, as he came back, that it looked like the beginning of one of those convulsions, and that, in his opinion, the sooner something was done the better. He looked at a large gun-metal watch. They had twenty-five minutes before the train went. He suggested that they had better go and see if they could get a doctor, and that he would go to the station and get tickets and

berths and meet them on the platform. They had better let him have fifty dollars to get the tickets with.

The fifty dollars were produced forthwith, and the four crept out into the darkened hall and softly shut the door. Forty seconds later three men in evening dress and fur-lined overcoats were fleeing toward Mountain street, and a man with a high action and a notably precise step was approaching the Windsor Station of the Canadian Pacific Railway. He never reached it.

Twenty minutes later the three men sought him in vain, and, with fear and anger in their souls, boarded the train as it pulled out.

At that precise moment, in Mr. Higginson's room, balancing himself on a decrepit, cane-bottomed chair, beside a table with a weak leg, sat the servant of the Honorable the Hudson's Bay Company. Beside him was a glass of that mixture of ginger ale and lemon peel known to all nations as a horse's neck,—ordinarily his strongest drink,—which he was slowly sucking through a straw. On a sofa lay a member of the Windsor Hotel Company, Limited, sobbing in silence, as sobs a man overwrought by a great strain, and on the broken-down bed lay Mr. Higginson, weeping—literally weeping—tears into a wet pillow. He slowly drew a long breath and went off into a whoop of laughter, pounding the bedclothes with his boots in his ecstasy.

"Shut up, you tittering owl!" said the man of the Hudson's Bay. "You 'll wake every soul in the hotel." Mr. Higginson sat up, with the tears streaming down his cheeks and his left hand on the sore spot on his side.

"An' besides, he drove them near to Maisonneuve and back in their dress-suits because he said he needed their overcoats to keep warm in, so that he could fight. Oh, Lord, oh, Lord! An' when he started talkin' convulsions, I began to feel I could n't go much longer an' live; an' then when he suggested New York, an' got that other fifty dollars out of them, I had a convulsion sure 'nough."

The member of the Windsor Hotel Company, Limited, sat up weakly and steadied himself.

"I had to keep half-way downstairs so they would n't see me," he murmured,



"an' when you hit the door, they got up and started to run; but they came back. I rolled down three steps an' they never heard me."

Higginson chuckled anew.

"I tried to go easy, b-but I hit him once on the nose,—did n't I, Andy?—and he told them he tried not to mark my face, an' they took it all like bread and milk. Oh, Lord!" and Mr. Higginson lay down again and whimpered.

"I say, Andy, what are you going to do with the money?"

"Pay for the breakage, and found a library with the rest," said the man from Fort Simpson, noisily collecting the last of the horse's neck. It ended in the member of the Windsor Hotel Company claiming the privilege of replacing damaged articles, and it is on record that, on the day following, the treasurer of the Montreal General Hospital begged to acknowledge the receipt of \$150 from "a friend," to be applied to "the alleviation of the suffering of inebriates."

THE three in New York noted by the New York papers that Mr. Higginson had returned to that city, and noted nothing by the Montreal papers that should prevent their return as well. The oldest found waiting for him an envelop con-

taining a note written on a Canadian-Pacific telegraph-blank. It was endorsed, "Some one sent me this. Thought you might like to see it, so am sending it along. Where were you the latter part of the week? Mab." The note read:

"DEAR HIGGSY: I've just got down from the North and am at the Corona. A few minutes ago three galoots, pretty decently full, came into the bar, and I gathered that they were trying to get some one to lick you because you had been writing something derogatory to the dignity of a friend of theirs, Miss Mabel Bush. A prize-fighter chap who was to meet them here turned up, but funk'd the job, so I've taken it on for a consideration of a hundred dollars. Get the manager to change your room to some place where we won't disturb anybody, and I'll undertake to keep them busy so that you'll have plenty of time to move. And you'd better put on a suit of clothes you don't value, as the business probably won't improve them much. You see, we'll have to give them their hundred dollars' worth somehow. They'll be outside in the hall to hear the fracas; and for the sake of the ancient days at Harvard and of good old Steve O'Donnell we'll have to do something creditable. Nominally I'm very full at present, so don't be alarmed when you see me.

"Yours, as usual,

*"Andrew Fraser."*



## MANHOOD

BY WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

OUR country has new need of men to-day—  
 Not such alone as bravely may withstand  
 The shock of battle or with strenuous hand  
 Open the paths of progress every way.  
 We give too much to brawn and body; they  
 Are but the brute which evil may command  
 No less than good, and so subvert the land  
 They should support, the state in ruins lay.

Not such alone, but men whose souls are strong  
 To hate all evil and, whate'er betide,  
 To put all interest of self aside,  
 To shrink from public as from private wrong,  
 From fortune reared on trickery and lies,  
 Deeming too dear the goods dishonor buys.

# WHY DO THE BOYS LEAVE THE FARM?

BY L. H. BAILEY

Director of the College of Agriculture, Cornell University



HERE are several ways of attempting to answer the question why the young folks leave the farm for other occupations or professions. The commonest way is to give probable reasons drawn from general observation of farm conditions. The observer can readily see many unattractive features of farm life that he supposes might influence the young. Another method is that of the advocate or propagandist, who is likely to fix his attention on one discouraging feature and to make it the motive force in the exodus from country to city. He may see this cause in some governmental or other disability, which he conceives to press with particular force on the farmer, and which he desires to correct or reform. A third method is to ask persons who have joined in this exodus why they have done so. This is the natural and scientific method, but because of the difficulty of reaching these persons, this method seems not to have been employed to any useful extent. It is this direct method and its results that I purpose now to discuss.

It is difficult to choose the persons of whom one may inquire in hope of securing usable information. Persons in middle life who are now deeply immersed in affairs are too far away from the farm to be trusted to give an account of the motives that guided them in their youthful choice; I have usually found that such persons are likely unconsciously to color their replies by the experience of subsequent years. Those who work at day labor have usually drifted away from the farm rather than purposely left it,

and their ideas usually lack definiteness; and, moreover, these persons are laborers rather than farmers, and their case does not greatly influence the larger agricultural and social questions. I have therefore chosen to inquire of students, for they leave the farm, if at all, with a definite purpose, and they are still near the point of their departure.

Before taking up the details of my investigation, I should say, perhaps, that such an inquiry is well worth making wholly aside from its bearing on technical agricultural questions. In its larger phases, it is both an economic and a social question. A migration cityward imposes problems of addition on the city as well as problems of subtraction on the country. It has a direct relation to all general questions of population. It seriously affects land values, and, therefore, other values. It has an important bearing on the vital problem as to where our people shall be bred. I have elsewhere tried to show ("The Outlook to Nature") that the farmer is the chief nature-bred class of men now remaining to us, and this fact cannot help having a far-reaching effect on the character of future populations.

I am not now discussing the question as to whether there is, in fact, a general exodus from farm to town, but am only considering specific instances. Whether there has been an actual depletion of farm population by migration to other occupations, is impossible of exact determination with the statistical data now in existence; but many persons have left the farm, and we may ask them why they have gone.

I addressed a circular letter to all

students in Cornell University outside the College of Agriculture who, I had reason to believe, were born in the country, asking (1) whether the person were reared on a farm, (2) where, (3) whether he intended following some other business than farming, and why. I also addressed a letter to the nearly 400 students in the College of Agriculture of Cornell University, asking similar questions, and inquiring why they desire to pursue agricultural occupations. In all cases I asked for first-hand personal reasons, and, in order that the respondent might not be embarrassed, I promised not to make the names public.

The replies fall chiefly into four groups: (1) persons bred on the farm, but now planning to leave it; (2) persons born in towns or cities, and purposing to remain in them; (3) those bred in towns or cities, and planning to go to the farm; (4) those bred on farms, and expecting to remain there. In the present discussion, I purpose to consider only the first class—those who plan to leave the farm.

In this article I make no attempt to discuss the merits and demerits of farm life, or to place values on the replies, or to enter the tempting field of discussion of the psychological aspects of the cases. I mean to put before the reader only the reasons that these earnest young persons think to be the ones that have determined their choice of careers.

Of course these replies are against the farm. They comprise a series of vigorous indictments against the business of farming by persons who have known the business; for nearly all these persons were born and reared on farms, and the few others have lived on farms long enough to make them essentially farm boys.

In this farm-exodus class I have 155 replies. These replies come largely from New York, but those from other States, chiefly in the West, are the same in tenor. Most of the respondents give more than one reason for planning to leave the farm. These reasons I have roughly classified below. It will be seen that the predominant reason is that farming does not pay in money, and other reasons are that the physical labor is too great and the social advantages are too small; but I prefer not to comment.

The figures give the number of persons who alleged the different reasons:

#### THE QUESTION OF FINANCIAL REWARD

Farming does not pay; no money in the business . . . . .	62
Difficult to acquire a farm without a start	10
Farming requires too much capital . . .	5
Discouraged by the fact that farms are mortgaged . . . . .	5
Farmer cannot control prices . . . . .	2
The farmer buys high and sells low . . .	1
High taxes near the city . . . . .	1
Expect to farm some day, after making money in some other business . . . .	15

#### THE QUESTION OF PHYSICAL LABOR

Too much hard work . . . . .	26
Hours too long . . . . .	17
Work too monotonous . . . . .	11
Farming is drudgery . . . . .	8
Work is unattractive and uncongenial .	6
The work is not intellectual . . . . .	6
No machinery can perform the hard work of the farm . . . . .	2
The work is too hard in old age . . . .	1
The farmer is too tired to enjoy reading .	1

#### THE SOCIAL AND INTELLECTUAL IDEALS

No social advantages or activities . . .	26
More opportunity for advancement elsewhere . . . . .	14
The farmer cannot be known in the world	5
Life is monotonous . . . . .	4
The life is confining; no freedom . . . .	4
The association is with uncultivated people	3
The occupation is too narrow . . . . .	3
The farm is isolated . . . . .	3
Women are overworked on the farm . . .	3
Farming is physical labor only . . . . .	2
People have a low regard for the farmer .	2
No higher and nobler achievement possible . . . . .	2
No high ideals in farming . . . . .	1
Education gave higher ideals and needs .	1
College training unfit for farm work . .	1
Farmer cannot serve humanity . . . . .	1
Farming has little excitement . . . . .	1
Has come to know the city and likes it .	1
Farmer has no political advantages . . .	1

#### MISCELLANEOUS HANDICAPS

Natural bent elsewhere . . . . .	24
Parental influence against farming . . .	6
Teacher influenced against it . . . . .	1
Father was unsuccessful . . . . .	2
The home was unpleasant . . . . .	2
Health not sufficient for the work . . .	3
Difficult to secure help . . . . .	3



Every one of the 155 letters is worth reading, because these letters express personal points of view. There is every internal evidence that they are genuine expressions of conviction, and are not written for effect. Since it is not possible to print all these letters in the space at my disposal, I have chosen those that seem to be most definite or emphatic, and at the same time present divergent points of view. I first transcribe seventeen letters from persons reared on farms in New York State, and then follow with characteristic statements from farm boys of other geographical regions.

(1) "The principal reason why I left the farm and am here in college, working toward another business, is the influence of the principal of the village school which I attended for several years. He continually urged me to get away from the farm, to go to college, and prepare myself for something better.

"While I was living at home, on the farm, the attractive side of farm life, as I believe is very generally the case, was not brought out. It was merely hard work all the time. So I, like the majority of farm boys, was not at all unwilling to leave the farm.

"However, I now sincerely think that I shall sometime return. I truly love the country and all the attractions of nature. Since I left it, I have constantly come to appreciate the country more. I have spent my summers on the farm, and very pleasantly spent them, too. I now firmly believe that farm life may be made the most attractive kind of life. The trouble is, in the majority of cases that have come under my observation, that farm life is not made attractive for the boys. Many of them have very little education, and their life is to them merely hard drudgery from early morning to late at night, with only a bare living as a return. Hence, they are only too glad to leave it. They are in the dark, and don't know that there is light for them.

"With the increase of agricultural education and betterment of conditions in the country, I believe this will change. The young men will come to see the brighter side of farm life, and the attractions and advantages in staying on the farm."

(2) "I intend to follow some other business than farming because I consider that farming is all work and no pay. It is nothing but drudgery from morning—early morning—until late evening, and there is little chance for social and intellectual advantages."

(3) "I have lived on a farm, except for the last year before entering Cornell, all my life. My reason for not wishing to continue on a farm is the financial side of the question. The work is also distasteful to me, not because it is hard, for I think a farmer's life is a comparatively easy one, but because a farmer's work is never done."

(4) "The duty of securing from the soil the means of sustenance for the race belongs to the farmer. This involves hard and incessant toil with no adequate reward. The scope of the farmer's activities is limited to the farm upon which he toils, as is that of his enjoyment.

"The farmer's burden is heavy, painful, and without reward, with no prospect of a change in his condition. Life is short and uncertain. Why spend it performing a painful task, which is at the same time a thankless one?"

(5) "I intend to follow civil engineering because it gives a better chance to get out in the world and keep in better touch with a broader kind of life. The farm is far from unattractive to me, and I think the farmer's life as near the ideal life as it is possible to get. I like the life, could have a farm of 150 acres for the trouble of working it, and there is no more fertile land in the State than that same farm; but a farmer's life is rather too monotonous, and it has been my experience that he vegetates if he is not careful. This is noticed on going to the city after some months on the farm."

(6) "I left the farm because I realized that farming, like any other productive business, needed capital, and I had only the questionable possession of brains to capitalize. The only unattractive feature to me was the young farmer starting out in life with a mortgaged farm having to compete with men who owned their farms."

(7) "I do not intend to follow farming as a business for the following reasons:

"a. It is unprofitable.

"b. It is a life solely of physical labor. I consider myself better adapted naturally for mental work.

"c. Although a respectable occupation (all honest work is respectable), it does not offer a field for extensive development of the broader and nobler of human faculties.

"d. It is a life which involves a never-ending monotony of daily routine.

"e. Viewed from its present status, it is a life in which no self-respecting man should ask a woman to participate. I say this because of the ceaseless care and unlimited toil which fall to the lot of the farmer's wife.

"While I have many minor reasons, the foregoing are the most important that occur to me at the present time."

(8) "On the farm, there are longer hours, harder work, and smaller compensation."

(9) "It has been a matter more of accident than of choice. When I was fifteen my father retired, being then fifty-five or more. My elder brother is a farmer (market-gardener on about fifty acres) and my other brother a civil engineer. As far as finances go, the farmer does better than the civil engineer, although I judge their abilities equal, each in his line. The civil engineer has perhaps less work and more time for recreation. I believe, however, that if the farmer would be satisfied with savings per year equal to the civil engineer, this condition would be reversed.

"I believe the answer to your question lies in the narrow-minded and selfish attitude of farmers toward their sons rather than in anything unattractive in farm life itself. In my own case, my choice is by no means final and is due to accident rather than to deliberation."

(10) "Farm life is unattractive to me because of the social conditions. Social life on the farm is simply stagnation. I dread the horrible monotony of such a life. I love farming, I love the farm. I like to go out in the fields and work under the clear open sky; but man is a social being, and is not destined to live an isolated life."

(11) "It seems to me that one can never, without assistance, become independent on a farm, and without inde-

pendence farm life is little more than drudgery. Life on a farm is bound to be, to a certain extent, dull and tedious, with little variety or relaxation. One tends to become narrow, sordid, and self-centered, with few interests, and to lose his inspirations for higher things. His finer sensibilities are deadened by toil, and he becomes entirely unconscious of the many interesting and beautiful things around him. It is the man who was not born there who really sees and appreciates the beautiful things in the country."

(12) "If I had been heir to a large or even a good-sized farm, I would probably have engaged in farming.

"The chief reason why farmers' sons leave the farm, from my observation, is that their fathers or their neighbors are always crowded by their work, and have no time to spend in vacations or reasonable rest periods. This is not the fault of farm life, but rather the result of unbusinesslike management and unscientific operation."

(13) "My father was a very poor farmer, although one of the few in the neighborhood owning his farm, and as I wished to advance according to new ideas, we could not agree. I went into the sale-stable business, but wishing to be more than a horseman, I am seeking for a degree of doctor of veterinary medicine. Being heir to farm land, I shall be interested in the advancement of agricultural lines. When I retire from active professional life, it will probably be to the farm."

(14) "When I entered the university and registered in mechanical engineering, I had the idea that a fellow had to get off the farm, as the saying goes, 'to make something of himself in the world,' and that a living could be made easier, with more enjoyment, in another profession. But now, after seeing a little of the other side of the question, if I had the four years back again, agriculture would be my college course. As for country life being unattractive, I have always found it much the reverse. The best and happiest days of my life have been on the farm, and I cannot help but wish that I were going back again when through with school work."

(15) "The struggle for a mere living

is too strenuous. Reliable help, a necessity on a large farm, is very difficult to obtain, either male or female. The life is pleasant enough in summer, but the cold and snow of winter and the deep mud of spring virtually shut out many farmers' families from social intercourse with their friends, and tend to make them narrow-minded. With smaller farms, more scientifically managed, employing labor-saving devices more generally, especially in the performance of household work, and with improved roads and daily mails, the life would be almost ideal."

(16) "I was reared on a farm in central New York. It is my intention to go into some other business than farming because there is not enough money in it, and because one has to depend too much on the seasons for the production of good crops. One disadvantage is, that if a farmer wishes to sell anything, he must take what is offered him, instead of setting his own price. On the other hand, if he wishes to buy, he must pay what is asked. In regard to working farms on shares, there is but very little money made. Also, the work is too hard and the hours are too long."

(17) (From a woman) "A woman must be primarily a cook, whether on a farm or in the city. It is difficult for a woman to fill this position and at the same time manage outside work. Not so much of this outside work comes to the woman in the city as in the country. If a husband considers the farm a place to which he declines to be 'tied down,' a woman finds it rather difficult to get things done on the farm, enough to keep it in good condition."

(18) (Connecticut) "I intend to follow the profession of civil engineering. I did not take up farming because in New England a farm is not of much value for earning a living unless situated near enough to a large city to sell garden truck. Dairy farming is about all there is left to a farmer, and one firm virtually controls the market at my place, and places the price very nearly as low as the cost of production.

"My town is a summer resort for New Yorkers, and being thus thrown into close connection with them, the young people, as a rule, desire to be like them.

So they either take some course in a business college and start for the city, or they start for the city without such training at their first opportunity.

"Then, too, there are excellent schools scattered all about New England, and the height of the ambition of the young country lad is to enter one of these schools, and be with the sons of the 'big men' of the country. After he has passed through the school, he will naturally wish to follow his classmates on through college. Since most of these colleges lack an agricultural department, he chooses some other profession.

"The older farmers of my section of New England are quite often wealthy, but they secured their wealth in former years, and they themselves say that farming at the present time does not pay, and are educating and encouraging their sons to seek business in other fields.

"Outside of going to the country fair once a year, the farmer's son does not see in what way other more successful farmers are attaining their success. Of course every farmer takes farm literature, but this does not appeal to him so strongly as to visit and see for himself these successful farms.

"When I had finished my common school education, my father came to the conclusion that, since, in his opinion, farming did not pay, he would send me through college, although he hated to see me leave the farm.

"I might add that the drudgery of such long hours as are necessary on a dairy farm is an unattractive feature of farm life in my locality."

(19) (Pennsylvania) "*a.* The drudgery of life on a small farm.

*b.* The small profits.

*c.* The farmer is tied down, because crops, etc., cannot wait.

*d.* Other fields seem to offer possibilities for greater and nobler achievements.

"These are a few of the unattractive features of farming that come to my mind. If, when younger, I had seen more of farming on a large scale or had known more successful farmers, I might now be taking agriculture. Even now I hope some day to own a farm."

(20) (Maryland) "I am intending to be a civil engineer. There are several



reasons why I did not care to be a farmer. First, farming in my county, where I naturally would want to farm, does not pay fair return for efforts. Second, the influence exerted at home was opposed to such a life without a strong desire on my part, which I did not have. Third, I had a strong desire to become an engineer."

(21) (Ohio) "Because I was not born the heir to a fortune. Had I been, I can think of no more attractive place to spend life than a farm. Without plenty of money from other sources than the farm itself, a farmer's life is too limited. He cannot travel, he cannot have a large acquaintance, or make himself known in the world. Other lines of business offer more money, especially if one is naturally qualified to enter them, and hence broader and more profitable careers."

(22) (Illinois) "No money in farming. I like the city and its pleasures. There is nothing 'doing' on a farm."

(23) (Wisconsin) "On a farm, especially dairy, a person is kept at work each day, no time to be away more than half a day at any time, as help on a farm is not always to be trusted. As compared with other occupations, farm-life demands longer hours, harder work, and less pay; so, being in a position to leave the farm and receive an education, I did so, knowing that at any time the farm is there. For independence there is no person that can be more so than a farmer."

(24) (Missouri) "I do not intend to return to the farm because, with my present education, I can do better as an engineer."

"I think I can best give you the information you wish by answering the question, Why did I decide to leave the farm?"

"a. There was no money in farming, unless a man had money to invest. Even then there was but little.

"b. Disadvantages of being away from schools, churches, entertainments, social life, etc., which a city affords.

"c. Somewhat too ambitious to be content with the quiet life of a farmer.

"d. A natural liking for machinery and engineering work.

"e. I was physically not strong enough to do the heavy, hard work which farm-

life demanded of the man unable to hire it done. The most unattractive part of farm life was the long day's work, under a hot, sweltering sun, following a harrow or pitching hay or doing similar work. Plowing was an exception: I like to plow.

"Farm life has changed a great deal since I left the farm twelve years ago. Machinery has been added, making the work easier; farming has become more scientific, giving scope to the man who does not wish to be a mere nobody. For the last few years there has been more money in farming.

"At the end of my arts course I could have returned to the farm, made a better farmer, been more contented, and worth decidedly more to mankind and to my country than I could ever have been without it."

(25) (Arkansas) "In my part of the country cotton is the only staple crop, the production of which is too monotonous. The labor in that part of the country is all done by negroes, and, owing to the climate, must always be. The race question has never affected us materially, but it must be solved in the next few years, and the outcome is uncertain."

(26) (Mississippi) "Lack of remuneration in proportion to the amount of labor. Lack of opportunities for social intercourse.

"I was too far from school, church, and post-office."

(27) (North Dakota) "I do not care to be a farmer because, first, I do not like farm-work; second, I do not think there is the chance for advancement on a farm that there is in other lines, either social or financial; third, the farmer in general is not looked up to intellectually; fourth there is not enough 'doing' on the farm for a boy."

(28) (from a large ranch in Montana) "Yes, I intend to follow some other business, but not because farm-life is unattractive, for my opinion of the farm is health and true freedom; but I can follow a professional business and have the farm as a side issue, and through it always have a steady income."

(29) (Washington State) "I did not leave the farm because it was unattractive or because my home was not a pleasant one. Had there been only one boy in

the family, I should probably be there to-day. As there were two, one was naturally the farmer and the other the mechanic, gunsmith, and engineer. My reputation in these lines made it necessary for me to do much technical reading, even before entering the high school, and every step after that carried me farther from the farm. A year with the U. S. engineers put the question beyond further thought. I enjoy farm life and farm work."

These native replies at once bring up many questions of great public concern, for they have to do, in a broad way, with the position that the farmer occupies in the economic and social status. These young persons come from good or at least average farm homes; otherwise it would be wholly improbable that they would seek a university training. Exactly forty per cent. of them desire to leave the farm because it is not remunerative. It is easy to say that this financial unsuccess is due to poor individual farming; but it is a question whether a good part is not due to causes that go further and deeper than this; and it is the part of the publicist and statesman to determine what these causes are.

Farming is virtually the only great series of occupations that is unorganized, unsyndicated, unmonopolized, uncontrolled, except as it is dominated by natural laws of commerce and the arbitrary limitations imposed by organization in other business. In a time of extreme organization and subordination of the individual, the farmer still retains his traditional individualism and economic separateness. His entire scheme of life rests on intrinsic earning by means of his own efforts. The scheme in most other businesses is to make profits, and these profits are often non-intrinsic and fictitious, as, for example, in the habit of gambling in stocks, in which the speculator, by mere shrewdness, turns over

his money to advantage, but earns nothing in the process and contributes nothing to civilization in the effort. If the farmer steps outside his own realm, he is met on one side by organized capital and on the other by organized labor. He is confronted by fixed earnings. What he himself secures is a remainder left at the end of a year's business.

Neither can the question of the onerousness of physical labor be overlooked in the replies. About one-fifth of the replies mention this as a distinct handicap. This will no doubt surprise those persons who have thought of machinery as eliminating the toil of farming; but it must be remembered that the farmer is both capitalist and workingman (in this respect being almost unique, as a large class of the community), and that this question takes a different aspect according to the point of view from which the farmer looks at it. The replies raise the question as to whether the farmer is to continue to occupy this dual position.

The replies of these serious-minded youths should also set every thoughtful person wondering what is to be the place of the farmer in the social scheme of things, and whether the present trend is doing him complete justice. About seventeen per cent. of the replies consider that the farmer has distinct social disabilities. They suggest the question as to how far agriculture is to depend for its progress on the efforts of the individual farmer.

Since agriculture is a fundamental and essential occupation, all these large questions of public policy cannot be escaped. Every far-sighted person is interested in the entire economic and social fabric, not alone in the single thread that the technic of his own business or profession contributes to it. I have no purpose at present to comment on the replies that I publish in this article. I shall be content if they challenge my reader.



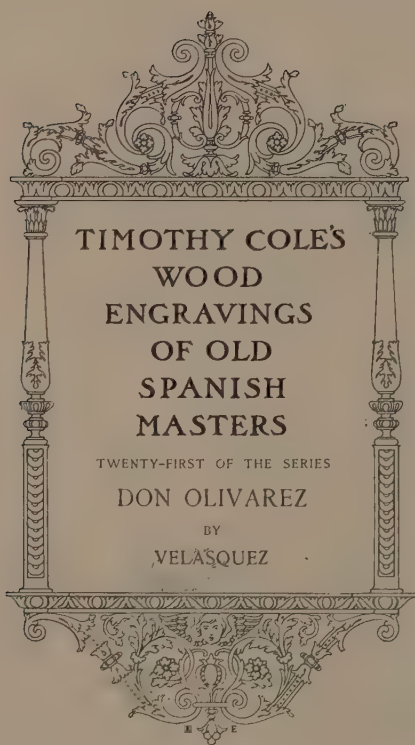


From the painting in the Prado Museum, Madrid

DON OLIVAREZ. BY VELASQUEZ

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF  
OLD SPANISH MASTERS: TWENTY-FIRST OF THE SERIES)





TIMOTHY COLE'S  
WOOD  
ENGRAVINGS  
OF OLD  
SPANISH  
MASTERS

TWENTY-FIRST OF THE SERIES

DON OLIVAREZ

BY  
VELÁZQUEZ

# ONE OF THEM

BY GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

PICTURES BY C. EWING



THE stillness of a New England Sunday hung over the atelier. Jack yawned and blinked through his fingers at the big white clouds which floated across the picture framed by the long window. In the garden beyond, a tangled web of fresh greens and yellows gleamed like lace against the purple shadow of the old hotel—"l'ancien palais de l'archevêque," as the guide-book said. From the damp earth, newly turned by the gardener's spade, rose the faint, subtle odor of spring. The stone bench leaning against the plastered wall seemed older and more dilapidated than ever. Its scars and rifts, crusted with leprous scales of lichen, spoke plainly of dissolution and decay, an impression heightened by the growing youth about it. Occasionally the gloom of a passing cloud darkened the picture; the shining buds and branches lost their gold and sank into a confused mass; the sharp shadows and bright spots of light on the wall faded suddenly to a rich monotone of subdued color; and the old bench seemed to shrink like a man caught by approaching night. Then, as the cloud passed, the garden, following the trailing hem of its shadow, sprang into life again at the touch of the sun, every twisted twig and tendril detached and clear, the wall mottled and splashed with purple, brown, and yellow in rich harmony.

It was a real Old-World corner upon

which the atelier windows looked, left behind, forgotten, almost unknown, sinking to an obscure yet exquisite decay. Life had faced the other way. Beyond the outer walls of the surrounding and protecting houses were the busy streets of the Quarter, the shops with their glaring signs covering what had once been considered "la belle architecture Louis Seize," the dignified old façades barely noticed by the cheerful bourgeois or the passing fiacres of tourists who spun through the narrow lanes, too intent on learning the exact contents of the Cluny and the Luxembourg to cast a glance at the ancient yet still vital exhibits of the great "musée" about them—the city itself. Had they but known,—the English, the Germans, and the Americans, all with their little red books and their curious clothes,—they would surely have stopped their cabs and closed their books to turn in at the archway there, just beyond M. Sorieul's butcher-shop, to cross the court, to go on through the printing-room of the "Maison Benoit et Cie," from which, by climbing upon a roll of paper, one could gaze out at this fragment of old royal Paris, crumbling gradually away. There it is to-day; to-morrow it may be hidden or torn down to make way for a modern apartment-house. Only the "bons bourgeois" see it now from their once grand rooms in the shabby palace; it is unappreciated save by the more thoughtful of the young architects, who occasionally look up from their boards to seek inspiration in the vigorous profile of steep mansard and deep dormers, or comfort in the mellow dignity of the past.

But it must be admitted that Jack's eyes

were not among the appreciative ones. The charm and beauty of it all spoke not to him. His mind was full of other things. His Paris experiences dated only two months back—two months which had been full of the excitement of getting settled; of venturing abroad alone without a map, and too timid to try his college French on the natives; of finding his friends, who, in turn, could help him to find himself; and, most important of all, of the business of joining an atelier. His heart beat faster even now as he thought of the helpless, almost sick feeling he had experienced when, the patron having left them, he was alone before the peering faces and shaggy, shabby forms of those who were to be his companions and fellow-workers for the next three years. They had flocked about him like vultures, and seemed to him then to be gloating over him, preparatory to some cruel torture. There was talk of blood, binding, and red-hot irons. Fierce groans and growls filled the air, and an elaborate show was made of rope, glue, and a large pair of shears, the unknown functions of which had only increased Jack's uneasiness.

But he had gone through it as had scores of Americans before him, and, looking back on it now, he was beginning to realize that his reception had not been cruel, after all. Certain aspects of it began to appeal to him as more humorous than horrible,—his fencing-match, for instance, when, armed with a long paintbrush and a pot of green kalsomine, he had fought furiously with Pugin, another "nouveau," whose weapons had been a similarequipment of red. His feelings that night had been those of burning indignation. He had sworn to avenge himself on them all—on Jacquard in particular, who had been the leader of the reception committee.

Yet, in spite of himself, his anger had died away, for from that day he had been received as one of the atelier, and the hated Jacquard had more than once turned the "blague" to other quarters when he saw the young American's face flush with resentment. The others, too, had helped him with criticism frank and too obviously true to be annoying, and Jack cherished already a sketch which Mazet, the "strongest" man in the atelier, a possible

"Grand Prix," had made over his own clumsy drawing. Every stroke was a revelation to him, and he found himself respecting the pale-faced young man whom, the moment before, he had longed to throttle. So he faced the future with a divided mind, wandering among uncertainties, his ideals overthrown, confronted daily by sudden revelations of a moral code so different from his own that he shrank back aghast, or won to admiration by the flash of Gallic brilliancy and the thoughtful kindness of men before whose minds he felt as an overgrown baby.

It was all so new to him, so perplexingly different from the calm, almost bovine life he had led in the American country. His mind sought refuge in reminiscences, and his heart longed for the quiet influences of home. It was four o'clock in the atelier—about ten in the morning at home, he thought, and the family, probably, were all at the club, Polly playing tennis, no doubt, and the pater fuming over the golf-greens or carefully preparing to drive into the first bunker. The clean, sane, out-of-door life was very dear to Jack's heart; but the old question would reassert itself: Might there not be something else worth doing? Surely all the hours spent over these battered tables, the long nights passed in feverish haste to finish the imaginary palace, all the patience, privation, and real sacrifice, must mean something. He remembered that it had all looked very big to him from home when the final word had been said and it was decided that he should go. His mother had left the breakfast-table in tears, even his father's voice had rung strangely, and the one word, "Paris," had blazed before his eyes in letters of fire.

Yet he found himself now longing for the very things he had left so gladly. The atelier looked forlornly bare, as it had looked when he first saw it, and the same feeling of dismay and weakness assailed him. His companions, as they crouched over their boards or swung their legs from the table's-edge, seemed more like shaggy animals than like men. They disgusted him; he forgot the qualities which had won his admiration, forgot his trip to Leguen's room, where he had been sent by the *massier* to wake the gaunt "camarade," who rose instantly, after two



hours of sleep, and hurried to help a friend on a belated drawing. Jack had stumbled after him down the narrow stairs, his heart glowing with admiration at the prompt, unquestioning act of friendship. Now he only thought that Leguen had not even stopped to wash his face. As he worked there, bending over his drawing, a long lock of black hair shading his pale, drawn face, he was like some great bird of prey. Jack instinctively drew away, longing for open air, health, and comfort. "Is it worth while?" he kept asking himself. "Is it worth while?"

If the family doctor, or even a sympathetic friend, could have examined Jack's mental health he would have diagnosed the case instantly as the critical stage of that least dangerous of diseases—homesickness. But to the boy himself it seemed that he had never been more miserable. His work appeared futile, childish, and uninteresting. The temperament of the entire atelier was at low ebb. The gamut of amusement had been tried in vain. Bibi had come,—Bibi, the grotesque scarecrow who haunted the Quarter with his tales of the last Empire; and Prosper, the *marchand d'olives*, had made his round from man to man, offering his wares in extemporaneous verse quickly suited to the trying demands of each man's name. Père Godin had been there, too; or at least he had penetrated as far as the foot of the stairs, where Mme. la Concierge, arm-deep in a wash-tub, had halted him with strenuous cries which brought a score of faces to the window. So Père Godin had sung his pathetic songs from the lower depths, and recited the dramatic tale of "César et Brute" with nought but the stones of the pavement, wet by the concierge's splashing, to receive his emaciated form. Nevertheless, he plunged home the wooden dagger with relentless energy, and sank expiring, amid heart-rending groans, which gained in sonority from the surrounding walls. The sweet music of jingling coppers accompanied his last moments and more than compensated the actor for his ignoble theater. Père Godin had departed, with many grateful upward smiles, and later they had heard faint groans from a neighboring court, and knew that César was again gasping, "Et toi aussi, Brute!"

Last and greatest of all, the patron had

come. Alas! that mere words should fail so utterly to express the enormity of that visit. Picture a pandemonium of flying balls of paper, knotted blouses, crossed T-squares, and sliding tabourets, stilled instantaneously at the opening of a door—groans of execration, roars of laughter, torrents of abuse, all simmering down to perfect peace in a second! Pigeard, the *sous-massier*, had just been delivering an address. When Pigeard was not delivering an address he was composing one. His subject had been, "The Undesirability of Parents." "La famille, messieurs, c'est une bêtise—it is the enemy of art—it is—"

Just what other odious characteristics the family possessed remained a secret with the orator, for at that moment the door opened silently, the oratorical creation crumbled to nothing, while the *sous-massier* scrambled down from his rostrum as gracefully as possible. The patron turned away discreetly to hang his hat on the hook religiously reserved for that special honor. Then the great man went his rounds, followed herd-like by the score or more of workers, who stood on tiptoe, craning their necks over one another's shoulders to see and hear the criticisms of the master. And the master chose to be very much displeased, not at the confusion which had greeted him, for that was the normal state of affairs, but at the quality of the work set before him. As he turned wearily from the last study and reached for his flat-brimmed top-hat, not failing to knock its crown against the flying rings which swung over the door,—he always did that, whether by design or accident the atelier never knew,—he said in the quiet way which was partly the secret of his command: "Messieurs, I tell you frankly, I am disappointed in your work. You are not serious. You do not study. You amuse yourselves; and you show me—what? Your plans are not bad; and you, M. Grenier, you have a good *parti*." The young Swiss blushed furiously, for this was the highest praise the patron ever gave. "But you others!" the patron raised his hands in a comprehensive gesture of despair which seemed to take in the entire room, boards, tables, and all. "Ce n'est pas ça—l'architecture! Bon jour, messieurs." The door closed, and he was gone.



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"IT IS THE COAT WHICH MAKES THE MAN"

A low growl of disapproval rose from the dejected crowd. "Pig of a patron!" ejaculated Pigeard. "He has interrupted my discourse. The family, messieurs, as I was saying when so rudely interrupted by the imbecile who has just left us—the family—"

But he was again interrupted, this time by his comrades themselves, who were in no mood for "blague." They realized too fully that the words of their master had been true, and that his criticism had come from a kind heart and a clear judgment, a mind not tricked by a clever sketch or blinded by an attractive scheme.

"Idiot! he did not even like my cartouche, which I copied bestially from his own hôtel de ville at Tours!" said Gouin.

"Et toi, Grenier!" cried Baux, a little man with a huge black beard. "Show us your parti!"

But Grenier only smiled with a curious dancing light in his brown eyes as he said:

"Come down into the court, *petit homme*, and I will show it to you."

Baux thought of the concierge's wash-tubs, and once more silence fell on the atelier. Jack stared at the board and wondered why he had not seen before that the columns were too far apart; but the

incentive to change them sank with the descending sun. The slanting golden rays filtered through the unclipped bushes in the neighboring garden and fell in warm yellow splashes on the richly colored wall. The atelier seemed to doze, when Pigeward, who had been trying to balance himself on one leg of a tabouret, said dryly:

"Va, Baux, va! Descend in the court to see the parti of Grenier."

The tension of quiet relaxed in a burst of laughter as Baux retorted violently:

"Camel of a Pigeward! he stores things up like the *mont-de-piété*!"

This, of course, was just what Pigeward wanted. "Come, camarades," he said, "let us amuse ourselves with the gentle little Baux."

There was a general movement toward the little Toulousan's end of the table, and he was soon raging furiously, heaping epithets upon all in general and Pigeward in particular, whom he called "an ignoble thing which sleeps under bridges."

Keen banter and stinging rebuke flew back and forth until Jack expected to see the combatants spring at each other's throats.

"Cut your beard, Baux! It is out of scale. You have too much cornice; it is the patron who has said it," howled Gouin.

"And your own, Pink Baby!" screamed the other. "Has it begun to grow yet?"

"Oh! oh! he speaks with the accent of a Spanish cow! It is a foreigner!" cried the chorus.

Baux adroitly carried the war into America. "And are there not other foreigners?" he retorted. "Look at that imbecile 'Untanton!'—that was the nearest approach to 'Huntington' possible to the atelier. 'He regards us like a china dog. He comprehends nothing; he sees nothing; he says nothing. It ought to be gay in New York, with the boulevards full of these images!'"

Jack found himself suddenly wrenched out of his reverie by a bombardment of "blague." He grinned foolishly and attempted to reply, but the few words at his command were seized upon with such relish and twisted into such violent parodies of the American accent, amid cries of "Och, yes! Blum-pooding!" that he sought refuge in silence, and answered by grasping the nearest of his tormentors by the arm.

"Oh, yi, yi!" screamed the Frenchman, writhing to the floor and clapping a hand to the injured member. "He has wire fingers! He has bitten—the redskin!"

The confusion ended as suddenly as it had begun. There was no particular reason why it should stop, but all seemed to agree tacitly that 'Untanton's possibilities were waning, and silence fell once more, Pigeward adding reflectively, "Il est vraiment grotesque, ce petit Baux."

Again the high voices of the children reached them from the courtyard below, and the scolding of the concierge as she adjured Pierre to leave monsieur's "bicyclette" alone. Jack's mind drifted off to the tennis-court at Auteuil. He had just time for a set before dinner if he caught the next boat at the Pont des Saints-Pères. Some of the others would surely be there. He moved toward the door, and found his hat under the broad-brimmed head-gear of his companions. As he turned on the threshold to say, "Au revoir," which he had not forgotten to do since his second day at the atelier, when the lesson had been forcibly taught him, he saw Pigeward suddenly jump up from his tabouret and begin taking off the highly polished frock-coat which he always wore. Jack paused, wondering what next.

The Frenchman clambered up to his favorite perch on the table and held his coat at arm's length, beaming down at the interested group which quickly formed, eager for any new diversion. Pigeward about to speak was always impressive.

"Messieurs et chère madame—" he bowed gallantly toward a window across the court, where a woman sat sewing. His audience at once stampeded, and were rearranged only when madame had discreetly retired from view.

"Alors," continued Pigeward, "as I was saying, you see this coat, this simple frock-coat of chaste and pure design?"

"Ah! charmant! Très jolie!" murmured the audience.

"It is the coat which makes the man. What would the patron be sans redingote? A great pile of veal. It is I, Pigeward, who say it, and the Truth—c'est moi."

"Bravo! bravo!" shouted his friends. "Bis! bis! Très bien, Pigeward! Continue!"

Encouraged by the enthusiasm, the



orator threw back his head and sang lustily the opening bars of Schaunard's "Farewell to his coat" from "La Bohème"; then, continuing his harangue:

tion and character, as I would borrow a-louis. Vite, Valette, give me the cocher's head up there."

The cocher's head, the sole remaining



Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

'AU SECOURS! POLICE! POLICE!'"

"This coat, messieurs, is but a drapery; it hangs on my arm, an ignoble thing—like the camarade Baux" (loud cries of protestation from Baux); "yet on the back of a patron or a Pigeard—ah! c'est tout à fait autre chose! It borrows dis-

portion of what had once been an elaborate lay figure constructed for the last Quat'z' Arts cortège, was plucked from its place on the wall and handed up to the orator. Thrusting the end of a T-square into the shoulders of the coat, he balanced

the head on top, crowning it with his own battered "stovepipe."

"Messieurs, I have the honor to introduce our well-loved master."

The grinning effigy wagged its head, while the crowd yelled with delight; but Pigéard woke them to new possibilities when he cried: "But the legs, idiots! Will you have a patron sans culottes? Where is the last nouveau?"

Jack mentally thanked his stars that he no longer occupied that menial position, while Chauvin, a stupid-faced *Alsacien*, was dragged forward and ordered to remove his trousers.

"But I shall take cold," he protested.

"Take them off!" screamed the crowd, and Baux added sweetly, "Console toi, Chauvin; la concierge t'en sera folle."

The concerted efforts of the atelier were now bent on perfecting the new patron. His form grew more and more lifelike as the garments were stuffed with blouses and crumpled paper. Jack hung up his hat, and forgot about the tennis in the task of manufacturing a shirt-bosom out of stiff white "Whatman," while Leguen designed cuffs with brilliantly painted cuff-buttons. Grenier gave his necktie, and Chauvin was further despoiled of the important article of shoes. His interest in the toilet had made him quite forget his own, and he trotted to and fro, giggling and babbling like a silly old woman, an effect which was further heightened by a blouse tied apron-fashion about his waist. It was suggested that Baux contribute half his beard,—"seulement la moitié, mon vieux,"—but he indignantly refused. Mazet added the finishing touch, a small bow of red ribbon in the lapel of the coat, which, even in the lifeless dummy, commanded a respect amounting almost to awe.

"En route!" cried Pigéard, lifting the clumsy figure from the table after the head had been securely fastened by a complicated arrangement of twine. Placing an affectionate arm about it, he made the tour of the atelier from study to study, stopping at each for a short criticism, imitating the mannerisms of the master with a truth which would have called forth instant applause had not all concerned been faithful to their parts of reverential élèves. Each man stepped forward as his place was reached, to gain

the full advantage of the visit, while Pigéard manipulated the T-square from behind, causing the patron to nod his imbecile head or raise his hands in horror at some particularly daring design. Before Baux's study the figure seemed to recoil in fear, collapsing limply as he, cried, "Non! non! c'est trop fort!" But when Pigéard's own place was reached, the dummy had naught but the most extravagant praise.

"Mais c'est exquis!" he said; "mes félicitations, M. Pigéard. What taste! what perfect proportion!" The grinning tête-de-cocher turned toward the group. "I tell you frankly, messieurs, I am for the most part very much disappointed in your work—particularly in yours, M. Grenier; you have an absurd parti. And you, Mr. 'Untanton—your columns look like umbrellas. You do not study, any of you. You are not serious. I ask you for façades, and you give me—what? Salads! But you have one artist among you! Regard the study of M. Pigéard! C'est ça—l'architecture!"

This was too much. With a roar of insubordination, the whole atelier charged, covering the attack with a volley of paper bullets. Those nearest the patron defended him valiantly, Jack among them. To his awakened interest the inanimate figure became a living leader to be fought for with all the strength and loyalty which he possessed. He hurled Valette against the stove with such force that the Frenchman crawled gasping out of the conflict and hung on the edge of a table to recover his breath.

"A bas l'Amérique!" cried the attacking party, centering their forces in his direction. He warded off three of the assailants, encircling them in his long arms, where they writhed and shrieked in vain attempts to escape. But the odds were too great. Some one thrust a tabouret in the path of the twisting, scuffling knot, and its component parts fell in the corner, where they were promptly buried under an avalanche of coats and hats. When Jack emerged, dusty but smiling, the battle was over and the poor dummy lay in a horribly twisted condition on the threshold, his head lolling to one side like that of a dying gladiator. It was the work of a few moments to unhook the flying-rings and tie a noose about the patron's neck.

and an instant later the personification of authority swung like a ghastly corpse from a bracket over one of the windows.

Pigeard stood for a moment as if horrified by the fate of his invention. Then he whispered excitedly to Mazet and Grenier:

"This is only the beginning! Quick! Descend to the street and give the alarm!"

They were off at lightning speed, leaping over the heads of Pierre and Louise where they played at housekeeping on the steps below. Pigeard ran to the end of the atelier and threw open one of the windows opening on the Rue Dauphine.

"Au secours!" he shouted frantically. "Au secours! The patron has hanged himself! Police! Police!"

Mazet and Grenier clattered out of the court, neck and neck, and started up the quiet street in opposite directions, pointing back wildly as they yelled: "Au secours! Police! Police! Il est mort!"

The bookbinder's messenger, who was slipping and sliding over the damp asphalt, stopped in his tracks and craned his neck to gaze up at the wild figure who, coatless and hatless, stood at the long window and continued to cry: "O malheur! Il est mort! Au secours!"

The messenger backed up like a dray-horse to the narrow curb and laboriously lowered his load to the ground, slipping his shoulders out of the leather harness. "What is it?" he questioned.

"Un pendu! Un pendu!" answered Pigeard. "The patron—he has hanged himself! Au secours!"

Two masons, white with dust, sidled out of the corner cabaret. They stood hesitating for a moment in the doorway, wiping their mouths on the backs of their chalky hands; then, as Mazet sped by them shouting his startling news, they ran clumsily toward the arched entranceway. Grenier nearly ran over Mme. Chaplin, who promptly thrust her fish-basket into the nearest doorway and waddled toward the spot indicated by the young man's gestures. The concierge pounced on Pierre and little Louise and thrust them, dazed and bewildered, into the stuffy *loge*, whence they peered longingly like goldfish in a bowl. The voices of the two outrunners grew fainter and fainter as they went their respective ways, while the results of their mission became more and more evident in a growing flood of

excited people who poured out of shops, side streets, courts, and alleys, and headed toward the atelier, plainly marked by the clamorous Pigeard. A hand-cart laden with artichokes was deserted by its proprietor. This blocked the road, and the omnibus from the Pont Neuf came squeaking to a standstill.

Curious passengers clambered down from the *impériale* to join the crowd; caps, *charrettes*, more omnibuses, and countless pedestrians wedged themselves more and more tightly into the space before the atelier. Jack peered out between Pigeard's legs and fairly whooped with excitement. The street, as far as he could see, was one solid, compact mass of pushing, struggling citizens. The court was packed to its utmost limit, for from that point of vantage the fortunate ones could see the ghastly "pendu" himself, swinging in the dim light of the window. From them to the outer circle sped the news, changing as it went. There had been a murder; two artists had fought a duel with knives; a jealous butcher had killed his wife. Pigeard surveyed the sea of upturned faces and seemed pleased. But his task was only half done.

At its other end the long room opened on the Rue Mazarin, where the returning omnibuses rolled their peaceful way, where the cabs trotted briskly by, and where the good folk of the Quarter laughed and chatted together in humdrum unconsciousness of the neighboring excitement. This was not fair, according to Pigeard's standard; and he proceeded to equalize matters by informing the loiterers in the quiet thoroughfare of the great tragedy which had just been enacted. He implored their instant aid, and pointed out M. Duvernoy's book-shop as the readiest entrance. Inasmuch as there was no entrance to the atelier from the Rue Mazarin, M. Duvernoy soon found himself swamped by visitors who could not be speedily ejected because of the constantly increasing crowd of those who wished to come in. When the street was as thoroughly blocked as the Rue Dauphine had been, Pigeard jumped down from the table and threw himself with a gasp of satisfaction on a drawing-board.

"Ça-y-est! Bottled up!" he said, exhausted by his efforts and his laughter. "Let us chant the 'Miserere.'"



Valette led the solemn chorus, directing with a round from one of the shattered tabourets. Jack joined in enthusiastically, admiring the vibrant timbre of the voices, so thoroughly unlike anything he had known before. It was all a strange, dream-like picture, this circle of long-haired, dark-bearded young men gravely chanting a death-song at the feet of the hanging figure, the faint blue light of late afternoon casting a spell of ghastly reality over what had been a farce but for the deep sincerity with which each part, however small, was played. The actors, unconscious though they were, assumed their parts superbly, and the effect on their American comrade was in the nature of a revelation. The unreality had stolen upon him so gradually that he had not perceived the change. The assumption of new rôles had been so naturally effected, the *esprit de corps* so powerful and unanimous, that Jack, had he been aware of anything beyond the mere pleasure of singing, would have found every nerve vibrating in a newly evoked sympathy with his strange companions. But he thought of nothing at all, except vaguely that the end must come somehow, that beyond the square of pale light against which the black figure hung was a crowd of people, real streets, real life. He felt curiously elated and happy, even in his character of funeral chorister, ready to go on joyously where-soever events might lead.

The seventh repetition of the "Miserere" was punctuated by a sudden, sharp knock on the door, which startled even Pigeard and brought the chorus to an uncertain close.

"Surely," whispered the *sous-massier*, visibly impressed, "it is the vile government. Quick! the ladder, Chauvin! Take down the *cadavre*!"

The *nouveau* stumbled off in frightened haste, but was recalled as a second heavy knock fell and a voice cried, "Open!"

"It is too late! Obey the *patrie*, Chauvin," said Pigeard, composing himself with an air which seemed to suggest a plan, and inspired confidence.

Chauvin trotted to the door and turned the key. A magnificent *sergent-de-police* stood on the threshold, note-book in hand. "This must be at least a general," thought Jack, taking in the white cords, stripes, and gold epaulets, to say nothing of the

small sword hanging at his side. At his back were four comrades of lower grade, also armed with swords and note-books. In the dim light the sergeant mistook the aproned *nouveau* for a woman. "Pardon, madame," he said politely, which gallantry was greeted with scattered snickers of suppressed laughter. He strode angrily forward, only to draw back suddenly as he saw the hanging figure.

"What has happened?" he said, opening his note-book, a move which was followed closely by his four aides. Jack wondered if they were going to write a history in five volumes. Pigeard eyed the sergeant listlessly as he said: "Monsieur, I beg you to remove your hat. You are in the presence of the illustrious dead." He covered his face with his hands and seemed overcome by grief. The sergeant's face was like a growing thunder-cloud as he suspiciously felt of the patron's leg. It crackled under his touch, and one of Chauvin's shoes fell to the floor. The wrath of offended authority exploded in a flash of comprehension. "Arrest them all!" he screamed, livid with rage; "and you first of all!" and he hurled himself on the *sous-massier*, who succumbed so limply that the conflict was of short duration. The four "agents" deployed cautiously, gaining in boldness as they realized the submissiveness of their quarry. Jack was pushed forward to a prominent position to impress the sergeant with his size, Pigeard standing beside him, while the others formed ranks, two by two, behind them. "Allons, messieurs!" said Pigeard, gaily. "En route!"

The crowd was still dense in the courtyard, but it opened like the Red Sea before Moses at the sight of the uniforms, and the procession marched impressively out between the lines of curious faces.

"Mon pantalon!" whimpered Chauvin, but an agent pushed him roughly into line.

"C'est la femme!" whispered the crowd as he passed, and then exploded with laughter as the rear view was disclosed. Leguen and Baux were dragging between them the rapidly disintegrating cause of all the excitement, the passage of which caused a running fire of exclamation:

"Est-ce qu'il est mort?"

"O la-la! le pauvre malheureux!"

"Regarde son pied qui traîne."

As they neared the red lamp which



Half-tone plate engraved by W. M. Aikman

"ALLONS, MESSIEURS!" SAID PIGEARD, GAILY. "EN ROUTE!"

marked the seat of local government, two disheveled figures slipped out of the crowd and fell in behind the patron and his supporters. They were the two outrunners.

"They have the air of forgetting us, mon vieux Grenier," said Mazet.

"Je te crois," replied the other. "To make themselves arrested without warning us—c'est dégoûtant!" Then, as he caught sight of Chauvin in the line ahead, "Eh, Chauvin! ta façade postérieure gagne le Grand Prix!"

In a written account it is impossible to do justice to the speech on the Rights of Man which Pigeard delivered before the august *commissaire*. Even though the atelier had heard something very like it before,—for it was one of the sous-massier's favorite topics,—they were held spellbound by the unwonted eloquence of their associate as he applied the abstract principles of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, so dear to every Gallic heart, to the particular needs of his case.

The sergeant and his gallant men began to look less triumphant as the commissaire, a man of fierce aspect but simple mind, was fascinated, caught, and overwhelmed by the rhetoric of their conquest. "M. 'Untanton" was introduced—"an American, son of a sister republic, who has a consul and an ambassador." Diplomatic difficulties were suggested, at which even the commissaire began to feel uncomfortable and to wonder how he could clear himself most easily. When Pigeard pointed an accusing finger at the wilted sergeant and cried in clarion tones, "I accuse this man of violating the sacred foyer of individual Liberty!" the commissaire capitulated.

In a conciliatory address he begged the gentlemen to consider that their error in blocking the streets of Paris and paralyzing the commerce of the Quarter had been the real offense, which, however, he hastened to add, he was ready to overlook in view of the unwarranted action of his agents. That would be a subject for interior adjustment. He simply requested, as a friend and neighbor, that the gentlemen would, in the future, localize their amusements—he smiled fatuously at the happy expression—and he wished them all good evening.

"Bon soir, m'sieur," murmured the crowd as they shuffled out and turned down the street, Pigeard staying behind for a few ceremonious formalities, after which he joined his friends, who were moving by common accord toward the Rocher, the café where they assembled after every outing or "ballade." They walked on in silence, reflectively enjoying the memory of their adventure, until Pigeard said dryly, "Qu'il est bête, ce vieux commissaire!" at which the babel of tongues was loosed.

At the Rocher, as they sat at the long tables over their coffee and the "demis" of "bière-blonde," they laughed until they cried over every detail of the experience. Chauvin, smiling idiotically, considered himself a hero and stroked his regained trousers affectionately. Pigeard, still wearing the red ribbon with which Mazet had decorated the dismembered patron, ordered that the tête-de-cocher be placed before them on a charger.

"Eh bien, 'Untanton," said Leguen, smiling at Jack, "you are one of us, hein?"

And Jack answered sincerely, if with an accent, "Oui, mon vieux!"

# WILKINSON'S CHANCE

BY LAWRENCE MOTT



**S**HADING his eyes from the blistering glare, holding his horse by the bridle while the sweat rolled in streams, Constable Wilkinson of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police rested on a little rise of land. Overhead the sun scorched and burned, and across the great prairie distance the shimmering heat waves caused the dreary perspective to roll sluggishly like the sea, brown, gray, and green mingling together, before the man's sun-dulled eyes. No sound disturbed the parched air, no living thing moved, and as he looked about him the only relieving objects were bleached buffalo skulls and bones, reminders of the presence of man in the desolate wilderness.

"This is *hell*," he muttered.

He went round and sat down in his horse's shadow, drew out a pipe, and lighted it.

"Can't smoke, can't see worth a cent, no water, lost track of the men I'm after, and now—what 's next?" he finished slowly. The horse looked wonderingly at him, then nibbled at the stiff, baked grass. Wilkinson's head fell forward in little jerks, and he dozed with exhaustion.

Slowly the hours passed on, the man limp on the hot ground, the horse waiting patiently, its bridle over Wilkinson's arm. As the sun neared the misty horizon, red and fiery, life came to the prairie; gophers sat up, and their sharp, shrill whistlings pierced the cooling atmosphere.

Suddenly the man stirred, scrambled to his feet, and listened eagerly.

"That was a shot, I'm sure!" he whispered, peering through the dusk that now wrapped the prairie in purple and gray lights.

*Bang-bang—crack!*

"I knew it! Down, Andy, down!"

He pushed the horse, gently kicking its knees as he did so; obediently it sank, and rolled over with a grunt. The constable dropped beside it, and saw several shapes fleeing toward him. In a moment they were gone.

"Antelope! That 's what they were shooting at. Wonder who it is? I 'll wait here."

It was dark now, and the prone figures of man and horse were only black splotches in the faint starlight. Then from off to the right came the sound of voices, faintly at first, then stronger, until words were distinguishable.

"Laramie! Laramie!"

Wilkinson trembled with eagerness.

"Laramie! My men, after all! Here 's luck! I 'll make a name for myself yet," he whispered exultantly. Carefully he lifted his head, reached over, and pressed his fingers strongly in the horse's soft muzzle.

"Quiet, Andy, old nag, quiet!"

"Talk erbout pure cussed luck," a voice came to him from the little flat below, "missed thet jumpin' deer cleaner 'n a gopher huntin' his hole! Nawthin' t' eat, nawthin' but rotten whisky to drink, and sixty critters to watch!"

"Don't blame me," another voice answered from farther in the darkness; "*ye would run 'em off.*"

"Would run 'em off, ye idiot! An' why should n't I? Fifty dollars a head for this lot sure, an' a cinch ter get 'em!"

"Quit yer kickin', then, an' strike a light while I watches these dod-blamed ponies!"

A blaze soon flickered its feeble glow in the valley, and Wilkinson saw the strong features of Slick Ben Laramie, "bad" man, dead shot, and horse-thief. These were the men he had been sent to capture, and whose trail he had lost on the seared and withered prairie.



"Tom!" Laramie called.

"Whut?"

"Where 'd that redcoat sojer 'o' the Queen go?"

"Way out yander to the south'ard. Last I seen him he was goin' like blazes."

Laramie laughed. "Neat trick o' mine, doublin' on our tracks, wa'n't it?"

"Yep."

"Wonder who 's arter us this time?" and Slick Ben stared at the little fire that crackled faintly and from which no smoke came. "Last trip it was Dunn. You mind Dunn, don't you, Tom? An' I 'done' him right ertween the eyes. Time afore thet two sojers tickled our trail fer four days. You winged one, you mind? T'other got skeered an' vamoosed."

Laramie was silent; the world was silent for Wilkinson, save for the stamping of the feet of the stolen horses in the gloom beyond and the working of his heart.

"There 's nawthin' 'll run the critters t'night, Tom; come up an hev a drink."

"Thet hits me, pard," and in a few moments the constable saw another man appear in the circle of yellow light; this one was of a wiry build, heavily bearded, and carried a revolver. Wilkinson thought the matter over.

"There 's just one chance," he muttered finally, while the two below laughed and talked, "and that is to rush them *now*; I 'll have to risk Andy's whinnying." He withdrew his hand from the muzzle; the horse sighed and lay quiet. "Here goes for fame!" Wilkinson drew his service revolver and crept slowly back for a few feet; then he rose swiftly and ran, bending low toward the fire. At fifteen yards he stopped.

"Hands up and quickly!"

The man called Tom had his in the air like a flash and Laramie was not far behind. The latter looked Wilkinson up and down critically.

"Wall, sojer, ye got the best of us. Here 's my gun." He started to reach down to his holster.

"Another inch and I 'll drill you!"

"All right, sojer, all right. No offense." Laramie smiled grimly. "You 're doin' well fer a youngster."

"Thanks." The constable chuckled.

"Now side by side, you two, backs to the fire." The men did as they were told, and Wilkinson relieved them of two re-

volvers, two knives, and a short round thong loaded with lead at one end; all these he placed on the ground at his feet.

"That 'll do now, men; sit down," he said when he had finished the search.

"What 's your name, sojer, ef I may presume to eenquire?" Laramie stretched himself lazily by the feeble blaze.

"Frank Wilkinson."

"Be'n long in the Force?" the other horse-thief asked, as he seated himself.

"Only two years. Came out here to see if I could make a name for myself; never was much good at home."

Laramie chuckled. "You 'll do fust rate ef you keep on the way ye 're goin', won't he, Tom?"

"Sure, pard, sure. But say, sojer, honest now, ye got us more by cussed all-fired good luck 'n by good jedgment, now, did n't ye?"

"That is true; but my lucky star tonight means a lot to me with the commissioner. You two have 'done for' some of our boys, besides running off a thundering lot of horses in the last three years." Wilkinson's voice rang with a triumphant sharp, crisp sound, and the faint light sparkled in his brown eyes.

"True for ye, sojer—true as ye say it; and we 'd ha' done fer ye, too, ef we 'd 'a' had the chanst, bet yer life on that."

"Let that go, Tom; we kind er went off half-cocked, as ye mought say. What I 'm eenterested in is why this young feller should come out o' a civilized, God-fearin' country to this blasted alkali wilderness, an', on top o' that, go to sojerin' at seventy-five cents a day." Slick Ben lifted himself on his elbow as he continued: "Whut d' ye say, sojer, ef we swap yarns about our lives? We can't leave here till ye gets yer hoss in the mornin', and as ye got ter set up and watch us, curse me ef I don't stay awake with ye, purvided ye tell the story o' yer life. How about it?"

"Mine is n't worth listening to,"—Wilkinson stopped a moment, and his eyes became set in a thoughtful, remembering stare,—"but I 'll tell it so that I can hear yours. Only remember that anything ye say will be used against you."

"Don't let that worry you, sojer; I ain't a-goin' ter eencriminate myself, you bet! Wall, here goes."

Laramie tore up some grasses, gathered

a few twigs that were near him, and, as the flames danced into the cool darkness, Wilkinson wondered at the clean-cut features, the high, square forehead, the strong mouth, and firm chin of this noted "bad man." "They said he was good-looking; he is, too," he muttered to himself. Meanwhile Laramie sat lost in a reverie. He started suddenly, then, looking keenly at Wilkinson, he began. The constable listened in astonishment, for the voice he heard was quiet, modulated, that of an educated man.

"I was born in New England thirty-two years ago. My mother died when I was a little lad, and my father did n't much care what became of me, at least I suppose so, for I never saw him after I was five years old, though I heard of him indirectly. Somehow or another I grew until I was old enough to go to school. My father paid my expenses, and gave me a good allowance—beyond that, nothing. I went to school, and then formed the ambition to go to college."

"But—" Wilkinson began.

"Please let me finish," Laramie said quietly. I worked hard at my books, and, my allowance still keeping up to the standard, at seventeen I entered a university. In my sophomore year I fell in love with the dearest woman, to me, in the whole of this world, and in my junior year—or, rather, at the beginning of it—we were married. Then without a word of warning the allowance ceased absolutely; no word of explanation—nothing. The firm through which the money had been paid refused all information, and there I was penniless. My money had been ample to support two quietly, and I felt sure that I could obtain work that I should be fitted for after I graduated—that was why I married when I did. Bess, that is my wife's name, had a little of her own, and we decided to go West. We went down into Texas, and I got work in a milling concern. Things went on pretty well for a time, then came the deluge. The foreman hit me one day with a block of wood; I hit back, and he came at me with a knife. I picked up a wrench and let him have it—killed him on the spot. I fled the country, a posse after me, and since then—but you know the rest."

The silence was absolute when Laramie finished. His partner sat moodily in his

place, twisting and twirling grass roots between his fingers. Now and then one of the ponies snorted or stamped, otherwise everything was still.

"Where is your wife now?" Wilkinson asked slowly.

Tom jerked his head up. "Don't be more a fool than ye hev be'n, Ben! We're took; don't give the gal away!"

"Aw, the sojer ain't lookin' fer her; he would n't find her ef he was." The voice had all its original harshness, and the steel-blue eyes were cold again.

"Come on, sojer, tell yer leetle story," Tom sneered.

"It's short, and goes something like this," Wilkinson began. "I, too, was born in New England." He watched for a gleam of recognition to cross the other's face, but the features were hard and set, and he continued: "I had every advantage, and—threw them all away. Now I'm out here trying to do something that's decent. My mother is the only one in the world that has a single ray of hope left for me. After all, I promised her I would go straight, and come back with something to my credit. That's all there is to my life."

"Ever been in the jug?" Laramie asked shortly.

The constable hesitated an instant.

"I kin see ye hev," the other said. "Whut fer?"

"That does n't matter, does it?"

"Naw; I don't suppose it do." After a long pause, he added: "Wall, she's a-comin' daylight." Laramie rose slowly.

Faint and far over the eastern horizon, shivering, timid veils of light were creeping up the heavens, pale blue at first, then, as they grew stronger, changing to green and yellow. Little by little the prairie distances took shape, until the rolling hills and hollows showed everywhere.

Once more the gophers whistled, and the coyotes became silent; here and there appeared their vague brown-gray shapes as they scuttled over the rises of the land.

"Go ahead of me, men, over that flat there till I find my horse." Wilkinson took all the cartridges from the prisoner's guns, then, throwing his rifle across his arm, walked after the two. Some distance away they found the horse, quietly grazing on such bits of grass as had not been entirely blasted by the sun.

The constable mounted, and, with the two still in front of him, went back to the herd of stolen ponies.

"There 's nothing to eat, men, so we might as well start."

Slowly the ponies began to move, then they trotted along.

"Sorry, but I 'll have to put these on you."

Laramie drew back. Instantly Wilkinson covered him with the rifle. "Better come quietly, Laramie; you 've got to come anyway." They looked at each other, then the horse-thief held out his wrist. A rattle, clink, snap, and the prisoners were handcuffed to each other.

"You can ride if you can keep your horses near enough together."

Tom looked up gratefully.

"T'anks, sojer; she 's a-goin' ter be a scorcher to-day, an' no mistake."

The sun, in fierce, red glory, was just coming over the sky-line, and its hot rays burned even at this early hour of the morning.

Suddenly, as they moved onward, Wilkinson saw Laramie looking sharply across the prairie, and heard him mutter to his companion. He himself searched the bare wastes, and saw a moving speck approaching rapidly.

"Rescue!" he whispered; then: "Halt! Dismount! Lie down!" Laramie and Tom lay flat while Wilkinson sat his horse, watching. Nearer and nearer came the speck; at last he could distinguish a horse and rider traveling fast. The rider saw him then, and swerved in his direction.

"Why, it 's a woman!" Unconsciously he spoke aloud.

"Woman? Woman?" Slick Ben leaped to his feet, dragging his companion with him. "It 's Bess, Tom, sure as fate!"

"Stand where you are, men, or I shoot!" The constable cocked his rifle. The woman was very near now; the pounding of her pony's feet was plainly heard in the morning stillness. The pony lurched up the slope, staggered, groaned, and rolled over dead. The woman slid to her knees, utterly exhausted.

"Charlie! Charlie!" she gasped.

"Steady, Bess! steady!" Laramie answered, stiffening, and straining at the handcuff. "What is it—the boy?"

"Yes, yes, yes,—dying, ca—calling for

you. You said you would be back last night. I waited and waited, and then could n't stand his calling for you any longer, so I started out to find you. I have tra—traveled nearly all night—the little horse did his best."

She looked up, and saw Wilkinson's red coat.

"Cha—Ben, oh, Ben, it 's too late then?" Her face turned white, and she sank slowly, her eyes fixed on the constable in a wild stare.

Laramie looked over his shoulder. "Can I—can I talk to my wife?" he asked huskily. Wilkinson nodded.

Tenderly, as well as he could with one hand, Tom helping, Laramie lifted the girl, and leaned her body against his.

"Yes, I 'm afraid it 's too late this time, Bess, too late." His strong body shook, but no tears showed in the steel-blue eyes. "What happened?"

Shudderingly the words came in answer:

"He was playing cow-boy yesterday and he fell among the horses; one of the stallions kicked and bit him—oh, Charlie, it 's awful! He 's dying—calling for you—I can hear him now!" The girl got to her feet. "I always said it would come to this; the horses have taken everything I have in the world—my boy, and, because of them, the police have taken you!" The tears came then in torrents to her eyes, and the four stood thus while the broiling, blistering heat grew.

Laramie, his voice trembling, his eyes on the constable, said: "Wilkinson, will you take my word that I will deliver myself to the Regina Barracks within thirty hours, and let me go to my boy for the last time?"

The girl caught her breath. As if by magic there passed before Wilkinson's eyes a sweet old figure: he saw it at a window, and the face was wet with tears. He dismounted, fumbling at his chain.

"Go! I 'll take your word. Remember what it means to me." He unlocked the handcuff.

Before he could move the girl had kissed his hand.

"God bless you, policeman! Charlie will be on time. Ride! ride, Charlie! You may not be too late; I 'll walk back. Go! Go!" she screamed. Wilkinson's face worked and quivered; he swallowed hard.

"Take my horse, girl, quick! Tell





Drawn by F. E. Schoonover. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"'I—I—I—GOT HERE ON—ON—ON TIME,' HE WHISPERED"

him to bring it back when he comes," he shouted hoarsely as she sped away.

They were gone, lost in the seared, brown lands.

The constable turned and saw Tom watching him. He tried to smile, but somehow the smile would n't come; then the other held out his hand.

"I 'm nothin' but a horse-thief—an'—an' wuss, but I 've seed all kinds o' men, and, sojer, I jest wants fer ter say this, that ye 're the whitest God ever made, an' ef ye 'd take my hand, I 'd never go crooked again."

They shook hands silently, and as silently started on their way, Wilkinson riding Tom's horse. All that day through the glowing heat-waves, their eyes reeling and aching, their brains numbed in their skulls, the two plodded slowly on. When night, with its short hours of life-saving coolness, came again, they stopped.

"No need o' hitchin' me t'night, sojer; I 'd cut me right fist off fer ye."

Wilkinson said nothing, and the two lay down, hungry, side by side. At daylight they went on, and when the sun was straight over them in all its fury they reached the mounted police barracks at Regina.

Wilkinson turned the horses over to the officer of the day, then saw his prisoner registered, measured, weighed, and safely locked up in the guard-house. Weak from his long trip and lack of food, he reported to the adjutant who commanded the barracks and who looked after all routine.

"Well?" Adjutant MacAlbee asked, seeing the dusty, sun-stained figure before him at attention.

"Found Laramie and a man called Tom with the stolen horses, sir; came on them near Watson's Creek. Captured them and the horses, sir—full count." There he stopped.

"Where are they?" Curt and sharp came the questions.

"Horses delivered to officer of the day, the man called Tom delivered to the guard."

"Well? And the other? Come, come, man, speak up!"

"I let him go, sir."

"What?" the adjutant leaped from his chair. "You WHAT?"

"Let him go, sir."

MacAlbee stared in furious astonishment.

"And, if I may ask, since when has a constable had the power of permitting prisoners to go free? Answer me that, sir!"

"May I tell the circumstances, sir?"

"Yes, yes, go on! I suppose the truth is that the other got away from you. Of course it 's the man we have wanted for four years, and you were told so; but that does n't make the slightest difference, oh, dear, no, not the slightest!"

The adjutant paced up and down his office, while Wilkinson repeated what had happened. When he had finished, MacAlbee stopped in front of him.

"And you expect *me* to belive this rot?"

Then swinging on his heel he pressed a button; an orderly came.

"Send the officer of the day here at once."

The latter appeared in a few moments, and saluted.

"You will take Constable Wilkinson to the guard-house, and see that he is in close confinement. For this, my fine fellow, you will get six months in the guard-house, and dismissal from the force. Take him away!"

Wilkinson moved after the officer of the day as in a dream. As he went out of the adjutant's office he looked up at the clock.

"It 's half an hour past his time, and this is the end of everything for me." Again that tear-stained old face flitted before his eyes.

Mutely following, he was crossing the barrack square to the guard-house, and was almost there when a tumult arose in the far corner of the yard; he looked back and saw two horses galloping wildly across the lawns. On one of them huddled a human form, the other was riderless, its bridle fastened to the man's waist. Wilkinson turned, and, heedless of the officer's shouts, ran back. Laramie, for it was he, rolled off into the constable's arms, and the latter saw blood streaming from his open shirt collar, and sluggishly dripping from his back. The wounded man looked at him through half-open and dulling eyes.

"I—I—I got here on—on—on time." he whispered; then gathering himself, went on: "Had a br—ush with pol—ice from Woods Mountain. They—tried to—to get me, but I was afraid that you—would be court martialed, so—so I came as soon as I c—could." The head

fell back, a slight tremor ran through the muscles, and Laramie was dead.

From behind the crowd of men that had gathered came a choking, rasping voice:

"Let me see my old pard, just once!" The crowd parted, and Tom came through. He knelt beside the stiffening form, in a deep silence, his shoulders heaving and falling. Finally he stood up.

"Good-by, old pard!"

Wilkinson, just as the guards were about to take their prisoner away again, grasped him by the arm.

"The girl, the girl?" he whispered. "Where is she? And who was *he*?"

The other looked at him an instant.

"Sorry, sojer, but I swore I 'd never tell, an' I won't." He walked away, his leg-irons clanking.



A FIELD OF EMMER (A SPECIES OF WHEAT), GROWN BY THE DRY-FARMING METHOD

## DRY FARMING—THE HOPE OF THE WEST

A METHOD OF PRODUCING BOUNTIFUL CROPS, WITHOUT IRRIGATION, IN SEMI-ARID REGIONS

BY JOHN L. COWAN

**N**EARLY one third of the entire area of the United States, exclusive of Alaska and our insular possessions, consists of vacant public lands regarded as naturally unsuited to cultivation on account of insufficient rainfall.

In at least ten Western commonwealths the public lands constitute so large a portion of the total area as to dominate their economic character. Great belts of territory are frequently in a condition closely bordering on anarchy. Cattle-owners and sheep-owners struggle

for possession of lands belonging to neither. Forests are burned and looted. Legislators, governors, judges, and minor public officials are elected and corrupted at the dictation of the cattle-kings; and laws are passed, repealed, enforced, or disregarded to suit their interests. Legitimate settlers are discouraged, driven off, or bought out for a song. Agriculture is confined, almost, to small and scattered bits of irrigated land.

The vacant public domain now consists of about 600,000,000 acres. Of this area probably 70,000,000 acres are



absolute desert, of sand, alkali, rock, and inhospitable mountain peaks, on which no useful vegetation is found, and which will probably never be of any considerable economic value to mankind, excepting for their mineral resources. Approximately 96,000,000 acres may be described as woodland, sparsely covered with trees, individually of small value, but yet useful for firewood, fence-posts, mine timbers, and similar purposes; and some 70,000,000 acres are heavily timbered, and of inestimable importance to present and future generations, not only for lumbering, but also for the conservation of the water-supply. Possibly 70,000,000 acres may be reclaimed by irrigation, and thus brought to a high state of productiveness. There will then remain more than 300,000,000 acres, useful, according to commonly accepted ideas, only for grazing.

However, the vacant public lands comprise only a part of the region of deficient rainfall known as Arid America. To these must be added the great railroad grants, the allotments of school lands to the several States, and the princely domains that have passed into the hands of private owners. In Texas alone there is an area of unimproved and uncultivated land almost equal in extent to the whole German empire. With the exception of Washington, western Oregon, the northern half of California, and small portions of Idaho and Montana, the term Arid America includes virtually all the land between the one-hundredth meridian and the Pacific. Leaving out of consideration the portions that extend across the Canadian and Mexican boundary-lines, it covers a territory extending north and south for a distance of 1200 miles, and east and west for 1300 miles, embracing four tenths of the total area of the republic, and containing not less than one thousand million acres of land. To this may not improperly be added the so-called sub-humid region, between the ninety-seventh and the one-hundredth meridians, in which occasional seasons of sufficient, or even superabundant, rainfall are followed by years of drought, when scorching winds shrivel up the growing grains and grasses upon which depend the hopes of the farmers. Over almost exactly

one half the area of our country, therefore, the rainfall is insufficient for the successful cultivation of the ordinary crop plants—by ordinary farming methods, at least. Agriculture, wherever attempted at all, partakes of the nature of a hazardous speculation, generally resulting in disaster, or at best in a meager and hand-to-mouth existence; and grazing, backed up by ample capital and resources, is considered the only safe and profitable pursuit. This vast area in which grazing is the principal industry extends over all or part of seventeen States and Territories. In ten of these, not more than two per cent. of the land is under cultivation, and the population averages less than three to the square mile.

On the grazing lands, from twenty to thirty acres of pasturage are required for the support of a single cow. Wherever irrigation is practicable, the same amount of land, watered and planted with alfalfa, will support ten times as many cattle. But wherever the same lands can be planted in fruit-trees, cereals, and vegetables, each farm of forty acres will support a family of from three to five persons. In many districts in the West the statement might be made much stronger without exaggeration. There are hundreds of ten-acre patches of irrigated land in the Salt River valley of Arizona, on the Grand River of Colorado, on the San Bernardino of California, and in many other regions, that yield a better and surer livelihood for a family of the average size than do the ordinary farms of from one hundred to one hundred and sixty acres anywhere east of the Mississippi River. If the unoccupied public lands to which water can never be taken by irrigation ditches could be made as productive as ordinary Western land under the ditch, they alone would easily support a farming population of 35,000,000 souls. This is more than the entire present farming population of the country. That irrigation alone can never furnish a satisfactory solution of the problem presented by the arid and semi-arid lands of the West is proved by the fact that were every inch of the annual rainfall west of the one-hundredth meridian conserved in storage reservoirs and distributed to the best possible



CORN GROWN ON LARAMIE PLAINS, WYOMING, WITHOUT IRRIGATION,  
BY THE DRY-FARMING METHOD

advantage, an area equal to one fifth of the total land surface of the country would remain unsupplied.

Contrary to commonly accepted ideas as the statement may be, it is, nevertheless, an amply demonstrated fact that wherever in this great arid empire the annual rainfall averages as high as twelve inches, as good crops can be raised without irrigation as with it. This means that almost every acre of the great plains between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains, and most of the inter-mountain parks and plateaus between the Rockies and the Pacific, will produce as abundantly as will the rich prairie-lands of Iowa, Missouri, and Illinois, and much more abundantly than the richest of the lands in any of the older States along the Atlantic seaboard; that there is enough land now utilized, if at all, only for grazing to make possible the trebling or quadrupling of the present farming population of the United States; that, outside of comparatively small areas in western Texas and in portions of Utah, Nevada, Arizona, Idaho, Wyoming, South Dakota, and southern California, there is little arable land in the great West that may not be divided into forty-acre farms, each one of which

will be capable of supporting an average-sized family.

Probably there is no exaggeration in the statement made by one writer that the region between the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, bounded on the south by the Rio Grande and on the north by the Canadian border, is capable of producing fruits, cereals, vegetables, and live stock sufficient for the support of the entire present population of the globe. This vast area of fertile, and as yet almost unutilized, land is the foundation upon which the American people must build for the continuance of their prosperity for at least a century to come. Properly utilized, it may solve many perplexing problems. It will relieve the congestion of the cities, provide an outlet for superabundant capital, and afford opportunities for the enterprising and discontented for decades. It contains the richest mineral deposits, the greatest forest resources, the most fertile soil, and the most genial and salubrious climate, on this continent. What its development and exploitation would mean to the transportation, manufacturing, mercantile, financial, and labor interests of the nation cannot be even dimly foreshadowed. It would furnish a stimulus

that would be felt not merely in the great centers of population and industry, out in the remotest hamlet and on the most isolated farm in the republic.

The United States Department of Agriculture, the governments of the various States in which vacant public lands are located, and the great trans-continental railroads owning land grants, have awakened to a realization of the importance of "dry farming," or scientific soil culture, which means more to the people of the United States than do all of the costly irrigation projects now under way or projected for the future.

Estimates of the amount of land that can be reclaimed by irrigation vary all the way from 50,000,000 acres up to 125,000,000 acres, with the weight of authoritative opinion decidedly favoring the lower figure. Yet if one per cent. of the money now being expended for irrigation works were made available for the education of the people who ought to be interested in dry farming, it is probable that five hundred million acres of land—perhaps more than that—could be reclaimed from its present unproductive and comparatively worthless state just as rapidly as settlers, whether native-born, or immigrants from foreign countries, could be taken to it.

It has been demonstrated on half a score of experiment stations, on as many more model farms maintained by Western railroads, and on hundreds of private farms, that all that is necessary on the plains and in the inter-mountain parks and valleys is intelligently to make the most of the rains and snows that fall in order to grow as good crops as can be raised anywhere. In other words, farming methods must be adapted to natural conditions. This seems so simple and self-evident that the only wonder is that men have been so very slow in finding it out. It ought not to be hard to believe that lands that produce the rich buffalo and grama-grasses of the plains without cultivation, can be made to produce crops still more valuable with cultivation adapted to the soil and climate. Carrying the same argument a little further, there are many who believe that wherever sage-brush, cactus-plants, yucca, Spanish bayonet, and greasewood

will grow, plants of economic value may be made to grow, also.

However, what the National Department of Agriculture, the various State governments, and the great railroad corporations have at last been made to see, has been demonstrated every season for twenty consecutive years by Mr. H. W. Campbell of Lincoln, Nebraska, the pioneer "dry farmer" of Arid America. In scores of places from the James River to the Arkansas he has been uniformly successful in producing without irrigation the same results that are expected with irrigation, with comparatively little additional expense, but not without a great deal more watchfulness and labor. What Western people have become accustomed to calling the "Campbell system of dry farming" consists simply in the exercise of intelligence, care, patience, and tireless industry. It differs in details from the "good-farming" methods practised and taught at the various agricultural experiment stations; but the underlying principles are the same.

These principles are two in number. First, to keep the surface of the land under cultivation loose and finely pulverized. This forms a soil mulch that permits the rains and melting snows to percolate readily through to the compacted soil beneath; and that at the same time prevents the moisture stored in the ground from being brought to the surface by capillary attraction, to be absorbed by the hot, dry air. The second is to keep the sub-soil finely pulverized and firmly compacted, increasing its water-holding capacity and its capillary attraction, and placing it in the best possible physical condition for the germination of seed and the development of plant roots. The "dry farmer" thus stores water not in dams and artificial reservoirs, but right where it can be reached by the roots of growing crops.

Through these principles, a rainfall of twelve inches can be conserved so effectively that it will produce better results than are usually expected of an annual precipitation of twenty-four inches in humid America. The discoverer and demonstrator of these principles deserves to rank among the greatest of national benefactors. He has not merely made two blades of grass grow where only



one grew before, but he has made it possible to cover with wheat and corn, alfalfa and other useful crops, tens of thousands of square miles of fertile land on which nothing but sage-brush, cacti, Kansas sunflowers, and bunch-grass are now found.

Water moves in the soil by capillary attraction—up as readily as down. To prevent it from rising to the surface after it has been stored beneath is the primary object of the loose soil mulch, composing the top two inches of soil. This answers the purpose of a lid on the natural reservoir, preventing the moisture from rising to the surface and thus evaporating in the hot, dry atmosphere. At the same time, this soil mulch forms an open, porous bed upon which the rains and snows fall, permitting the moisture to percolate readily through into the compacted ground beneath. Special agricultural implements have been designed and brought into use for packing the sub-soil and for stirring and pulverizing the surface, but a detailed description of these would be aside from the purposes of this article.

Dry farming is essentially scientific farming, and for that reason the term used by Mr. Campbell, "scientific soil culture," is, perhaps more truly descriptive than the popular term. Nevertheless, its principles can be, and are, applied just as successfully by men who have little of the education of the schools as they are by college graduates. However, no farmer in the arid belt need hope for even moderate success without unceasing and tireless diligence. The remark once made of the lands of the Dakotas, "tickle them with a hoe, and they will laugh with a harvest," is very misleading. It is true that in the Dakotas, and elsewhere as well, great bonanza wheat-farms are operated at a profit, with no other cultivation than the preliminary preparation of the soil, consisting of shallow plowing and harrowing. Sometimes even the harrowing is dispensed with. These huge wheat-farms rarely yield a crop of more than from ten to fourteen bushels to the acre; and operations, to be profitable, must be conducted on an enormous scale. If, instead of merely "tickling" the lands, the owners of the bonanza farms were to

cultivate them thoroughly, they would be rewarded with a harvest fourfold as great.

After the land has been deeply plowed, the under-soil packed by the sub-soil packer, and the surface harrowed and pulverized, a full year should elapse before the first crop is planted, in order to obtain the best results. This season is needed for the collecting and storing of water. In the winter and early spring, heavy snows cover the ground. When these melt in the spring, instead of draining off the surface or evaporating, as they have done for ages, they sink into the reservoir prepared for their reception. As soon as the surface is dry enough, the ground is harrowed over again and again, to place the soil mulch in proper condition. This is repeated after each rain until seeding time arrives. The seed is then drilled in just deep enough to place it below the soil mulch in the moist, compacted soil beneath, causing germination in the quickest possible time.

After planting, the dry farmer does not trust to luck and Providence to do the rest, and blame it all on the weather if the final result is failure; but he continues to harrow over the ground after each rainfall until the growing crop is too far advanced to permit of this without causing its destruction. By that time it covers the ground fairly well, protecting it to some extent from the sun and hot winds, and making the constant loosening of the soil mulch less imperative.

No sooner is the crop harvested than preparation begins for the next seeding. The plow follows close behind the harvester, cutting a furrow seven inches deep. Behind the plow follows the sub-soil packer, similar in shape to a disk-harrow, but having ten sharp wheels that cut deeply into the plowed ground and press the soil firmly together. The packer is drawn very slowly, but all ground plowed is packed and harrowed before work is stopped for dinner or for the night's rest. No matter how long a time must elapse before the planting of the next crop, the ground is harrowed over after every rain, but never when it is dry. Through winter and summer this persistent and untiring stirring of the soil mulch is continued, whether any-



SORGHUM, THE NEVER-FAILING ROUGHAGE CROP OF THE PLAINS  
GROWN BY THE DRY-FARMING METHOD

thing be planted or not. The dry farmer, therefore, knows no season of rest or idleness. He knows that eternal diligence is the price he must pay for good crops. He not only believes, but practices, "the gospel of work," and richly deserves the ample rewards that are surely his.

It has been thoroughly demonstrated that rational dry-farming methods, as above outlined, will produce from three to five times the results of ordinary farming methods on the same lands. In the sub-humid belt between the ninety-seventh and the one-hundredth meridians, the additional labor and expense amount to about twenty-five per cent. West of the one-hundredth meridian, twice the usual amount of labor is necessary. This is partly offset by a saving of more than two thirds of the seed, and is richly compensated for by an increase in the harvest amounting to from 200 to 400 per cent. The ordinary farmer on the plains sows forty quarts of wheat to the acre, and threshes anywhere from nothing at all up to twenty bushels. The average crop grown in Kansas for the last fourteen years has been thirteen bushels to the acre, and fifteen bushels to the acre was

the highest average for the State in any year in that time. The farmers who follow the Campbell system sow only twelve quarts to the acre, and never fail to harvest from thirty-five to fifty-six bushels. Last year the third largest crop ever produced in Kansas was cut. It averaged twelve and three quarters bushels, aggregating 75,576,867 bushels, grown on 5,854,047 acres of land. The average crop grown in the State by users of dry-farming methods was thirty-seven bushels to the acre. If this average had been maintained throughout the State, the Kansas crop for 1905 would have amounted to 216,599,739 bushels.

The average annual precipitation between the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains and the Kansas-Nebraska line is 14.93 inches. In this arid region, in which long experience has proved ordinary agricultural methods to be unprofitable, there is a margin of almost three inches over the requirements for the successful following of dry-farming methods; and Julesburg, Limon, and many other flourishing agricultural communities are living witnesses of the efficacy of the Campbell system. While an annual rainfall of twelve inches is sufficient

to bring to maturity any ordinary farm crop, there are many special crops that can be grown with a good margin of profit with an average annual rainfall of less than ten inches. Experiments are now in progress for the development of varieties of wheat, alfalfa, and corn possessing greater drought-resistant qualities than any now known. Enough progress has been made along this line to prove the entire practicability of developing such varieties, and there are those who do not hesitate to say that the time is not far in the future when it will be possible to grow crops of economic importance wherever natural vegetation of any kind flourishes. Of course to produce, or create, varieties of ordinary crop plants that will flourish under arid conditions will require years of careful cultivation and selection with regard to drought-resisting qualities. That such experiments will ultimately be crowned with perfect success is surely no unreasonable expectation, in view of the miracles that have been performed by Luther Burbank and others with plant life in other fields of investigation.

While the methods used in dry farming were evolved from the experience of private persons, without aid or encouragement from official sources, yet within the last few years the Department of Agriculture has made a contribution of inestimable importance to the dry-farming movement by making a systematic and successful search for crop plants particularly adapted to cultivation in arid and semi-arid regions. In this work and in the general investigation of improved methods of farming in arid America, it has been, and is now being, ably seconded by the various State agricultural schools throughout the West. While practical dry farmers have proved by their own experience on hundreds of different farms that all the ordinary cereals, forage plants, fruits, berries, and vegetables will flourish and richly reward the agriculturist in the arid belt, if given sufficient care and attention, the Department of Agriculture and the various State agricultural schools have shown that certain valuable crops can be raised with much less labor than others, and that some will flourish better without irrigation in some parts of arid America

than they will flourish in any part of humid America.

Work on these lines is in progress and is far from being complete; but among the crops proved to be particularly adapted to cultivation on the high, dry plains are dwarf Milo maize, Turkestan alfalfa, Kaffir corn, proso, emmer, Swedish oats, beardless barley, native white-stem grass, and several other native grasses. More important than any of these, however, is durum, or macaroni, wheat. The first crop of this of commercial importance grown in the United States was harvested in 1901, and amounted to 100,000 bushels. Last year the crop exceeded 15,000,000 bushels. It will not thrive in humid regions, requiring for its most perfect development a dry climate and a semi-arid land. The variety best adapted to cultivation on the American plains is Kubanka durum, native to the great plains of Russia north of the Sea of Azov, where the climatic conditions existing in eastern Colorado and western Kansas and Nebraska are almost exactly reproduced. Experiments conducted by the Colorado State Agricultural College last year, at Littleton, in El Paso County, resulted in an average yield of forty-seven bushels to the acre, without irrigation. At Fort Collins near-by, a small irrigated field yielded forty-five bushels to the acre, but of a quality very inferior to that grown on non-irrigated land. Exhaustive tests have shown that for all baking purposes this wheat is superior to any of the ordinary varieties of winter and spring wheat grown in this country; and laboratory tests have proved that it contains a higher percentage of both sugar and gluten than do the common varieties, making it more palatable and more easily digested. Durum is widely grown in Europe for the manufacture of macaroni and like products. Nearly 2,500,000 pounds of the manufactured products and a considerable quantity of the wheat and flour are imported into this country every year, for the reason that the common varieties grown in America make very inferior macaroni, vermicelli, and spaghetti. It is probable that imports of these products, and of wheat and flour for their manufacture, will show a very rapid decline, and will soon cease altogether. For a time the milling interests





SORGHUM, SUGAR BEETS, AND POTATOES GROWN ON THE PLAINS, WITHOUT IRRIGATION, BY THE DRY-FARMING METHOD

opposed the general planting of durum wheat, asserting that its hardness would make necessary costly changes in their machinery and methods. However, in the face of a rapidly increasing annual crop of durum wheat, these objections have virtually ceased to be heard. Its general cultivation will be attended with so many advantages that the milling interests will have to adapt themselves to it; and its prolific qualities and suitability to lands that are now waste make it advisable to raise it, even if it should have to be marketed at lower prices than those prevailing for less hardy varieties. The average crop of durum throughout the West last year was forty bushels to the acre. As its cultivation becomes more general, it is probable that the center of the American wheat-belt will be moved at least two hundred miles farther West.

Hundreds of striking instances of successful farming by the methods of the Campbell system of soil culture might be cited; but a very few examples showing the growth of the idea will suffice.

Twenty years ago, Mr. J. P. Pomeroy, now of Colorado Springs, acquired 30,000 acres of land in Graham County, western Kansas, and founded Hill City almost in the center of the tract. For fourteen years portions of this land were

cultivated by old-fashioned methods. In all that time only one good crop was harvested, that being in a season when the rainfall was abnormally large. He had heard of Mr. Campbell and his system of dry farming, and sent for him, telling him to go ahead and show just what he could do on land on which profitable farming by ordinary methods had been proved to be impossible. Mr. Campbell laid out a model farm on the very land that had been tried often with discouraging results. Last season the sixth successive crop was harvested. In the fourteen years in which old-fashioned methods were followed, thirteen failures were scored. In the six years in which the Campbell system has been on trial on the same lands, a crop failure has been unknown. The smallest yield of wheat per acre in that time has been thirty-five bushels, while farmers close by have never obtained more than thirteen bushels per acre, and very rarely even that. The yield of corn, oats, potatoes, alfalfa, berries, small fruits, and vegetables is equal to that obtained from the best of the irrigated farms around Greeley, Fort Collins, Grand Junction, and other parts of Colorado "under the ditch." A six-year-old orchard is in prime condition, the trees being as large as eight-year-old trees in the famous

fruit-growing district of Palisades. A more complete vindication of all the claims made by advocates of the practicability of farming on the plains without irrigation could not well be imagined.

About a year ago, the members of the Young Men's Club of Cheyenne, Wyoming, listened to the reading of a paper on the subject of dry farming by State Engineer Clarence J. Johnston. A project was at once set on foot for the opening of a demonstration farm on waste lands near the city, supposed to be entirely worthless without irrigation. This farm was put in charge of Mr. F. C. Herrman of the Irrigation and Drainage Bureau of the United States Department of Agriculture. Last season record-breaking crops of corn, potatoes, peas, oats, and garden vegetables were grown on those "waste" lands. Winter wheat, rye, alfalfa, and barley were also sown. Within ten days the grain was ten inches high, covering with a perfect carpet of green the land that had been considered incapable of raising anything.

At this writing all these crops promise a more abundant yield than will be obtained from the irrigated lands of the same neighborhood; and, unless hail or some unforeseen cause works havoc, a great impetus will be given to the cause of dry farming throughout Wyoming and adjacent States. In the work of this demonstration farm, the Board of Trade of Cheyenne, the State and National governments, and the great railroads, are all coöperating, in order to determine just what can be done by scientific soil culture to improve agricultural conditions on the arid and unproductive lands of Wyoming. A full description of the methods used and the results obtained will be published in pamphlet form, and will be distributed broadcast throughout the West. During the present year, exhaustive tests of dry farming will be made at this place with corn, potatoes, durum wheat, field peas, sugar beets, brome-grass, beardless barley, and a large variety of forage plants, cereals, and vegetables. So promising has the experiment so far proved that one hundred farmers of the neighborhood are now trying dry-farming methods under the direction of the superintendent of the demonstration farm.

Near Julesburg, Sedgwick County, in northeastern Colorado, dry farming is practised more generally than in any other portion of the West, with highly gratifying results. The average crops reported last year by the farmers of that region without irrigation were: wheat, thirty-five bushels to the acre; corn, fifty bushels; potatoes, 200 bushels; rye, thirty bushels; oats, sixty-five bushels, millet, two tons; and cane for forage, five tons. As a result of this showing, many of the farmers of the neighborhood who have been irrigating their lands have sold or given up their water-rights and abandoned the use of the ditch entirely. A similar movement has been begun at Fort Collins, some of the farmers who tried both methods last season finding that dry farming yielded larger returns than they were able to obtain in adjoining fields by the use of irrigation. However, action of this kind is at present ill-judged and premature, and is discouraged rather than countenanced by the true friends of dry farming. No doubt irrigation is the best, safest, and most economical treatment for lands on which irrigation is practicable. It is to the millions of acres of arid land that can never be irrigated because there is not water enough that dry farming comes as a messenger of hope.

There is nothing inimical to irrigation in the dry-farming movement. Each has a wide field before it. In many regions it is probable that a combination of irrigation and dry-farming methods will be found desirable. By an economical use of the water stored in reservoirs, in accordance with dry-farming principles, and by conserving the rains and snows that fall in the soil as taught by the advocates of dry farming, and drawing upon the irrigating ditches only to supply the deficiency, it is possible that irrigation reservoirs may be able to supply double or treble the acreage they can serve by the present wasteful methods, and that great stretches of territory in which the rainfall is too small to allow the successful application of dry-farming methods alone may be covered with waving grain fields.

Last autumn the little settlement of Limon, situated on the dry plains of Lincoln County, Colorado, leaped into wide-



WHEAT ON THE HIGH PRAIRIE, EASTERN COLORADO, GROWN WITHOUT IRRIGATION, BY THE DRY-FARMING METHOD

spread prominence on account of the surprising exhibit of agricultural products made at the second annual harvest festival of the Eastern Colorado Fair Association. The surrounding country is far from the possibility of irrigation, and its agricultural future depends absolutely upon the success of dry-farming methods. The exhibits of garden vegetables, cereals, and forage crops were equal to any made at any county fair in the country, and were amply sufficient to silence the critics who have long claimed that eastern Colorado never can become a prosperous farming country. A twenty-pound squash, a thirty-five-pound head of cabbage, and an eight-pound sugar beet were among the prize-winners; as also were specimens of potatoes that yielded 200 bushels to the acre, of winter wheat that yielded thirty-five bushels to the acre, of corn that yielded forty bushels to the acre, of rye that yielded twenty-five bushels to the acre, and of Milo maize that yielded ten tons to the acre. That diversified farming is possible without irrigation in this district was well proved by exhibits, in addition to the above, of watermelons, tomatoes, apples, turnips, carrots, red beets, radishes, pumpkins, squash, onions, Kaffir corn, sorghum, brome-grass, timothy, and many other productions of the field, garden, and orchard.

At the experimental sub-station of the

Nebraska State Agricultural College, located at North Platte, highly satisfactory results have been obtained, under the management of Superintendent W. P. Snyder. He has proved not only that as good crops can be grown on those parched and wind-swept lands as in the irrigated valleys, but also that perhaps the most profitable way of utilizing those crops is in the raising and fattening of hogs and cattle. The extension of dry farming, therefore, will not mean the extinction of the great stock-raising industry of the Western public-land States, but it will mean its continued growth, with the distribution of the profits among many thousands of small farmers, instead of among the comparatively small number of wealthy and arrogant cattle-owners. When the arid lands have been reclaimed, they will support many times the number of cattle that now graze upon them, although the open range will no longer exist, and the great cattle-ranches that now cover areas as large as Eastern counties will be cut up into multitudes of small farms. At the North Platte agricultural sub-station, brome-grass, Kaffir corn, Kherson oats, emmer, and cane yield abundantly, and alfalfa is considered one of the most profitable of all crops. Durum wheat is there shown to yield three times as much per acre as the common varieties. An attempt is now being made to develop a winter variety of



durum. If this is accomplished, Western wheat-growers will have nothing to fear from the competition of Canadian or Argentine harvest-fields.

At the Fort Hays experimental substation of the Kansas State Agricultural College, four cuttings of alfalfa were obtained without irrigation last year; and, although corn is regarded as particularly unsuited to that locality, yet last year's crop averaged forty-five bushels to the acre. At this station it has also been demonstrated that sugar beets can be grown as successfully and as profitably in arid as in irrigated lands. The yield in tons per acre is smaller, but this is fully compensated for by the greater sugar contents. Apples, peaches, pears, plums, cherries, and a great variety of forest trees thrive upon the simplest application of dry-farming principles on these plain lands, which are naturally treeless and devoid of other vegetation than bunch-grass and sage-brush.

The most surprising thing connected with the subject of dry farming is the unwillingness of the average Western farmer to give it a fair trial. It would naturally be supposed that men whose utmost labors barely suffice to wrest a livelihood from the parched and unwilling acres they own would be eager to adopt any method that gave promise of better results, or at least to imitate the methods of their neighbors, who, with no better land, yet obtain results many times greater.

Before the Pomeroy model farm was started at Hill City it was advertised for six weeks that Mr. Campbell would explain his methods of soil culture at a free public meeting in the court-house. The hall was crowded with farmers, some of whom traveled for many miles in order to attend. Of the whole assemblage, only two adopted the lecturer's recommendations. These have been fully as successful as he has been, raising good crops every year. The others listened, shook their heads, and went their way unconvinced. They still cling to old-fashioned methods, such as have wrecked tens of thousands of farmers in every locality between central Kansas and California, and have never yet given satisfactory results west of the Missouri River.

As a class, farmers are the most conservative men in the world. Most of those who left Eastern farms to build new homes in the Western land of promise argue that the methods their fathers and grandfathers employed must necessarily be the best methods, regardless of conditions that differ as widely as the antipodes. Full of bigotry and prejudice, they set their faces like flint against what they term "new-fangled notions." A good many of them, it is to be feared, shrink from the unceasing toil and unremitting watchfulness demanded by the new system. In any event, it has been observed that those who have been in the West for many years can only rarely be persuaded to give dry farming a fair trial. They will not even read dry-farming literature, or visit a model farm or an agricultural experiment station to inspect the results attained by rational methods.

Newcomers in the West, however, are nearly always willing to learn and profit by the experience of others, and the younger element among the farmers hail dry farming as the dawning of a new era. It is the young men that have given to scientific soil culture the impetus it has received at Cheyenne, Julesburg, Limon, and other places. It is the young men, also, that are responsible for the aggressive campaign being conducted by the Campbell Dry-Farming Association, organized last October, with headquarters in Denver. Its object is to spread the dry-farming propaganda until every acre of arable land throughout the great West is tilled to the utmost limit of its productiveness; and its membership includes hundreds of successful dry farmers in Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, Texas, Wyoming, Utah, New Mexico, Arizona, and other States.

The cynical have often remarked that the price at which land could be bought on the plains was gaged by the ability of the owner to pay taxes. Many thousands of acres have changed hands at one dollar, or even less, per acre, because the owners thought it better to take a little than to lose all. Less than two years ago, many sales were reported as low as \$3 and \$3.50 an acre. Last year prices ranged from \$5 an acre to \$7.50, and even up to \$10 and \$12; and the



A WHEAT-FIELD ON A "DRY FARM," AT HALDREDGE, NEBRASKA, WHICH HARVESTED FIFTY-FIVE BUSHELS TO THE ACRE

President of the Colorado State Commercial Association is on record with the prediction that in a short time no land in eastern Colorado within a reasonable distance of railroad transportation can be bought for less than \$25 an acre. This revolution in land values is due mainly to the activity of men who have been watching the results of experiments in dry farming. Some have bought for speculation, some for cattle and sheep ranches, but more than all for active farming. One company has bought 300,000 acres of arid land in the Panhandle of Texas, and 80,000 acres more in eastern Colorado, to be subdivided into small farms and sold to those willing to cultivate by the Campbell system.

Western Kansas and Nebraska and eastern Colorado are known all over America as forming one of the most desolate and God-forsaken regions on the continent. Abandoned for the most part to Occident ants and prairie dogs, whose low mounds dot the plains for hundreds of miles, being, in fact, almost the only objects that break the monotony of the view over thousands of square miles of territory. The ill repute of this great region is largely traceable to the thousands of men who rushed thither with true American impulsiveness and lack of

foresight seventeen or eighteen years ago. The glowing reports of land agents and town-site promoters had inspired dreams of easily gotten wealth in the world-old virgin soil, in men unprepared for hardship, ignorant of the conditions that were to confront them, and knowing nothing of the only methods that would have made successful farming possible. Their haphazard and misdirected efforts in lands where the heavens so stingily measure out their moisture brought scant and insufficient returns, and most of these early pioneers on the plains sacrificed their invested capital and sought other fields of endeavor. These men forever cursed Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado, and their deserted farms were again given over to sage-brush, cacti, and rabbit-grass. It now seems as if the history of the prairie lands a thousand miles farther east was about to be paralleled. Forty years ago it was commonly believed that the prairies of Iowa, Missouri, and Illinois were irreclaimable wastes, where nothing but poverty and starvation awaited the settler. Just as these lands yielded in time to the plow and harvester, so will the inexhaustible soil of the Great Plains richly reward the toil of those who adapt farming methods to natural conditions.



# THE FUNERAL OF RAT BROOKS

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS

WITH PICTURES BY DENMAN FINK



AT 's done owned up, Aunt Lundy! He 's done owned up!" 'Cindy Lomax's black face radiated excitement as on her homeward rush she paused a moment by the spring where the old negress was wringing out her "white folks' clothes." The clothes fell back into the wash-tub, and the old woman straightened up with a jerk that shook twenty years from her curves and angles.

"Hush!"

"Done tole all erbout it!"

"Hush!"

"How he was at 'Liza Jenkins's when Bill Jenkins come in an' grabbed er pistol from de chimley—" --

"Lordy mussey on my soul!"

"Which went off when him an' Bill was wrastlin', an' kill' 'Liza!"

"Lordy mussey on my soul!"

"An' den went off ergin an' kill' Bill!"

"Lordy mussey—hush!"

"An' how de house burn' up, an' burn', an' burn' dem up!"

"Lordy mussey on my soul!"

"Yes, ma'am, he done tole ev'y fac' in de case! Said dey was goin' ter hang 'im anyhow, an' he wanted ter ease es min' an' mek es peace wid God. Said he wanted ter mek es peace wid God an' was sorry for all he done done—sorry him an' Bill done kill' 'Liza, sorry him an' Bill done kill' Bill, sorry ev'ybody done got burn' up, an' specially sorry he took an' tote off de pistol which dey cotch 'im wid; an' he wan' ter make es peace wid God now."

"De Lord have mussey on my soul!"

"Yes, ma'am! He done tole it all! 'Cause de sher'ff promise' ter let 'im have his funer'l preach' befo' dey hang 'im!

He wants ter be dere, an' see de crowd, an' hyah de singin' an' de preachin', an' enjoy essef wid es frien's long as 'e can. Hit 's ter be nex' Friday, an' I knowed you 'd all wan' ter be dere."

"Me? I 'll be dere!" 'Cindy rushed away to the right with her burden of news, Aunt Lundy to the left. The first two houses they passed sent out other runners. In an hour the whole settlement knew that Rat Brooks had "owned up." In twenty-four hours the whole county knew it. So travels, and for two hundred years has traveled, exciting news in the South. And Rat was already assured the presence of a great audience when his obituary should be preached and his departure from an outraged world should be taken.

Erasmus, better known as Rat, from his ability to get into and out of tight places, was the most remarkable of all the Brooks negroes. Son of the best of them all, Daddy Jesse (the carriage-driver and the trusted servitor of "Ole Miss," the aged owner of Rockledge), who had preceded him to the shadow-land, he acquired with equal facility and retained with equal ease the shrewdness of the era into which his race had been plunged by freedom; so that at forty he represented a new and irredeemable type of negro, one supplementing the minimum of manual labor with the maximum of mother wit. His genius in these respects, pivoted in a moral vacuum, had pointed his path through a whirlwind of experiences with smoke-houses, corn-cribs, dissolute women, sheriffs, constables, county jails, and the courageously jealous of his own race. His adventures would fill a volume, though an unmailable one; and some of his escapes were little less than marvelous.





Drawn by Denman Fink. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"JUST LOOK AT THE HANDWRITING"

No jail of his own region could hold him; no chain-gang anywhere. He had been both through and over granite walls, and he wore iron bracelets as a woman golden ones, to be laid aside at will. In jail he would be in command of the criminal colony thereof in twenty-four hours. In the convict camp he would be a trusty and the invaluable servant of the boss in a week. When he left, every track dog followed amiably as his personal friend. If he left by night, he usually came back the next day, or at least next week. But he always came back and resumed his duties quietly. He became, in the end, a distinct county institution, the one, only, indescribable, and impossible Rat. Very largely he was a joke, and no man who looked into his smiling, friendly face and heard his glib, confidential tongue could ever believe all the evil told of him.

In all these experiences Rat exhibited to a remarkable degree an intellectual power and the rarest of senses among negroes—the sense of proportion. He was always, by his own confession, “a nigger.” He was never known to offer insolence or violence to any white person. His deference to white women was a beautiful courtliness inherited from his father; and his faith and confidence in “his people,” as he called the whole Brooks family and connection, was child-like and touching. Old Miss, the supreme head of the family, stood with him as the highest expression of God’s efforts in behalf of humanity, while the name of her departed consort, the Colonel, he breathed rather than mentioned. And it was a part of the plan of this shrewd negro never to wrong or injure in any way a member of the still influential Brooks family, on whose shoulders he had ridden out of many a difficulty. The family, in fact, had spoiled Rat, accepting him half-humorously as an original, and believing, also half-seriously, that he was whiter than some of the people who painted him black.

But the psychological moment of Rat’s career approached when he wandered into a county where the Brooks family was not a power, and became involved in serious crimes. Rumors of his predicament had, it is true, drifted to his old haunts, but were not distressing to the people who heard them. One of the Brooks nephews-

in-law offered lazily, with no takers, a bet at stiff odds that Rat would be at home in ten days, and his home sheriff remarked casually that the hemp had not been planted at Manila for the rope that would hang Rat. This was about the measure of the anxiety his friends displayed.

But there was reason for more. Rat had been defended in court by a young appointed attorney who promptly had him convicted; and, no fee being involved, had carelessly permitted the time allowed for an appeal to pass.

Back to the plantation where Rat was born the vaguest of rumors as to his distress penetrated. There was a young woman here, comely, nay, beautiful, a fine horsewoman, and a delight to the eye of the village to which she came occasionally for woman’s trifles, who addressed a polite letter to the sheriff having Rat in hand, in which she inquired as to the charges preferred against Erasmus Brooks, if it were indeed true that he was under suspicion. Erasmus had been presented to her on her birthday by the late Colonel, her grandfather, then at home learning to button his collar with his left hand. The day after this notable presentation Lee had made his memorable ride to Appomattox, and the Georgia baby had been stripped of her only earthly possession—Erasmus: The war robbed the cradle in two ways.

When the distant sheriff’s reply was received, this dainty little woman indignantly declared its author unworthy of belief.

“Just look at the handwriting!” she exclaimed. “Anybody can see he is a common fellow.” If character is indeed measured in chirography, the sheriff, it must be admitted, was plainly a liar of the worst kind, and other opprobrious things besides. The sheriff, however, had laboriously told the truth to the best of his knowledge and belief, and from his heartbreaking penmanship is quoted this,

“Yes, ma’am, thar is a nigger in here name of Rat Brooks if you mean him, and he is deeply suspishened of the murder and arson of two other niggers and is to be hung next Friday.”

Before the one-time owner of Erasmus had recovered from the shock, there came a letter from Erasmus confirming the

sheriff's. This letter, written to the supreme earthly power, from the convict's standpoint, necessarily goes on record in the story of his tribulation. It is the spirit and flavor of the story, the nimbus of the great Rat himself.

To my honerd and my respectd Ole Miss, an I hope the good God will bless you for all the good she has done on erth to man. I am heah in jale to suffer for the crimes of a man I never did no harm to in my life and who kill hissef, him and me, too quick to tell the trooth. We had hole of the pistol. I was pushin the pistol aroun while hit was a shootin an hit went off and kill Liza fust an him las an he lef hit in my han to witness erginst me. I didn burn up they house, the lamp turn over an burn up him an his po wife an I was five mile an still goin when I looked back and seen the sky lit up. I was sholy scared Ole Miss an erway fum my white folks, an I most umbly asks yo fergivenes. Cum an help me Ole Miss for God sake. Evybody will bleeve you when you tell them erbout me an wont nobody bleeve me. Tell my littl Miss Alice howdy for me an her nigger is in heap er truble. I aint done no wrong Ole Miss but I oughtnt gone so far from home. An I woodnt er tuk his pistil but I was too skeerd to know I had it. Hit cums off nex Frydy Ole Miss. Yo frien an yo servant.

*Rat Brooks.*

Hit will sholy cum off nex week ef you dont cum an help me.

*Rat.*

When Mrs. Francis Brooks read this letter in the plantation home where the boyhood of the unfortunate Rat had been spent, she removed her glasses, wiped them, and let her eyes rest on the spreading field of cotton the white-plumed ranks of which had come out of the distances, and were still coming, to hurl themselves against the barricade of the orchard hedge. She did not see them or the splendor of the peacock on the crest of the gin-house rivaling the sunset he challenged glaucously. Perhaps she saw only the face of the dead friend Jesse who managed her slaves for four stormy years and spent his life to prosper hers.

Mrs. Brooks was of the South's supreme court, always feminine, wherein every gentleman is attorney or bailiff, and its code the unwritten law of a beautiful civilization. Precedent, if properly endorsed, has a value in this court, but

woman is the whole bench. Its reasoning may seem at times defective, measured by man's vulgar laws of logic, but this is of little consequence, because it always reaches the correct conclusion. Ask one of these delightful little judges in black gown and lace collar, with the gray of spent devotion on brow and head, why the conclusion is correct; and, if not surprised into silence, she will inform you that it is correct because there can be no other conclusion. And this stands without military aid, for the court lends unto, but never asks assistance of, the military. In conclusion, from a decision of this court there is no appeal. God may pardon the man the Southern woman has condemned, but he never reverses her judgment.

Mrs. Brooks handed the letter to the first member of the court that joined her. Gifted with less balance and experience, this delightful little associate in muslin and roses expressed herself in a decision so vigorous as to leave no room for argument. And soon the whole section of court adjourned to the outside and established itself behind two ancient bays in a chariot the opening doors of which always brought down a tumult of little carpeted steps; and incidentally behind a broad-backed, ebon Jehu and a livery of the assembled kind, with penance collar.

"Poor old Uncle Dan! Did you notice his face, Alice?"

"Yes, Grandmother. It reminded me—the expression, I mean—of a dog in a churn treadmill I saw at the fair."

"Still, I am glad, now, Uncle Jesse is dead. It would have been tragic driving us on such an errand."

"Yes, Grandmother." These were the only words spoken between Rockledge and town.

The court, safely in town, assembled its bar and bailiffs indiscriminately, and laid its commands on them lavishly. Old Colonel Stephens took the matter "in charge," but with expressed hopelessness as he gathered the facts. Major Simpson pledged his word of honor that no harm should come to Rat. Banker Thomas would "see about it immediately." William Ruff, Esq., advised writing at once to Major Crawford Worthington of Woodhaven, in the county that threatened Rat's earthly and possibly spiritual ca-



reer. And besides, to quote him, "the Major is an intimate friend of the Governor, who holds the pardoning power, can stay proceedings, and relieve." Out of the multiplicity of counsel there is wisdom, and wisdom is the highest form of inspiration. Mr. Ruff's suggestion was at once pronounced an inspiration, and the court adjourned for supper, tired, but almost happy, behind the penance collar and the dog-in-the-treadmill expression of countenance and the ancient bays.

"I think, Alice," said Old Miss, when the little tumble-down steps had been folded and Old Dan, with a more cheerful countenance, guided away the venerable bays, and, lifting their skirts, the ladies ascended to the portico—"I think now it is all right. To-morrow I shall write to Cousin Crawford. Possibly I might write to-night; but there is plenty of time, and the ride has fatigued me greatly. Do you think Colonel Stephens was quite courteous to us? It seemed to me he lacked—ah—well, enthusiasm."

"He did, Grandmother. Major Simpson is so hearty and encouraging! And I like Mr. Ruff. He seemed to know just what to do." And the next morning, the court, having consumed about eighteen hours of Rat's limited supply of time in consultation, indicted a letter to Cousin Crawford. This being a record letter, also, is necessary to the story:

*Major Crawford Worthington,  
Woodhaven, Ga.*

Greetings to you, my dear Cousin.

I am deeply concerned in the unfortunate condition of poor Erasmus, a son of my faithful old carriage driver Jesse, whom you, of course, remember. Erasmus has not of late led a perfectly correct life, I regret to have to say, though he should not be blamed too harshly. The necessities of his new condition have brought him into contact and association with the poor white element and this, you know, will always demoralize a negro. Besides he suffers from the influx of new ideas disseminated through Yankee teachings and sometimes, it is likely, forgets his proper position and the respect he owes to our name as well as to the memory of his faithful father. My dear Cousin, the boy is in great trouble. He is in jail in your county charged with murder and arson, which is of course a preposterous charge to bring against a Brooks negro. He is, I am sure, the victim of conspiracy or of a most remarkable accident and we must see that justice is accorded him. Erasmus it

appears, has been tried and in the absence of friends convicted and actually sentenced to be hanged; and unfortunately he has suffered the time given him to appeal in to pass, as Colonel Simpson informs me; so that now there is nothing left for us to do, but to have the Governor stop the affair and after hearing our side of it restore the boy to liberty. I know you can arrange this, my dear Cousin, without much trouble, the Governor being your personal friend and greatly indebted to you for his political success. Besides he is kin to me, Sallie Brooks in 1797 having married John Telfair, grandfather to the Governor. Please see to it at once my dear Cousin and have Erasmus sent direct to me upon his release. I think when I have had a chance to talk to him he will lead a different life.

Alice joins me in affectionate regards to you.

I shall be glad to have you mention to Isam that we always remember him pleasantly.

Faithfully and devotedly yours, my dear Cousin,

*Hannah Brooks.*

Major Worthington received this communication in his ancestral home, Woodhaven, and read it twice. Then he thundered with his stick on the porch floor, removed his plethoric left leg from the bannister, and shouted for Isam. That worthy came slowly around the corner of the house.

"Yes, sah. Heah I is, Marse Craffud."

"Where have you been, you black rascal?" All of the redoubtable Major's rhetoric is not necessary to the record.

"Des cleanin' de house knives, Marse Craffud. Anything ail you, Marse Craffud?" The little man's face broke into sympathetic curves and solicitudes. The Major's wrath grew as his questions proceeded.

"Why did n't you tell me, sir, that the negro who killed a man and woman and burned their house in this county recently was a Brooks negro? Answer, sir!"

"Well, Marse Craffud, I did n't know dat nigger was in de fambly ontel dey done sentence 'im ter be hung, an' den I was des natcherly too 'shamed of de fac' ter tell anybody."

"Get on a horse an' bring Colonel Legare here at once. Go on now! Go—on—sir!" The Major's stick went end over end through the air, but Isam had passed back and around the friendly corner.

There was an earnest legal discussion

at Woodhaven the same evening, in which Isam took part. Strange to say, without appreciation of the value of his information, he supplied the only "new evidence" to be had. He had gathered this from his race. Two men had heard Bill, the husband of the frail Eliza, state that he was on his way home to kill Rat Brooks, and that if Rat was there, and no one had removed Bill's pistol from the chimney ledge, he would surely kill him.

On this the lawyer built his hopes of a stay of proceedings, since there was a possibility that a jury might decide that the killing was not murder in the first degree. Armed with this evidence, in the form of affidavits, and with a peremptory demand from Major Worthington on His Excellency the Governor that he carefully consider the possibility of committing an act of injustice beyond human power to remedy, Colonel Legare set off for Atlanta. There were only four days to act in, and Rat's fate hung in the balance. Dire accidents threatened to dash all hopes to earth. The Governor was out of the State, but homeward bound from New York, and Georgia has no Lieutenant-Governor. There was no one in the State with power to stay the execution of Rat Brooks; nor was the Governor's act a law outside. He was due to arrive in Georgia on or about the time Rat was scheduled to depart therefrom.

A whirlwind of telegrams passed over the wires. The lawyer met the Governor and argued his case through a part of the two Carolinas. And then, after a wait in Greenville for the Columbia Limited, which had one passenger for Atlanta, while nearing the Georgia line a coal car selected one of Rat's four remaining hours in which to get off the rails ahead of the passenger train. Finally, however, the train reached Toccoa, Georgia, and every passenger, from the Governor down, looked at his watch. It was the almost unanimous verdict that, if the sheriff had been prompt, Georgia was minus one of her colored citizens.

"But sheriffs are not always prompt," said Legare, "and ours never is."

THE courage of Rat Brooks diminished with the moments of his time on earth. If not his courage, something from his wonderful mental or perhaps psychologi-

cal composition—something intangible, indefinable, and indescribable, experienced by the average man at forty-six,—it depends on how he has lived, or the father ahead of him,—something that may be referred to briefly as the  $x$  in an equation, but is better illustrated by the arrow shot upward and for one hundredth part of a second, at the limit of its flight, is seen horizontal and motionless against the sky. At this supreme moment a man is neither optimist nor pessimist: he is the balance of opposing forces.

The arrow always descends, but to some men wings are born for a long and level flight.

Rat began to sag a little when no immediate answer to his letter arrived. When he offered to tell the truth as to the dead negroes and burning house,—he had not told it at the fatal trial,—if the sheriff would let him have his funeral preached on the scaffold, he was almost dying of homesickness. The thought that he was to be done to death in the presence of strangers, with no friendly eye to meet his, no tear of sympathy to fall on his bleeding heart, overcame him. And to this must be added the fact that Rat was having his first experience with a steel cage. There was no surer way to secure a sympathetic audience than by a funeral ceremony. And what a comfort to hear once more the familiar voices lifted in song, Clarissa's shrill soprano, 'Cindy's weird contralto, the deep baritone of Wilson Henry, and the roar of Uncle Dan's bass. And if the Rev. James John Paddywink Paddyshaw Isaac Augustus Granville Haynes Alexander Brooks could be induced to conduct the funeral and lift in prayer the hill-reaching voice for which he was famous, it would rob the doomed man's departure of many terrors. He would die not as a felon, but as a hero-martyr, and enter into the joys of the faithful. People would remember forever the glory of his last appearance and the pathos of his dying words. He had been a central figure all his life; he would occupy the middle of the stage when the curtain fell.

And then the longer the ceremonies, the longer the life. Strange immortal hope! There is no such thing as complete despair.

Rat immediately proceeded to compose



Drawn by Denman Fink. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson.

"'MY PO' HEART IS POWERFUL STRAINED, BRER BROOKS'"





his speech. He would describe the cause of his downfall, and offer to the ears about him a solemn warning. He would chant and pant, and work his friends into a frenzy. He would die the admired of all men and women.

Rat overlooked one fact in his plans. The Rev. Mr. Brooks, for whose whole name there is room but once in the record, was a man of ideas and a stickler for the *Discipline*. Although he usually held the little book which contained the regulations of his profession upside down while quoting, it was none the less to him a sacred rule of action. When, in response to Rat's earnest call for spiritual assistance, the Rev. Mr. Brooks crossed the county-line and entered the jail building, Rat's temporary, if not final, dwelling on earth, he came as a doubter. He, too, was from Rockledge, and bore in his many names the memory of the people whom his mother most admired. And he knew Rat's career in all its ramifications. When the plan of the advanced funeral was outlined to him, he glared at the unfortunate convict and promptly shook his head.

"Hit ain't laid down in the *Discipline*, Brer Rat," he said, "dat er funer'l or, as de white folks say, er obitery can be preached over anybody 'ceptin' er 'remains.' An' you ain't no remains." Rat shivered, but clung to his dearly loved plan. He answered indignantly:

"Huccum—huccum I ain't no remains? Dey say er man condemn' is dead ter de worl'." The Rev. Mr. Brooks shook his head gloomily.

"All de same, man, you *ain't* no remains 'cordin' ter de *Discipline* specificatings. Ef you was, I would n' be heah 'sputin' wid you. An' ef you was er remains, you would n't be heah 'sputin' wid me. Wait tell you is er sho 'nough remains and laid erway, an' I 'll preach yo' funer'l wid pleasure. An' I 'll do *right*. Hit ain't nuthin' but' foolish cur'osity want ter mek you be dere an' tek de risk o' spoilin' my preachin'. I preach' yo' daddy's funer'l an' yo' mammy's, an dey lef' hit ter me. Dey war n't erfeard Brooks would hol' 'em up ter scorn or fail ter wrastle fer dem like Jacob at de foot of de ladder fer de blessin' o' de angel. Dey des knowed dat Brooks would spotly be dere doin' es bes': Trus' me, trus' me,

Brer Rat! Dere ain't no use in yo' bein' dere ter look on an' distrac' de congregation. Hit 's mos' onreasonable, an' I sholy is 'stonish' at you. What kinder fool you take me fer?" The Rev. Mr. Brooks grew eloquent, and roused his own resentment.

"Hit do seem to me," said Rat, gloomily, turning his suddenly saddened face away, "dat hit ain't much to ax. I ain't got much time, Brer Brooks, ter perpare fer de end. Ain't nair man come ter me yet wid de conseleration of de sperit. Ef you had er been heah, hit would er been all right, an' I would n't care so much. But heah dey is er-rushin' me right up ter de grave, feedin' de body, feedin' de body an' starvin' my poor thirsty soul. Hit do look ter me, Brer Brooks, dat what little time is lef' ought ter be my time. Ef hit ain't down in de *Discipline*, you is er big enough man to put hit dere nex' conf'rence time. Sholy, sholy ef anybody ought ter be at es own funer'l ter gain strength an' gyether conseleration f'om de prayin' an' de singin' of de good people lef' behind, hit 's de man essef. What good, what good," continued Rat—"what good is hit goin' ter do me ef you preach er funer'l atter I 'm sho 'nough dead an' gone? You might des as well fight er rock battle over me—des as well. An'," continued Rat, falling into gentleness again, "I do des so *love* ter hyah you preach, Brer Brooks. You probes me deep—you probes me deep. Dam' de *discipline*!" he exclaimed, dashing away his tears—"Hold on, Brer Brooks, hold on, my *deah* frien'!" as the Rev. Mr. Brooks arose in horror. "Dat war n't me said dat! Hit was de devil tryin' to drive you off f'om me an' let my po' soul drap down ter de fire. Set down, Brer Brooks, set down! *Lord bless de Discipline!* Dat 's me talkin' now; dat 's me er-stretchin' out my han's ter you. My po' heart is powerful strained, Brer Brooks. Looks like ef I could hear all the Laura Grove people sing an' shout an' pray, an' yo' special voice lif' up ter de th'one er grace, look like ef I could see you on yo' knees rockin' the whole congergation like a big wind in er little canebrake, hit would n' be so hard ter go!" Rat was now weeping.

The Rev. Mr. Brooks was distinctly touched by this tribute to his powers.

"Ef hit was des down in de *Discip-*

line," he said doubtingly, "an' ef you would des remember you was er remains an' ac' like er remains—"

"I sholy will," said Rat, fervently, "I sholy will! But I would des natch'ly love ter sing; hit do lif' me so."

The Rev. Mr. Brooks shook his head.

"De remains never sings at es own funer'l," he said obstinately.

"An' ef I could des shout er little, des shout er little!"

"De remains *can't* shout. No, sah! Ef I preach dat funer'l,—an' I mus' see Ole Miss fus,—you mus' lay back up dere in yo' chair wid er blank face and shet eyes—you *can* wear er smile, Brer Rat, des er little de-Lord-is-my-shepherd smile an' look happy; but ef yo' mouth opens in er grin—"

"Who--me?"

"An' ef you shout 'Amen!' you goin' ter spile yo' funer'l, 'cause er talking remains would natcherly stampede any crowd."

"Is dey goin' ter talk erbout me, Brer Brooks?"

"Sholy. Who dey goin' ter talk erbout ef hit ain't you? Fus one and den erner is goin' ter talk erbout you."

"I ain't goin' ter stan' no lies on me, Brer Brooks; I ain't goin' ter stan' 'em!" A glitter lighted Rat's eye.

"Dere 's goin' ter be lots er lies, Brer Rat, but dey 'll all be on yo' side. Folks is good ter de dead, Brer Rat. Dey 'll tell er live man ter his back he 's er devil an' ought ter be hung; but when he is er remains—man, dey will look him in de face an' say 'Erner angel gone ter glory!' Hit 's de way er de worl'. You goin' ter be er angel in dat crowd, Brer Rat. Hit 's cheap and don't hurt nobody."

"What *you* goin' ter say erbout me, Brer Brooks?"

"Dunno, dunno. I des goin' ter let er sperit lead me."

"Which one, Brer Brooks?"

"De fus one comes erlong, Brer Rat. De one git's dere fus is gen'ly 'titled ter de remains."

"Brer Brooks, hit 's on my min' ter say hit was me broke in de chicken house an' got fo' er yo' hens. An' I 'm truly sorry."

"You ain't tellin' me no news—'ceptin' I did n't know tell des now you was sorry. What you sorry erbout? 'Cause you lef' two?"

"Do de bes' yer can fer me, Brer Brooks. I can't pay you fer dem hens; but dey war n't much, nohow. Dey was put tergether wid rivets an' tied wid fiddle-strings."

"Dey was young hens," said the Rev. Mr. Brooks, indignantly.

"Was dey? Den de cookin' sp'iled 'em. Did n' do me no good. Dey not only lay heavy on my po' sinful soul, but day lebby on my po' weak stomach. But ef I happen ter git loose an' out er heah, I 'll sholy fetch yer back eight fer de fo' I tuk."

"You ain't goin' ter git loose; an' ef you did, I 'd cook de res' o' my hens de nex' day an' not 'spec' you ter bring me none." The Rev. Mr. Brooks was angry. "I 'm goin' now to Ole Miss, an' ef she p'int's de way, I 'm er-goin' ter sen' you word. An' ef I preach, I 'm goin' ter preach dat funer'l wid de bark on if you so much as bat yo' eyes at me ergin, nigger! Don't you do hit, don't you do hit! Hit 'pends on what kind er remains you is as ter what kind er funer'l you git. Ef you is er loud, onruly, rookus remains, hit 's goin' ter be er loud, onruly, rookus funer'l. An' ef you is er lamblike, trancy kind er remains, what looks like hit has been pluralized by de sperit of righteousness, an' would druther not come back, dere ain't no limit ter what I 'm goin' ter do fer you. But don't exaggerate me, don't exaggerate me when de time comes! I cyan't tek nuthin' f'om no *man*, much less er low-down remains, dead or no dead." Brer Brooks pocketed his *Discipline* and took up his hat.

"I sholy did n' mean nuthin' erbout dem hens, Brer Brooks," said Rat, feeling the chill in the air, "I sholy did n't. I reckon de same ole devil mus' er put dem words in my mouf, too."

"Don't talk ter me erbout hens no more, nigger! Ef you does, you goin' ter have dat funer'l all by yo'self, an' no preachin'!" The Rev. Mr. Brooks adjourned fiercely across the county-line and laid the case before Ole Miss.

The day selected for the last public appearance of Erasmus Brooks dawned with cloudless skies. Providence had inverted a sapphire cup over the grewsome preparations for his departure, and mocking-birds were specially merry. The fame and the ill fame of the unwilling



hero of the impending tragedy, and his threatened fate, had penetrated every part of two counties. His own race promptly turned the day into a holiday. Every morning train unloaded its hosts near to the scaffold. Farming operations were suspended that farm animals might draw laborers to the scene.

When Rat, escorted by sheriff and deputy, ascended the scaffold and gazed about him, there were no vacant spaces in the ranks of his friends and acquaintances, and an army of strangers gazed on him breathlessly. If the assembling of this multitude was an honor, Rat's bosom should have filled with pride. He was certainly exalted, and could with great difficulty be restrained from breaking into song. The Rev. Mr. Brooks, *Discipline* in hand, cautioned and threatened him into silence. The solemnity of the occasion had somewhat quieted the preacher himself.

"Remember, Brer Rat," he said, "you es des er remains. You *mus'* berhave yo'-sef' an' don't disturb dis special meetin' called to honor you as er remains! Hit would be ondecent for you ter start er rookus at dis time. Ev'ybody heah is yo' frien', my brother. Leave hit ter me an' de sher'ff," Rat gasped, cast his eyes toward the long county road leading down from the hill, and sank into his seat.

"My frien's," said the preacher, gazing out over the concourse through his horn-rimmed glasses, "hit is contrary to de *Discipline* ter preach any man's funer'l an' him not dead, but our po' frien' heah is in need of savin' grace; an', onreasonable as hit is, he wants yo' touch an' blessin'. He is, 'cordin' to de *Discipline*, when dis funer'l starts, er remains, an' derfo' I hope you will all take off yo' hats an' remember de man is sholy dead. An' ef de po' mortal man essef' breaks de bonds an' so far fergits essef' as ter interrupt de services, you will spotly excuse him, fer he is in er mighty tight place even fer er remains—"

"Pray fer me, brothers, pray fer me, sisters!" shouted Rat, struggling to rise.

"Dere he goes, dere he goes!" said Brooks, without looking back. "Ev'ybody sing tell he cools off! An' sing dat good ole hymn,

Sister Annie, Sister Hannah—" A shrill voice began the good old hymn, and found instant support in a thousand other voices. High above all soared the melodious baritone of Rat Brooks, although the Rev. Mr. Brooks made earnest efforts to stop him and shook the *Discipline* in his face. Rat was somewhat subdued when the hymn ended, and the Rev. Mr. Brooks addressed the audience.

"My frien's," he said, "you have come to the remains of er man you all know, some fer bad an' some fer good. He was er good man in his way. He had *his* way, an' hit war n't our way. Hit was his way, an' we ain't heah ter jedge 'im. Ef we was ter jedge, we 'd say es way was mos'ly wrong, but de good musseyful Lord is de jedge. Ole Miss says he was er good man gone wrong, an' she knows. I ain't 'sputin' her judgment, my frien's, but I don't see how er man can be er good man an' commit arson on er house an' two mo' niggers. He was sorry fer hit, my frien's. Ef we do wrong, the way is as broad er-comin' back as hit was er-goin', an' maybe we is er-meetin' Brer Rat on de way back."

"I 'm er-comin' back!" shouted Rat.

"He 's er-comin' back, my dear frien's—comin' back. He means his po' soul is er-comin' back, fer hit ain't down in de *Discipline* dat er remains ever comes back; an' we give his po' soul the right han' o' fellowship. He 's er-comin' back. Oh, hit 's a great word, dat coming back! You an' me have gone wrong, we all go wrong; but we come back, we come back! Stretch out yo' han' an' bless de soul what comes back!" The Rev. Mr. Brooks was panting now.

"Ef he 's comin' back," exclaimed a voice in the crowd, "I 'm goin' home an' lock up; I sho is!" But the crowd was with the preacher, and shouted sympathetic responses as he continued.

"He war n't no bad man at de start. He ain't never bite de han' what fed him. De Brooks, de Lanes, de Reese's, de Paddywinks, de Haynes, de Paddyshaws, all tell you dat. He was faithful an' stood by es people."

"I stan' by my people! Ask Ole Miss, ask Ole Miss!" The Rev. Mr. Brooks shook his head and turned to the excited and almost frenzied Rat.

"Brer Rat," he said, dropping his

Is dere any of de ole sheep los' ternight?

voice, "you is er remains. Hit ain't in de Discipline—"

"I stan' by my people!"

"Yes, you *did* stan' by 'em, my chile; but at dis special time you is erbleege' to lay low. Hit 's ondecient. Hol' 'im, Mr. Sher'ff; hol' 'im down!" The sheriff succeeded.

"De man dat Ole Miss backs is er good man somewhar, my frien's—er good man somewhar. An' she backs dis po' onery nigger. Ole Miss says he 's wild, but dere ain't no harm in 'im. Dat is spotly what she says. An' ef Ole Miss says hit, she knows. Heah is er nigger dere war n't no harm in, an' dere ain't none now. He is er harmless remains. I 'm doin' my ve'y bes' fer 'im, an' I wish hit was better, but I mus' not er known 'im like Ole Miss did."

Here a voice raised the hymn,

I went down the valley to pray,  
Studying about that good old way;  
I'm going to wear that starry crown,  
The Lord 's done show'd me the way.

The thousand voices again took up the melody. Rat and the Reverend Mr. Brooks engaged in an animated argument. Rat wanted to address the crowd, but the preacher objected fiercely, and carried his point. His final words forced themselves over the echoes of the concluding tones of the hymn.

"No, sah, you cyan't talk to my congregation! Git back whar you b'long, nigger, git back whar you b'long! Ef I got to argify an' 'spute on de stan' wid er remains, I 'm goin' ter start de soxdolyger an' tell de sher'ff de funer'l is done, an' buryin' comes nex'! Ef you want ter hyah de balance of dese heah seermonies, you got ter keep still. I 'm talkin' ter yer!" The situation appealed to Rat, and, while he waited, the Rev. Mr. Brooks concluded his remarks. He did for Rat nobly, on the authority of Ole Miss, and offered a most fervent prayer in his behalf—so fervent that a tumult arose in the excited crowd and the sheriff uneasily searched the faces of his supporting deputies. The climax came when, rising, he announced that a certain hymn would be sung, and during the fourth verse the ceremonies would be concluded and everybody would please take off their hats.

"Sing de whole hymn, Brer Brooks—

sing hit all!" said Rat, earnestly. "I does love dat hymn. Sing hit all, my dear frien's!" he shouted to the crowd.

"Sing hit thoo, my frien's," said the preacher; "hit 's de hymn he loves bes' of all."

During the singing Rat suddenly stood up and shouted. He had watched the long road that led over the hill and came down to the crowd, his restless eyes returning there from each diversion. As he shouted, a man came along this road, waving his hat and urging his horse to the utmost speed. Then the hat fell from his hand, which suddenly was thrust upward, and five sharp pistol-shots followed in quick succession.

"Wait fer 'im! Wait fer 'im!" yelled the excited negro, who now stood in his own chair, with both hands lifted high over head. "Ole Miss! Ole Miss! Ole Miss!" Tears streamed from his eyes, and his voice died out in sobs. Through the lane opened for him the horseman dashed to the foot of the scaffold and placed a paper in the sheriff's hand. The silence of death fell on the great crowd as the officer opened it. Then he read, and, gazing into the black faces, he said: "The prisoner has been respited for thirty days."

"A mighty roar went up. It took four men to hold Rat. What he said in its entirety will never be known, but the Rev. Mr. Brooks remembers hearing this frightful sentence:

"Dam' the Discipline! I ain't no remains."

RESPITED, Rat was no longer an occupant of the steel cage, but of less conspicuous quarters. Outside influence assisted in this favorable change. At dawn of the fourth day, the jailor, who occupied a house opposite the jail building, heard a tapping on his window.

"Who is that?" he shouted. A gentle, penetrating, friendly voice found its way into the room.

"Hit 's Rat, Mr. Brown. Lord! Lord! Mr. Brown, de las' one o' dem niggers in dat jail done gone! Yes, sir; dey is sholy punch out er rock in the wall an' done gone. Dey ain' leave nobody heah by me."

"Gone! gone!" shouted the dazed official, throwing open his blinds. "Gone where? Gone where?"

"Gone ev'ywhere—done scattered like er flock o' pattyges when er hawk drap down. Dey made me come out, too, but I slip back ter tell you 'bout hit, 'cause I ain't done nuthin' ter run f'om, an' ain't nobody goin' ter pester me."

It took weeks to repair the jail. County finances were low, the term of court was distant. Having had opportunity to leave, and failing to avail himself of it, Rat was virtually left in charge of the structure. Gradually, through some unknown influences, public opinion changed in Rat's favor. Occasionally he would issue forth at night and visit

friends, but he returned before daylight. His reprieve was extended until autumn, and a new trial was ordered for him. After some weeks he disappeared, but the sheriff received a note from the owner of a distant sawmill, written at Rat's request, stating that Rat was at work and would return when needed. The case died out, and Rat still lives.

Years after, one of the escaped criminals, convicted of a second crime in Florida, told a reporter that Rat, who had worked many years in a granite quarry, planned the escape, and dislodged the stone. But who can believe a convict?



## SEEING FRANCE WITH UNCLE JOHN

BY ANNE WARNER

Author of "A Woman's Will," "Susan Clegg and Her Friend Mrs. Lathrop," etc.

### UNCLE JOHN EN ROUTE

**C**OME ON, girls, this is quite an expedition. I vow I shook a little when Mrs. Braytree suggested coming, too. Seven women to one man would be too many for comfort, as a general thing; but your Uncle John never shows the white feather, so I only drew the line at the dog. Why the devil five women want to travel with one dog and eight trunks I can't see; but if I was Mrs. Braytree, I'd probably know more about it. Curious little creature, the cross-eyed one, is n't she? And that Pauline—always wanting to be somewhere else. I told her

pretty flatly at dinner that if she could n't get any more fun out of Rouen than by wishing it was St. Augustine, she'd better have stayed in New York. Anything but these fault-finders.

"Well, ain't you ready? I've sent the luggage along, and it seems to me that we ought to be following its good example. Lord knows, two days is enough to waste in an old hole like Rouen; I was wondering last night what we ever came for. I never was so cold anywhere in my life, and sleeping on a slope with a pillow on your feet is n't my idea of comfort at night, anyhow. I don't understand the moral of the scheme, and the pillow keeps sliding, and I keep swearing, all night long. Also, I can't learn to appreciate the joy of standing on a piece of oil-cloth to wash. I must say that one



needs to wear an overcoat and ear-muffs to wash here, anyhow. I was dancing under the bell-rope and ringing for hot water a good half-hour this morning. I'm going to write, and have the asterisk subtracted from this hotel.

"Well, come on, if you 're ready. Whose umbrella is that getting left by the door? Mine? I vow, I did n't remember putting it down. But no one can think of everything. Edna, is this soap yours? No? Well, I just asked. I

one? I beg your pardon, Mrs. Braytree, but I had to know in a hurry.

There, come on! come on! Squeeze through—Se—ven women and one man. Hurry! we want a compartment, here—no, there. Run, Edna, and get ahead of that old lady; here 's two umbrellas to throw crossways, and then you can tell her there 's no room, and the law will uphold you. You look surprised, Mrs. Braytree, but I learned that little trick coming from Havre. I tell you, by the



"I PRESUME THIS IS AS GOOD A TIME AS WE 'LL HAVE  
TO STUDY UP A LITTLE ON GISORS"

seem to have left mine somewhere, and it 's live and learn. Come on! come on!

"Good morning, Mrs. Braytree—Eunice — Emma — Pauline — Augusta. I reckon we 'd better be hustling along pretty promptly. The train does n't go until five minutes after the time, if we don't hurry. It 's truly a pleasure having you join us, Mrs. Braytree. A little excursion like this makes such a pleasant break in the routine of sight-seeing, I think, and these quaint old—there, all get out now; I have the money. I 'll take the tickets; we 're all full-fare, are n't we? Or—how old is the little cross-eyed

time I get to Paris I 'll be on to every kind of game going. I learn fast—take to Europe as a duck takes to water, so to speak.

"Well, we 're off for Gisors. Great pleasure to have you with us, Mrs. Braytree; no more work to steer seven—Good Lord! there are n't but six here! Who is n't here? Edna 's gone! What is it, Yvonne? I sent her ahead, did I? Oh, so I did, so I did. And of course she is waiting for us. Poor child! I hope she 's not worried. As soon as we get out of the tunnel I 'll hang out of the window and holler to her. Very convenient method





"TELL HER WE WANT DINNER FOR FOUR, AND PROMPT"

of talking to your friends aboard, Mrs. Braytree; only I should think a good many would lose their heads as a consequence. However, as the majority of the heads would be foreigners', I don't suppose it would matter much in the long run.

"Speaking of Gisors, Mrs. Braytree, it's really a very interesting place—according to the guide-book. As far as I'm personally concerned, I'd be willing to take the time to go there to learn how to pronounce it. The workings of the mind which laid out the way to speak French don't at all jibe with the workings of the mind which laid out the way to spell it—not according to my way of thinking. There's that place which we've just left, for instance,—“Ruin” as plain as the nose on your—on anybody's face,—and its own inhabitants can't see it—pronounce the R in a way that I should think would make their tongues feel furry, and then end up as if, on second thought, they would n't end at all.

"Yvonne, I wish you'd hang out and see if you see any of Edna hanging out. I declare, this is a very trying situation to be in. You don't know what a trip I had, Mrs. Braytree, trying to keep track of

these girls; and since we landed—well, I just had to call a halt in Havre and come off alone. Curious place, Havre, don't you think? See any one you knew there? We—who did you say? Why, that can't be; he's in Russia. Yvonne, did n't that young reprobate write you he was going to Russia? Yes; I thought so. Well, Mrs. Braytree says she saw him in Havre. Good joke his not knowing we were in Rouen; he'd have been down there in a jiffy, I'll bet anything. But your Uncle John is a rather tough customer to handle, and I expect that young man knows the fact, and so thought it best to give Rouen a wide berth. Not that I have anything in particular against young Reynolds, only I don't consider that any girl could be happy with him. And it's foolish to have a man around unless you can make him happy—I mean, unless he can make you happy. My wife was very happy up to the time she developed melancholia—a sad disease, Mrs. Braytree. Yvonne, I wish you'd hang out and see if you can see anything of Edna.

"I presume this is as good a time as we'll have to study up a little on Gisors. It seems to have been the capital of the

Vexin. I should n't be surprised if 'vex' and 'vexing' both come from that country, for the guide-book gives it as always in hot water. The French and English were both up against it most of the time, and it was vexin' with a vengeance. It says here that the old city walls are still standing and that Henry II built the castle. Is n't he the one we peeked around in Rouen? Yes, I thought so. It says that there 's very little left of the castle, though. I must say I 'm always glad when I read that there 's not much left of anything; it gives me a quiet, rested sort of feeling."

#### *Gisors.*

"WELL, here we get out. I 'll swing down first. If French trains were American, they 'd have trapezes or elevators to—get—out—by. Here, give me your hand, Yvonne—oh, there 's Edna. Well, I vow, who has she got—if it is n't—Yvonne, is n't that that young man—how d' ye do, Edgar? Delighted to see you again. Our friend Mrs. Braytree, and all the others are her daughters. Come, Edna; you come with me while I check this trunk. Where in thunder did you get that fellow from? How does he come to be in Rouen? Did you know he was in Rouen? Did you see him while he was there? I declare, I never will travel with any women again unless I am married to them. This is awful. Don't you know I 'm responsible for you two girls? And I send you ahead to get a compartment, and you find Edgar. It makes me want to swear. Say, was there any one else there with you? Worse and worse. I was afraid there was something wrong when we

kept hanging out and you never hung out at all. Well, we 'll have to go back and gather them all up. Yes, I 'll be polite to him; but, Edna, I hope you understand distinctly that a man like that could never make any woman—

"Yes, Mrs. Braytree, here we are again; and now we 'll all proceed over Gisors. Pretty place, don't you think? Picturesque. Did you ever see so many canals—or smell so many?—and the little cottages out of another century? Packed roofs—green trees—well-sweeps—I like this; I 'm glad I had the sense to come here. Edgar, will you oblige me by carrying that cane so that child does n't come within an ace of catching her mouth on it every other second? I declare, Mrs. Braytree, I wish we had n't run on to that young man. Of course he 's a nice fellow and all that, but young men are a great trial when you have two—

"Let 's turn down here. Most of the streets seem to be canal tow-paths. I vow, this *is* pretty. I could settle down in a place like this and live till I died. What do you suppose the people here do to amuse themselves, anyhow? From the way they look at us with their mouths open I should imagine that we were regarded in the light of a great event. And if that 's the case, they must be pretty hard up for sport. Oh, well, I presume it 's enough for them to paddle about on the green waters and stir up the miasma — as much sense as foreigners have.

"And so these are the walls—ramparts, I mean. Well, they 're fairly high. Wonder how high they are, anyhow? Edgar, will you do me the courtesy not to be pointing to the left with that cane of yours



"I DON'T WANT TO FALL OFF OF ANYWHERE, BUT I'D CHOOSE THE ROOF OF THAT CATHEDRAL TO START FROM ANY DAY IN PREFERENCE TO THE LOW-EST ALP THEY MAKE"



when I turn suddenly to the right again? I beg your pardon for seeming heated, Mrs. Braytree; but he really—

"Let's find a gate and go in; seems to be a park inside. I should think there *was* 'little left to be seen of the castle!' I don't see anything at all of it. Maybe they took it down and built the walls higher just to fool tourists. Well, I did n't come to Gisors to caper about in a park; let's go out and look at the church—the guide-book says the church is worth seeing. I think there's something very touching about guide-book enthusiasm: it keeps up so consistently right through to the end. I feel as if my own enthusiasm was most run through now. I don't know how Paris will affect me. Edgar, if I trip on that cane, you'll have to pay my doctor's bill. What makes you handle it as you do, anyway? I like to see a cane light and alert—not one that drags through the world in the style of yours. To judge from your cane, I should say you had n't been in bed before three for a month. I have to speak sharply to that fellow, Mrs. Braytree; he is about as wooden-headed as they make. Came across the ocean with us, and pestered the life out of me. You don't know what an ocean voyage is with two attractive girls—I *beg* your pardon; I forgot your four. Dear me! we were speaking of—yes—of Gisors, of course. I vow, I'm disappointed in it as a whole. I wish we'd gone to Les Andelys instead. Les Andelys is marked with an asterisk in the guide-book, and there's a castle there built by Cœur-de-Lion. By the way, Mrs. Braytree, the Cœur-de-Lion *itself* is buried in Rouen. Did you know that? Nice joke, eh? But, dear, dear, if there's no castle here when we get here, perhaps there'd be none there when we got there. I'm beginning to look upon Europe as a confidence-game; I—

"Well is *that* the castle! Great Scott! but it must have been big. It's big yet, and the book said there was very little left to see. I'm beginning to lose faith in that book. Picturesque idea, having the park hide the ruins till you come right smash on to them. Clever people, the French; make everything put the best foot foremost. Fine old round tower; nice tumble-down guard-chamber! I like this. Let's go round the other side. Great

place, eh? Worth a trip to see. Edgar, let me have your cane to point with. There, do *you* see that old staircase? Looks Roman to me; what do you think? I tell you, a man could write an historical novel out of old ruins if he prowled long enough. Come on, now; let's meander on down town and look at the church. As soon as I look at anything, I'm always ready to look at something else. Let's go out on this side and go back to town the other way. Then we'll look at the church, and then we'll put you and Edgar on the train for Rouen, Mrs. Braytree. What did you say, Yvonne? He is n't going to Rouen? Where is he going? To Paris, with us! Well, well, well! all I can say is, I do admire his nerve. I never in all my life went where I was n't asked, and took a cane. Now don't you see why no woman could be happy with a man like that? I never saw the beat. I tell you frankly, Yvonne, I don't like his ways and I don't like him. If you girls had let him alone on the boat, he'd have let us alone here. I declare, my day is just about spoiled. Your mother has trusted you girls to me, and I have n't drawn a quiet breath since. I did take a little comfort there in Rouen; but if I'd known that Lee was in Havre, I'd have been on thorns even there.

"Well, where is the church? Ask someone. What did she say? Down here? Down we go, then. Ah, I suppose that's it under the sidewalk. Nice commanding situation for a church, to grade a street by its tower! Why don't they put in the guide-book, 'Street commands a fine view of the roof?' There is n't time to go inside unless Mrs. Braytree wants to miss her train, and we don't want her to do that.

"This is the street to the *gare*, and we'll run right along. I expect we can get something to eat there, and get that 1:30 train for Beauvais. There is n't anything in Beauvais that would interest you, Mrs. Braytree; but there's a church there that I want to see. The guide-book says that Mr. Ruskin says that the roof has got a clear vertical fall that not many rocks in the Alps can equal; I don't just know what a clear vertical fall may be, but if there's a church anywhere near as high as an Alp, I don't want to miss seeing it.

"There 's the clock. You just have time to get aboard comfortably. Don't you want to go with them, Edgar? Well, I thought, maybe you might. Good-by, good-by; delighted to have met you. Good-by. Oh, yes, of course. In Paris.

"There, they 're gone, darn 'em! Now let's get some lunch. Did you ever see such a collection as those girls? It must have been a bitter pill when, after managing to assimilate the looks of the three oldest, the little one appeared with her eyes laid out bias. Come in here; we can get something to eat here, I don't care what; but I want plenty. Don't lose your cane, Edgar; life would n't be life to you without it, I expect. I like these country hotel entrances, through a carriage-house and a duck-yard, fall over a cat, and come in. Tell her we want dinner for four, and prompt. You put that in good forcible French for me, Edgar, and I'll be grateful to you till I die. Let's sit down. Let's eat."

### Beauvais.

"Now, young people, I call this making a day count. This is my idea of getting about. Breakfast in Rouen, lunch in Gisors, Beauvais for a sandwich, and we'll dine in Paris.

"What time is it? Three o'clock Well, we want to head straight for that cathedral. Seems as if it ought to show most anywhere over a little, low town like this, but I don't see it. Ask some one—ask any one. Well, what did they say? Right across the square. Whose statue is that in the middle? Joan of Arc? Jeanne Hachette? Who was Jeanne Hachette? Girl who captured flag from Charles the Bold, eh? Is that why they called him 'the Bold' Sort of sarcastic on his letting a girl carry off his flag, I should consider. Well, when did she live? Has she got her year under her? 1492. Seventy years after Joan.

I should n't have thought she'd have inspired other young women in this part of the country to emulate her.

"Do we go up here? Ugh, how I hate walking over cobble-stones! Clean; of course they 're clean. I did n't say that I thought they were dirty. I said I hated to walk on 'em.

"What 's that chopped-off creation before us? *Not* the cathedral! Well—I—vow!

"Is that what I—what we—

"Where 's the front of it? What *did* happen to it? And what *was* Mr. Rus-

kin thinking of when he compared it to an Alp! I don't want to fall off of anywhere, but I'd choose the roof of that cathedral to start from any day in preference to the lowest Alp they make. 'Clear vertical fall,' eh? I wish I knew what that meant.

"Well, let's go in. Where's the door? That little, unpretentious one looks feasible. Come on. Well, Edgar, are you coming, too, or do you choose to stay outside with your stick? I can't help it, Edna; I feel irritated at his being here at all, and then I'm naturally disappointed over this church. I must say the biggest thing about it is that blank wall stopping up

where they left off. This is the kind of thing I've come several thousand miles to look at, is it? Well, may as well go in, I suppose.

"So this is in the inside! Fine lot of carpets hung up to try and cover the deficiencies, eh? High roof—funny sort of shock you get whenever you look towards the front. Sort of like turning around and hitting your cane, eh, Edgar? Girls, this cathedral was begun in 1180, time of Henry II, and they quit in 1555, while Bloody Mary was abroad, and never got to the front end in the four hundred years. Well, well! dear, dear!

"Come on, girls, we may as well go



A BIT OF BEAUVAIS



"LOOK HOW MAD THAT OLD LADY IS; HEAR HER GIVE IT TO HIM  
IN GOOD ROUND ENGLISH!"

out; I feel like going to the station and heading for Paris. I suppose that's the next move in the game. You can stay here as long as you like, Edgar; we won't hurry you.

"Come, Yvonne, you walk with me. Did you ever see anything like that young man's gall? Your friend Lee could n't make any points around him. Just hooks right on to us, and stays hooked. I declare, if I carried a cane, I bet I'd give him one punch he'd remember long after. I'd sincerely beg his pardon. I did n't like him on the steamer; I've got no use for young men of his stamp. I—"

#### *Gare du Nord, Paris.*

"So this is Paris! Now, Edgar, I have one favor to ask of you—will you kindly allow me to manage my own affairs while you manage yours? I know just what to do, and I'll take Yvonne with me to do it. You can take Edna up to the hotel. Looked disappointed, did n't he? Counting on endearing himself to me forever by his able-bodied assistance, I'll wager; but I don't want any young man minding my business. Tell that blue blouse to take these checks and look up five trunks in a hurry. What did he say? We have n't got to overhaul them again here,

have we? Well, I am—I certainly just am. Have we got to hunt 'em up? Where? Well, ask him? Round back of this crazy mob? Well, tell him to go first. What's this system of wildly speculating wheat-pits? Baggage-counters, eh? And will you look at the baggage! Talk about your 'clear vertical falls!' Those trunks on top will soon know more than Ruskin ever did.

"Where's our man gone? Yvonne, do you know where that fellow went to? Well, ask some one. Look out—that baggage truck will be juggernauting right over you before you know it. Now, where is the porter? I call this a pretty state of affairs—porter, valises, and trunk-checks all gone together. I thought you were watching him or I would have done so. Do you suppose we ought to speak to a policeman. I think we ought to. But will you look at the trunk-unlocking that's going on—good as a play—look how mad that old lady is; hear her give it to him in good English. Guess something got broke in transit. Keep a sharp eye out for that porter, Yvonne. Here come some more trunks, and more, and more yet. I wonder if this is regular, or if we've struck a rush. Where is that porter? I think we ought to be speaking to a policeman, don't you? Here's a choice new invoice of a couple of thou-

sand more trunks; that fellow will never be able to find ours, I know. Supposing he has found them, and gone off with them already. Hey, look at that lady jumping up and down! She sees *her* trunk, I'll bet a dollar. Well, I'd jump up and down if I could see mine. Yvonne, I really think we ought to speak to a policeman. Could you give a description of the man? I only remember that he wore a blue blouse. Oh, yes; and he had 'Commissionaire' across the front of his cap. Hello, here are nine trucks all at once, just a few million more additions to the turmoil. I tell you, we won't get out of here to-night, I don't believe. I vow, I wish I'd given the checks to Edgar, as he suggested. I really think we ought to be calling a policeman. Here are fourteen trucks all loaded to the gunwales, and two mass-meetings and one convention of tourists all at once. Yvonne, this is beginning to look serious to me; I think that really we ought to call—

"Oh, there he is with the whole of the stuff on one truck. Good idea; smart chap; and he was n't so very long either, considering."

## YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

*Paris.*

DEAREST MAMA: Well, we *are* arrived! It *is* Paris at last! But I thought we should surely die in transit. I don't know what Uncle would have said if he had known that Lee was in Rouen; he was dreadfully upset over Mrs. Braytree's telling him that she saw Lee in Havre. He was very unreasonable, and laid it up against Lee that Mrs. Braytree saw him. Just as if Lee could help it.

We had a pretty good time coming down, only Mr. Edgar came up and came down with us, and of course Uncle did not like that. I think that Mr. Edgar came up to come down with me because we had a lovely time on the steamer coming over together, but Uncle hardly gave me a chance to speak to him. Uncle seems just instinctively to know whom Edna and I want to talk to, and then won't let us. But of course I'm not complaining, for it was lovely of him to give

us this trip, and we're enjoying every minute.

We arrived last night, and the only drawback is that Mrs. Clary is n't here. She left a note, and M. Sibilet's wife *is* his mother, and has a place out at Neuilly, and they were invited there for three days. She will be back to-morrow, and she left word for us to go straight to the Bon Marché and look at the white suits; so we did so. We told Uncle it was all right for us to go alone, and he had just gotten his mail, so he only said "Hum!" and we went. Just as we were taking the cab, who should we see but Mr. Chopstone. It was so lovely to see him again, and he got into the cab and went with us. We went to the Bon Marché; but it was n't much fun with a man, so we came out after a little, and he proposed taking the Subway and going to the Trocadero. Just then we met a man that Mr. Chopstone knew, and he had red hair and eyeglasses. Mr. Chopstone introduced him, and invited him to go along; but he said it was no use, because it was the wrong day, and we could n't get in when we got there. By this time we were down in the Subway, and Mr. Chopstone suggested that we go to the Bois, so as not to have to go back up the stairs again. While we were talking, the train came and went in a terrible hurry, and we got aboard in between. After we were off, we found that Mr. Chopstone was n't on. We did n't know what to do, because, of course, it was he that we knew, not the red-haired man. The red-haired man said he would do whatever we pleased, and Edna thought we had better get right off; but I thought we ought to go right on. We did n't know *what* to do, and so we kept on to the Bois.

The Bois was just lovely—all automobiles and babies; and who do you think we met? Betty Burleigh. We were so surprised, for I thought she was in California for her lungs; but it seems that she's been in Dresden for her music all winter, and now she's here for her clothes. She was with an elderly French lady, and I don't think that the elderly French lady liked to have her stop and talk to us. I thought at first that perhaps it was n't proper, on account of the red-haired man, but in a second I saw the real reason. Betty glanced around and



said, "Oh, Madame, où est Fakir?" Whereupon the elderly French lady looked absolutely terrified and tore madly off. We had quite a long talk before she came back with the most awful little black dog, which they evidently had *no* string to. She put him down and began to look displeased again, and Betty just glanced about and said calmly, "Oh, Madame, où est Fakir?" He had absolutely vanished again, and the elderly French lady sort of threw up her eyes and rushed wildly away. The red-haired man said, "Why don't you buy a chain

for him?" Betty shrugged the Frenchiest kind of a shrug and said, "I don't have to chase him." The red-haired man said, "I should think she would buy the chain, then!" and Betty shrugged a much Frenchier shrug, and said: "I would n't allow it. While she is running after him I can do as I please?" The red-haired man

laughed. Poor madame came panting up with the creature just then, and Betty said sweetly, "*Laissez-lui courir*," so she had to put him down; but I could see that she meant to keep a sharp eye on him. Betty wanted us all to come to the Palais and lunch with her; but of course we refused, because you would n't have liked it, and, anyway, we had to go back to Uncle. She wanted the red-haired man to stay, anyway, and was quite put out when he declined. Just then two men in an automobile came up and asked her to go and see the balloon ascension. They did n't invite the elderly French lady, and she protested about "*comme il faut*"; but Betty said, "*Où est Fakir?*" and, if you 'll believe me, that little beast was gone again, and poor madame dashed off in pursuit. Betty made short work of bidding us good-by then, and at once got into the automobile, and was off.

We came slowly along back with the red-haired man, and at the Arc de

Triomphe we ran into Mr. Chopstone. It seems he went a station too far because he met some people he knew in the car behind us, and he says we must all go to the Châtelet with him to-night to make up. He said "Uncle, too," so we accepted. Then we took a cab and came back to the hotel, where we found our beloved relative with his feet on the center-table, reading the Paris "Herald." He looked over the top at us and announced that he 'd "done the Louvre." I think we must have looked startled, for he went on to say at once that he knew that it was



"WE FOUND OUR BELOVED RELATIVE WITH HIS FEET ON THE CENTER-TABLE"

something that had got to be done, and that he should n't enjoy, and so he had thought it best to go at it the first thing on the first morning and get it off his mind at once. He was very pleased with himself, because he says the "Baedeker" says that it takes two hours and a half to walk through, and he was only gone from the hotel two hours in

all. Edna asked him if he spent much time looking at the pictures, and he said: "Young lady, if you 'd ever been in the place, you 'd never ask that question. Why, the whole thing is lined with pictures. I bet I dream of gilt frames for a week."

We had to go to lunch, and Uncle does n't like the food very much; he says it strikes him as "flummery," and he is really very much vexed over Mrs. Clary's being at Neuilly. Edna is vexed because Harry is there, too, and I 'm very much vexed indeed because she thoughtlessly gave Uncle the letter at lunch, and when he read about Monsieur Sibilet's wife being his mother he was more put out than ever. He said we could look out for ourselves this afternoon, as he had to go to the bank. Edna suggested that we go to the Louvre, and he said yes, that would be wise, because then we would all be free to enjoy ourselves. Uncle speaks of the Louvre exactly as if it were the

semiannual siege at the dentist's. But he was kind enough to offer to leave us there on his way to the bank, and when we took the cab, he arranged with the cabman and the hotel-porter exactly what the fare was to be, and held it in his hand the whole way.

Edna and I were mighty glad to get to the Louvre without Uncle, especially with the way he feels to-day, and we were wandering along in a speechless sort of ecstasy when all of a sudden I heard some one calling my name. I whirled around, and if it was n't Mrs. Merrilegs, in a state of collapse on one of the red-velvet benches. We went to her, and she took hold of our hands as if she 'd been our long-lost mother for years. She looked very white and tired and almost ready to faint, and we sat down on each side of her in real sincere sympathy, and she held our hands and told us how it was. It seems that they left home the last of last month, and they 've been all through the British Isles, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium, and they are going to finish Europe and be home the first of next month. She could hardly speak for tears. She says Mr. Merrilegs made out the itinerary before they sailed and that they have lived up to it every day except just one, when he ate some lobster crossing the Irish Sea, and they lost a day that night. She says they drive a great deal, because they can hardly walk any more, and that she does n't believe that there will be a museum or palace in Europe that they won't be able to say that they have driven by when they go home. She said they had come to the Louvre to see what pictures they wanted for their new house, and that they never meant to take more than twenty minutes for the selection, and that they had been there an hour already. She felt badly because the itinerary had them visit Notre Dame, the Eiffel Tower as high as the elevator goes, and Versailles this afternoon. She said they wanted to try and call on the American consul, too, to ask about a masseur. She said Mr. Merrilegs said he thought if they could get hold of a good masseur and keep him right with them that they could manage to rub through to the end.

Edna and I felt dreadfully sorry for her; but there did not seem to be any-

thing to do except look sad, and we did that as heartily as we knew how until in a minute or two Mr. Merrilegs hove in sight with a funny little Frenchman dancing round and round him. Mr. Merrilegs looked almost as exhausted as his wife, and called Edna by my name and me by hers. His wife asked him if he had ordered the pictures, and he said: "No; I have n't any more time to waste here. I've given Claretie the paper with the sizes of the spaces marked on it, and he 's to go through and measure till he finds a famous picture to match each space." Mrs. Merrilegs sort of nodded faintly and said: "But we don't want any martyrs in the dining-room, you know," and her husband said, "Yes, yes, he understands; and he says he 'll find a Susanna to fit your bath, too." Mrs. Merrilegs stood up then with a very audible groan, and they both shook hands with us in a way that quite wrung our hearts. Then they limped away with the little Frenchman spinning gaily about them, and we went on alone.

In the very next room we met Mr. Chopstone. He was awfully glad to see us, and said, with our permission, he 'd join us; but as he seemed joined anyway, we did n't even dream of refusing. He asked if we 'd told Uncle about the Châtelet, and then we remembered that we had forgotten. He said he was so glad, because he could n't get any seats except *baignoires*, and they looked queer, because no one can see you. He asked if we would like to go to the opera instead, and we were just discussing it when we turned a corner and ran right on to Betty Burleigh and the red-haired man. His name is Potter, and, did you ever! They looked so upset that it can't have been an accident, their being together. But how could they have arranged it? If they did n't arrange it, why did they look upset? Betty had on a bright green cloth dress and a violet hat, and the red-haired man heightened the general effect so much that we moved on as quickly as possible. Mr. Chopstone said very roundly: "You 'd better fight shy of her, I think," and Edna said dryly: "Of him, too, don't you think?" I waited a minute, and then I said it seemed droll to think that if we were all English we 'd be pleased to call poor Betty a typical American.

We came home when the Louvre closed and found Uncle back with his feet on the center-table. He had had a big fire built, for he said it gave him chills to look at the nymph over his bed. He had put in a true Merrilegian afternoon, having been to the Palais de Justice, Sainte-Chapelle, Notre Dame, and driven by the Hôtel de Ville and around the Opera House—"completely around." He says there won't be a thing left for him to look

shook his watch and held it to his ear that way he always does when he's dangerous, and said he was in no mood for any of Lee's jokes. He looked very severely at me and said that Lee was a scalawag, and that I ought to be ashamed of myself for having him around.

Mrs. Clary will be back to-morrow, and we're very glad, for Uncle is awful peppery and tartary, and says "Hum!" when



"MRS. MERRILEGS . . . TOOK HOLD OF OUR HANDS AS IF SHE'D BEEN OUR LONG-LOST MOTHER FOR YEARS"

at by Monday. He says if he was pressed for time, he'd hire a cab for one whole day and lump the business; but that, seeing that we have the time, it really does n't seem necessary.

The mail came while we were talking, and the most unfortunate thing happened. To keep up the Russian idea, Lee wrote two postals and sent them to St. Petersburg to be mailed. Uncle saw the Russian stamps and knew Lee's writing, and he asked me to kindly tell him how Mrs. Braytree came to see a man who was in Russia 'n Havre. Edna said weakly that it must have been a joke and Uncle

we least expect it. Edna sent Mr. Chopstone a *petit-bleu*, asking him please not to ask us to go anywhere to-night. Mr. Edgar sent me some violets, but I had time to give them to the chambermaid before Uncle came in. If I only get a chance, I shall ask Mrs. Clary to declare that M. Sibilet's mother *is* his wife, even if she knows it's a lie. It does n't seem possible that Uncle could really care for Mrs. Clary; but he's so cross if she talks to any one else that I almost wonder if he does n't. Edna is all tired out, and says she will cry if Uncle tells her again that any man is n't the man to make any

girl happy. She says she likes men, and she thinks that they all make her happy. She wanted to go to the *Châtelet* in a *baignoir*, and she was wild to go to the opera in anything.

We talk Italy and mark Brittany every chance we get, but Uncle says "Hum!" to Italy the same as he does to everything else these days. I'm sure I don't see what we'll do if he takes the rest of Europe as hard as he does this much. But of course I don't mean that we're not having a lovely time, and we never forget for a minute how kind he was to bring us.

*Next day.*

OH, it has been awful! How can I write it all!

You see, Uncle has a little balcony, and the sun came out, so he did, too, this morning, on his little balcony. And he saw Mrs. Clary being brought back in an automobile by M. Sibilet and two French officers. Of course Harry was there, too, but that did n't mend matters any. In looking over, Uncle's glasses fell to the ground, and they were his comfortable ones with the rubber round the nose, and that part broke, too. Edna was taking a bath, and I had to stand the brunt of the whole. Uncle told me not to dare to fancy for a minute that he cared who Mrs. Clary went about with; but he did wish for the credit of America that she would steer clear of men like Sibilet. He was very sore over the French officers, too, and said that if he was a French officer he'd go and walk around Alsace until he came to his senses. While he was talking he knocked the water-pitcher over, and then Edna was ready to dress; so he went away while I sopped up the floor.

Mrs. Clary came in right afterward. She has had a splendid time, and she says she doesn't care what relation the old lady is so long as she can have them for friends. She has had no end of fun since she came from Havre, and she says it's a shame about Uncle. She went to a beautiful lawn-fête at a countess's, and she says I must n't worry over Lee and Uncle. She rode horseback, too, and drove with a coach, and she says Edna must remember that Uncle is always peculiar, and does n't mean half he says. She went to two dinner-parties, and no one would believe that she was Harry's

mother. She says I ought not to be exasperated over anything, because nothing in the world can be so exasperating as having a son with a moustache when you don't look thirty-five, and that she does n't let *that* worry her. M. Sibilet is going to give a dinner for her at the Ritz, and she's going to get a lace dress all in one piece, and she says it was she who told Mr. Edgar that we were coming from Rouen, and that Betty Burleigh is considered very fast, and that it won't take long for her to settle Uncle. I'm sure I hope so with all my heart; but I don't believe he'll like the idea of the dinner-party much. Mrs. Clary says Mme. Sibilet's *château* is a perfect castle, and that one of the French officers in the automobile was a duke. She says we must be patient, and Uncle will get used to the Continent, just as all American men do. She says they never take to it like women, though. The other French officer was in the ministry once, and counts more than any duke. Mrs. Clary is always so sweet and comforting, and she is such a nice chaperon, because she always has men enough herself never to be spiteful.

Mr. Chopstone sent Edna back a *petit-bleu* that he had the box at the opera, and what should he do about it. Mrs. Clary says for us to go. She says she'll take care of Uncle, for she wants to straighten out her accounts, and she can just as well straighten him out at the same time. She gave me a long letter from Lee that he left with her, and she told Edna to go and have a nice walk with Harry, and she'd tell Uncle they were both asleep in their rooms. I declare, it's good to have her back. I feel as if a mountain was lifted off me, and on to her. She says you never dreamed of such fun as she's had out there at Neuilly, and that it's quite absurd—my worrying over little things like Lee and Uncle.

She talked so much that I grew quite light-hearted, and had early dinner and went off to the—

I'll have to write the rest to-morrow. A boy says Uncle wants to speak to me.

*Next day.*

I do believe Lee knows better how to manage Uncle than all of us put together.

When Uncle sent for me, I saw right off that Mrs. Clary had n't gotten him



anywhere near all smoothed out. He looked awfully vexed, and he told me he was done with Paris and he was going to clear out at once. He said he knew that Edna and I wanted to go to Italy, but, unfortunately, he could n't see it himself in that light. Then he paused and said "Hum!" and I waited. After a little he said that he 'd happened to run across two or three things lately that had rather interested him in Brittany, and how would I like to go there. I was almost stunned at the success of Lee's scheme, and I was so happy that I suddenly felt as if I wanted Mrs. Clary and Edna to be happy, too, and I just threw my arms around his neck and said: "Oh, *Uncle*, let 's go off together—just you and me—and have a real good time together, all by ourselves. Will you?"

I must have done it *very* well, for Uncle's face smoothed out at once, and he told me that he 'd been meaning to give me Aunt Jane's watch ever since she died, only that it needed a new spring, and he never could remember to take it to the jeweler's. His face clouded some later, and he shook his head and said he wished he felt more security as to Mrs. Clary and Edna; but then he crossed his legs the other way, and said we only had one life to live, and could I be ready to start

by day after to-morrow. I said that I was sure I could, and he said "Hum!" very pleasantly, and I went to my own room and told Mrs. Clary. She was so pleased she says I am a saint, and that it 's too bad for me to miss the dinner. She is going to wear her pink pearls, and she says that she will try to telegraph Lee.

I will confess that my heart sinks a little bit from time to time when I think of trying to bear Uncle all alone for I don't know how long; but I have great faith in Lee, and I know that he 'll be somewhere along the coast, and that will be a comfort.

Uncle has been out and bought a Gaelic grammar and the history of the Siege of La Rochelle, for he says he wants to have some intelligent conception of what he sees. He wants me to learn the grammar, and he says, where he sees to everything, he should think I could do a little trifle like that for him once in a while. When he put it that way, I thought I must try; but, oh, heavens! you ought to see that grammar!

I will write again as soon as I can. Harry is going to take us all to the Café aux Fleurs for tea.

Lovingly,

*Yvonne.*

(To be continued)

## A FOREST FANE

BY HARRIS MERTON LYON

I KNOW a cool spot in the forest deep,  
 Banked up with ferns, where girlish violets  
 Look forth devoutly, where the noon sun frets  
 The moss with wavy gold. Gay flowers peep  
 Like fair-haired maidens from a duneon-keep  
 Out in the silent coolness. Old regrets  
 Are solaced in this place, and one forgets,  
 Bathed in the air's Lethæan magic sleep.

In fancy here might Pan have lain by chance,  
 Tuning his reed to lead some woodland dance;  
 Echo, the nymph, have paused on flying feet  
 To shake each leaflet in the green retreat;  
 Or, kissed by the moon that night, all garlanded,  
 Here fair Endymion have placed his head.

# TOPICS OF THE TIME

## AN IDEAL LIFE

A NATURE governed by sentiment, by inflexible principle, by the highest ideals; enriched with the best gifts of the orator and the writer, namely, imagination, conviction, and rare power of expression; a life extending through periods of intense stress and the re-forming of institutions in the Old World and the New—such a nature, with such possibilities and opportunities, was that of Carl Schurz.

In his youth a romantic and bravely adventurous revolutionist, he soon developed into a statesman of the idealist type. Though full of the emotionalism of the orator, he was no mere dreamer and impracticable. He wished to see things accomplished, and seldom, in any appeal, failed to take sides.

His consistency was related not to parties, but to principles. This was far from making him ineffectual in political contests, for in such contests he was often himself one of the leading occasions of the success of the cause which he supported with such unwonted fire, and with such evident disinterestedness.

One might or might not agree with him in every decision of his public life, but no one could convict him of being a place-hunter or a moral coward. He could abstain from office in the interest of a cause as easily as he could refuse a fortune—as he once did—in the interest of his own self-respect.

His career and his higher appeals have been inspirations to many, and must continue to be so—appeals to the noble life, and to that pure patriotism which is dedicated to the service of all mankind.

In boyhood Carl Schurz was an Old World hero of romance; in the history of his native country his knightly deeds have put on an atmosphere of tradition and of myth. In manhood he battled for freedom and the life of the American Union. In ripe age he stood among the

honored heroes and councilors of the Republic. He passes away, leaving a blameless and beautiful fame as a precious inheritance for his fatherland and for the country of his adoption, and of his splendid devotion.

## THE FAMILY, PUBLIC OPINION, AND HYPOCRISY

A MERICA, with its evils of divorce, has acquired an unfortunate reputation from the point of view of the sacredness of the family—a reputation, on the whole, which it does not deserve. A singular and dramatic international incident of recent occurrence illustrates the fact that an overwhelming body of public opinion sustains the family institution. This incident has been described by certain natives and foreigners as an illustration of national pharisaism; as having elements of hypocrisy, cowardice, and cruelty. It may possibly have had touches of these unlovely vices, so far as individuals are concerned; but the action of public opinion in such cases will always be in danger of taint and error or hypocrisy in details.

It is, however, not the minor aspects of the incident, so much as the larger, that interest us; and in the larger view there is reason for deep rejoicing in the existence of a public opinion in America which values, and is preservative of, the marriage relation and the institution of the family.

When it comes to hypocrisy, there is no more loathsome hypocrisy than that which sustains a condition of social affairs whereby a man or woman, inspired by caprice or self-indulgence, may evade solemn obligations and enter easily into new and inviting relations. To hear such action—when the fruit of pure selfishness and uncontrol—defended, as is often the case, on high spiritual grounds, is enough to awake the humorist in the dullest mind, or to fill with disgust the honest

auditor. Who has not heard irresponsibility, whim, satiety, or curiosity dignified by amateur philosophers with scientific or with godlike names. Here is hypocrisy indeed,—ridiculous and rank. By this way lies danger to the spirit, danger to the family, danger to the state.

If the family is not worth saving, let us have the other thing. This other thing—this vaunted freedom of the spirit, truth to individual character and destiny, loyalty to liberty—has a popular name which goes to the root of the matter. Behind the false preachment of a noble life lurks the specter of what the plain people call "free love."

The public opinion of America has been tested, and it is opposed to "free love" and all apparent attacks on the sacredness of the family; it may express its opinion in any given case with awkwardness, or without sufficient discrimination,—that is not what we are now considering,—but the *opinion* is sound and right. Our people believe that the family is worth saving, and all good citizens and wise men should be glad.

An after-the-war story, that our Southern friends tell, may come to memory when one listens to high-minded excuses for anti-family principles—in other words, for yielding to temptation. A young man of fighting age who had accompanied his mother in her flight from the South to Canada at the approach of hostilities, was not received with marked favor by the young ladies on his return from self-inflicted exile. His good mother was much concerned by this quiet, social disapproval, and tried to placate one of the belles of the town by explaining to her how necessary it was that the young man, the only male in the family, should stay away from the battle-field in order to take care of his mother and guard the family interests. "Oh, my dear Mrs. Blank," said the smiling girl, "you need not say another word; for I would have done exactly the same thing myself,—I am *such* a coward."

#### THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES AND THE PEACE OF THE WORLD

IT would seem that Canadians and Americans, as a whole, have come into a friendlier understanding and closer sympathy since the talk has well-nigh

ceased of "the United States annexing Canada." The annexation idea, as proclaimed in former times, may be said to have received its *coup de grâce* at last spring's "Pilgrim" dinner in New York at the hands of Earl Grey, the present high-minded and extremely popular Governor General of Canada, and our own Secretary of State, Mr. Root. That probable former annexationist and present very energetic and effective apostle of peace, and race-imperialist, Andrew Carnegie, on his recent tour in Canada, while renouncing all thought of the annexation of the Dominion by the United States, declared that such renunciation did not imply that Canada should not, one of these days, "annex the United States."

In his speech before the Canadian clubs of various Canadian cities Mr. Carnegie told of his dream of Canada playing the part of Scotland and annexing her Southern neighbor, as Scotland annexed England, and then bossing her for her good, as Scotland now does England. In this dream of his he "saw Canada then take by the hand her revered motherland, and take with the other hand her big, hitherto somewhat strenuous brother, place one in other, and unite them again, making out of three lands—still sovereign states and so remaining—one grand nation, as they were before." "It will not," he said, "be as long hence as it is since the Pilgrims landed when there will be three hundred millions and more members of our race on this continent, while in Britain there will not be more than fifty millions, and cannot be without race deterioration."

This is essentially the idea Colonel T. W. Higginson throws out in his "Critic" paper on "A reunited Anglo-Saxondom," where he quotes Sir George Grey, Sir Walter Besant, Mr. Dicey, Senator Sumner, Secretary Hay, Mr. Carnegie, and others. In speaking of the increasing cordiality between Canadians and citizens of the United States, he supposes there is no prospect that the United States and the Dominion of Canada "will ever become nearer to each other in political organization, unless it be under some very wide and comprehensive tie which shall bring the whole English-speaking world under some general name, yet leave the various parts to entire individuality."

Whatever the future may have in store for the Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-Celtic race-imperialism, including what Mr. Carnegie calls "language-imperialism," and Sir George Grey, "the People of one Tongue," thus taking in the French-Canadian element, and the Continental-European immigration generally—whatever may come in the way of a closer relationship between the various peoples speaking the English language, there is great cause for gratification at the present good-will existing between the people of Great Britain and those of the United States, and between Canadians and Americans, using the latter term as it is, for convenience, used in Canada as well as in the United States.

This good-will, on the part of Canada, was illustrated by a speech in the Ottawa House of Commons, which preceded Mr. Carnegie's Canadian visit by only a few days. The Hon. N. A. Belcourt, formerly speaker of the House, moved an address to King Edward, which was adopted, inviting him to visit Canada, with a view to extending his travels to the United States, as he did when Prince of Wales, and heir to the throne. Mr. Belcourt expressed his hope and belief that such a visit would not only have a useful effect in Canada, but that for the peace-promoting King to visit the President, himself so successful in the cause of peace among the nations, would afford the means of rendering more intimate and more cordial the relations which exist to-day between the American Republic and the mother-country. The honorable gentleman furthermore expressed in eloquent language the hope of a peace-compelling alliance between the United Kingdom of Great Britain and

Ireland, its possessions throughout the world, the Republic of France, and the Empire of Japan.

Whether the King shall respond favorably or not to the invitation and suggestion of Canada, the good work of the peace-makers north and south of the Canadian frontier will go on. Mr. Carnegie well said at Toronto and elsewhere, that "the most powerful ship in the British navy is not the *Dreadnought*, but that little yacht on the great lakes, flying the Union Jack and carrying one tiny gun used only for exchanging friendly salutes of peace and good-will with a similar little craft flying the Stars and Stripes,—that is the most powerful as it is the most beneficent ship in all the British navy."

Our modern prophet of peace, who, by the way, would reap more profit than any other man in the preparation of those armaments which he passionately condemns, may not be wrong when he declares that never again are English-speaking men to stand face to face in battle; and that if they ever do fight, it will be side by side in defense of a noble cause, and only when that cause insures future peace. Nor may he be far from the possibilities when he suggests that the English-speaking nations, united with France, may yet be able to prevent war among other nations, by "intimating" that such an act would be "unfriendly."

The unarmed peace of our border is, indeed, a symbol and promise of the complete peace which arbitration and a closer union are to bring to the English-speaking peoples; and a symbol and promise of the peace to come between all the civilized nations of the earth.





## OPEN LETTERS

### Harpooning a Porpoise from the Martingale-Stay of a Whaler

(See the Frontispiece)

**P**ORPOISE and sea-pig are the common names applied by seamen to all small sea mammals, including the true dolphin, the latter name being used only in reference to a certain brilliantly hued fish of the tropics.

Indigenous to nearly every sea, the porpoise is to the whalers of to-day what the "buffalo" was to the Western immigrant of the early fifties. Doomed to months on end without other fresh meat, the whaler hails with joy the raising of a school of these creatures.

There is a scuffle for harpoons while the ship plunges along, burying her bows in the oncoming seas; the boat-steerer perches out on the martingale-stay in the smother, and follows with his iron every move of the porpoises breaching and dodging under the cleaving forefoot.

Suddenly there is a swish of line, as the iron is darted, and soon a struggling porpoise dangles in mid-air, as the hands on the fore-castle-deck lustily haul him aboard.

Maybe the process is repeated till a dozen of the beasts are flopping about the deck and blood is dripping from every scupper. Then it is turn to and dress the catch, and soon a dozen porkers are strung along the cutting stage suspended by their tails.

The ship's pig, the captain's dog, the steward's chickens, come in for a share. (A veritable menagerie exists aboard a whaler.) The cook tries out the jaw oil in the galley, for the quantity is too small to start the fires of the try-works forward.

After the hard day's labor, come the juicy porpoise steaks, the crisp liver, the spiced and-seasoned porpoise cakes. For a while the cook is the most popular man aboard ship. But only for a while, for the opprobrious epithet, "son of a sea cook," has been earned in sad reality.

*Clifford W. Ashley.*

### Equestrian Portrait of Olivarez by Velasquez

TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF OLD  
SPANISH MASTERS—SEE PAGE 417

OLIVAREZ was prime minister of Spain during the first half of the forty-four years of the reign of Philip IV. He quickly recognized the genius of Velasquez, who was then

twenty-four years old, and brought him to the notice of the more youthful king. He was his constant friend thereafter, and it is worthy of record that in the minister's downfall and disgrace, when all but a few of his friends had deserted him, the artist was prominent among those few who could still attest their gratitude by personally visiting the old man in his exile at the risk of incurring the displeasure of the court.

Olivarez doubtless possessed, in private life, estimable traits that endeared him to such discerning spirits as Velasquez, but as a statesman it is recorded that he was the most unscrupulous and powerful of the seventeenth century. He was always raving for war and protesting that he could not live without it. Thus he kindled a conflagration, to the ruin of the land, "losing more territories to the Castilian crown than it has been the fortune of few great conquerors ever to have gained" (Stirling-Maxwell). He who stirred up so many wars now wished, finally, to see himself seated in the saddle as a general of cavalry, although he had never so much as smelt the odor of battle. Carl Justi, referring to this portrait, says: "The general is undoubtedly a humbug, just as his brown hair is a sham. His habits were anything but military, and his enemies sneered at this 'heroic minister' and 'grand old man,' who was so delicate that he refused to go on board a vessel, as at Barcelona, in 1632, for fear of seasickness. When his portrait was exposed for sale in Madrid, in 1635, it was pelted with stones, and the same occurred again at Saragossa, in 1642.

"But these are outward considerations, and it must be admitted that the figure suits well the assumed rôle. So true is this that, were the subject unknown, he would perhaps be taken for some leader of invincible 'Iron-sides' in the great war. In fact, the French critic, Charles Blanc, describes the picture as that of a hero leading the charge without bluster or ostentation."

Velasquez made many portraits of his powerful patron, but in this one, showing him mounted on his Andalusian bay, it is considered that he strove to outdo himself. In composition it lays no claim to originality, since Rubens and Vandyke had done similar things before, which Velasquez had seen and doubtless studied, and the position of the figure upon the horse is generally criticised

as being too far forward upon the neck of the animal; but as a tissue of rare and subtle tones, of subdued and sonorous harmonies of color, it ranks with the most refined canvases of the world.

To give a crude idea of the coloring, we may say that the figure is clad in black armor, the jointings of which are edged with gold; the hat is dark gray, with purple plume; the scarf is gold-embroidered and wine-colored; the boots are of a warm, grayish color; and the saddle is old gold, mingling with the golden fringe of the scarf. These tones appear to great advantage upon the chestnut horse and against the delicate grays of the clouded sky, the blue passages of which are of a warm greenish tint. The whole of the sky and the background is bathed in a greenish cast, and the foliage behind the figure comes out with brighter touches of green, giving the impression of spring leaves. This is a specially charming bit, and so modern in treatment that nothing at present could surpass it. In the distance, the umbery tones of which become richer toward the foreground, is seen the smoke of battle and the marching of soldiers.

This canvas measures approximately ten feet, three inches high, by seven feet, ten inches wide, and was, according to Carl Justi, painted about 1636. The picture is painted in the artist's second manner, and is in the Prado Museum, Madrid.

*T. Cole.*

#### NOTE

The changing of a word in Mr. Cole's description of Murillo's "Prodigal Son Feasting," in *THE CENTURY* for May, gives the reader the impression that Mr. Cole's engraving is of a sketch from the large picture, the fact being that the engraving is of the original sketch from which the large picture was made.

#### An Interesting Orchestral Experiment

IN view of the stories that reach us of deficits in orchestral organizations from so many large cities, and the determination to discontinue some orchestras that have been running for a number of years because the citizens of many large cities refuse to support the orchestras, and the few rich music-lovers have grown tired of making good the yearly loss, it is interesting to note that an enterprising Western organization—the St. Louis Choral-Symphony Society—closed its last winter's season not only without a deficit, but with a small balance in its treasury.

The society has been entirely self-supporting during the season just past, relying

absolutely upon its regular subscriptions and upon the proceeds of the series of popular concerts which they gave on Sunday afternoons during the winter. It has no guarantors, no permanent fund; in fact, nothing but its own unaided efforts to rely upon.

The music given, whether at the regular subscription concerts or at the popular concerts, has been of a high order, embracing the best symphonies and the most classical numbers. Soloists of great reputation and ability have appeared, and the story is of crowded houses at every performance.

This society seems to have realized the fact that nothing succeeds in America, permanently, that is not democratic, and that its future depended upon the plain, every-day people; so during the last season, it departed from its tradition of twenty-six years' history and depended no longer upon the support of the generous few, but went direct to the mass of music-lovers in St. Louis and appealed to them; and the response was instantaneous and overflowing.

The society seems to have been an excellent combination of good business management and musical aptitude, and the results have been shown in a way that should be at least an example to other cities.

*H. C.*

#### The Diet of Children

There is one point in Mr. Burbank's otherwise admirable article on the "Training of the Human Plant," in the *May CENTURY*, which calls for comment. He refers to children who upon an exclusive diet of cereals and vegetables became anæmic, low in vitality, and "frightfully depraved." There are sickly and naughty children produced by all kinds of diet, but it runs counter to all the best science of the day to suppose that Mr. Burbank has hit upon a true case of cause and effect. Dr. Joseph E. Winters, who is perhaps the best-known specialist on children in New York, and an opponent of vegetarianism, says, in a pamphlet on the food of children, that "there is more so-called nervousness, anæmia, rheumatism, valvular disease of the heart, and chorea at the present time in children from an excess of meat and its preparations than from all other causes combined." He also declares in another place that blood-coloring matter (and hence rosy cheeks) comes from vegetable-coloring matter, and not from meat. It is a total error to suppose that the absence of meat in a dietary can have anything to do with anæmia. As for "depravity," a wide acquaintance with vegetarians is sufficient proof to me of the mistaken character of Mr. Burbank's contention.

*Ernest H. Crosby.*

## IN LIGHTER VEIN

### An Economic Revel

INCREDIBLE as it may seem, and regardless of the pooh-poohs of the doctors, there are two young men in our town who, by careful economy and by sharing expenses, can get along on ten or twelve dollars a day apiece for their food and still keep in good physical condition. More than that, one of the young men declares that they have gained in weight since they adopted a simple system by which to regulate their habits and expenses.

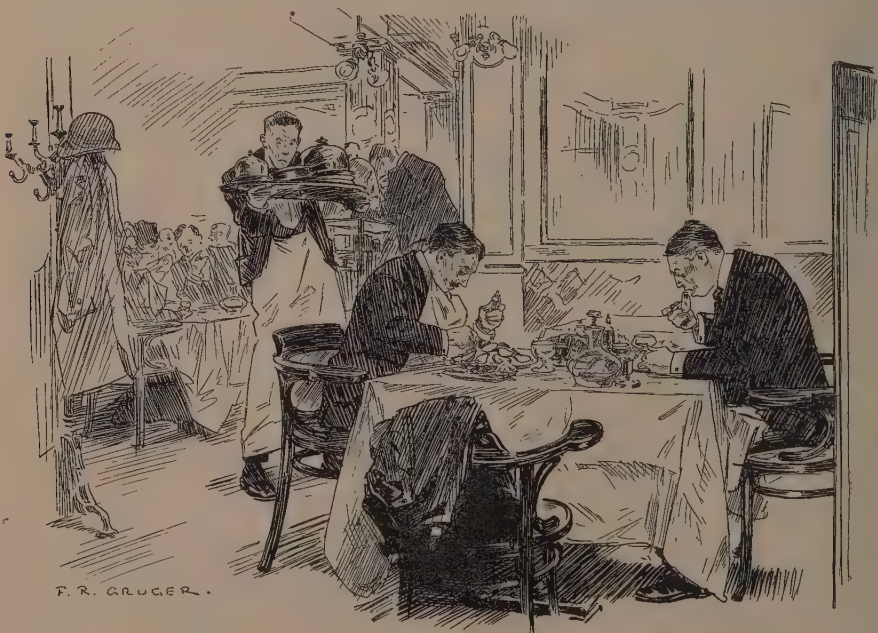
"We don't care for any notoriety or special credit for our system," said one of the young men, diffidently. "We really don't think it is wonderful enough to talk about; but if our experience can be of any benefit to other young men who are trying to make both ends meet and still eat enough to keep soul and body together, I will gladly tell how Henry and I get along without overstepping our fixed allowance.

"Of course, one good habit leads to another, so we are systematic not only about eating, but about our clothing and lodging.

We live in three rooms near the heart of the city. There are two bath-rooms. Each of us has a sleeping-room, and the third room is common territory where we may entertain our friends.

"You'll see there is money saved at the very start. By being centrally located, we save at least twenty cents a day on car-fares, to say nothing of cabs, and we save the wear and tear of rubbing our clothes against car seats. But our principal saving is on food. There are a number of good restaurants in the neighborhood, so we can change about to avoid monotony.

"We are usually up by nine o'clock, — ten at the latest, — and a brisk walk of several blocks gives us an appetite for our simple morning repast. This meal invariably begins with fruit, generally grape-fruit, two portions of which seldom, if ever, cost more than thirty cents. Any reputable physician will admit that the acid of grape-fruit is an excellent tonic for the entire digestive system, and it is



Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"WE NEVER ALLOW THE EVENING MEAL TO COST US MORE THAN  
TWELVE OR THIRTEEN DOLLARS"



soothing to the throat after excessive smoking. Extravagant as it may be, Henry and I have not yet given up tobacco.

"Just a dash of kummel poured over the grape-fruit adds a lot to its flavor and tang, and the cost of one cordial-glass, which is ample for two fruit portions, may be divided. There is more economy as the result of doubling up. A man eating breakfast alone would be obliged to pay the whole cost of the kummel and have more than he needed. It is these little things that count up.

"Well, the fruit adds to the appetite born of the walk, and we usually satisfy it with chops and kidneys. On cold mornings we may add a sausage—only one apiece. Henry has a theory, and I agree with him, that when the mercury is below twenty-six degrees the human system requires buckwheat cakes and syrup as a breakfast extra. Henry is a methodical young man and looks at the thermometer every morning before breakfast. A large pot of coffee completes our morning repast. The whole seldom costs more than two dollars.

"Of course we vary that breakfast menu. I have merely mentioned that as a sample. But chops are a favorite because, as all reputable physicians will admit, any part of the lamb or mutton is excellent for the alimentary canal.

"Fortified by our breakfast, Henry and I repair to our respective avocations and wait as patiently as we can for luncheon-time.

"Our midday meal is scarcely more than a bite. It must necessarily be simple not only for economy's sake, but because neither of us has more than an hour and a half to spend away from business. We usually begin with a hot soup. The average reader may think that that is ridiculous and ask scoffingly, 'How are you going to begin a luncheon without clams and cocktails?' Scoff away! Henry and I are determined to put a little something in the bank each week. Besides, any first-class physician will say that shell-fish more than once a day are injurious.

"But to get back to our simple luncheon. A hot soup is what the healthy stomach craves at midday, and it should come before the solid foods, after a fast through the long forenoon. Never to spend money for food between meals is one of our most rigid rules. Next to the soup, there is a wide variety to choose from. Any doctor worthy of his profession will admit that what the stomach desires at a given time is the best thing for it. To-day's luncheon will do as well as another for an illustration. We divided first a large portion of finnan-haddie (the system must have real salty things occasionally), and then a portion of grilled bones and potatoes cooked in the simplest manner. As a light beverage to quench the thirst caused by the fish we had a quart

of sauterne between us, and for dessert a little pastry. No cheese for luncheon—not a crumb.

"Cheese, as the dietitians well know, is a condensed food, and the stomach does not require it at noon. By knowing that simple fact we are enabled to save more money.

"At dinner Henry and I indulge ourselves just a little, but never to the extent of violating our agreement to live simply and economically.

"It is more economical in the long run, we find, to cater a trifle to the appetite, for there is bound to be a reaction for the man who tries to be too strict. For one week of excessive saving and pinching there will be a month of extravagance. That, above all things, is what Henry and I mean to avoid.

"After a hard day's work, the stomach requires something piquant as an appetizer. It makes the dinner taste better, and the better a meal tastes the more easily is it digested. By exercising a little prudence in this direction, we keep our digestion and save a great deal on doctors' bills. That is another feature of our economy.

"But I am getting away from a simple dinner suggestion. There is the money-saving appetizer, to begin with—cocktails or sherry and bitters. If the former is selected, do not eat the cherry. The cherry always reminds me of what my Aunt Jane used to say about fruit: 'gold in the morning, silver at noon, but lead at night.'

"Clams or oysters should follow the appetizer. They are easily digested, and are given to invalids who can eat nothing else. Because of the modern method of serving oysters on cracked ice, they should be followed immediately by a clear, hot soup. Fish is very inexpensive and at the same time nutritious. We frequently make it a part of our dinner.

"The nutritive qualities of red meat are so well known that I hardly need mention them. As a man's earning capacity depends wholly on his health, it suffices to say that Henry and I always insist on some sort of roast after the fish, and with it we give our systems the benefit of at least one vegetable.

"Henry and I are not among the false economists who underrate the food value of game-birds. There is a distinctive flavor about the meat of a duck or a partridge that every active person struggling in our fierce modern competition for a living requires. So when Henry and I made up our minds to formulate some common-sense way of getting along, a bird for dinner was the very first thing we declared should remain on the list. Green things are indispensable to health, so we also insist upon a salad.

"That is about all that is needed for a simple dinner, except, of course, some sort of dessert, which adds but little to our daily



cost of living, and the coffee; and then, as a further preventative of indigestion, we generally have a cordial.

"We never allow the evening meal to cost us more than twelve or thirteen dollars. That price, of course, covers a quart of champagne. I don't remember whether I mentioned that or not. The effervescence of the wine acts as a check on any heaviness after the meal, and so adds to a man's capacity for high thinking.

"We have but one quart between us, mind you,—never two, except possibly on holidays or on Henry's birthday or mine. But we always share the expense, no matter what the quantity is. That is the strong economical feature of our living together. Half the price of a quart, for instance, is less than the price of a pint bottle, which a man eating alone would be obliged to buy. So what we save on our kümmel, our sauterne, and our champagne alone amounts to about one dollar a day. That is three hundred and sixty-five dollars a year, and just the interest on that is enough to pay for three or four good magazines, which otherwise one might not be able to afford.

"Our system has not blinded us to the necessity of a little wholesome recreation. Henry and I go to the theater, but never oftener than three nights a week. The physical benefit of being entertained in this way is shown by the fact that Henry and I are always hungry after the performance. But we don't think of eating a regular meal at that hour—just a bite. Sometimes it is a lobster or a little flaked crab-meat or a rabbit, with a mug or two of ale. Ale is a splendid sleeping-potion.

"We have been living this way almost a year, and are healthier and more contented than we ever were before. Our only regret is that we did not begin sooner. But, like all country boys who come to the city, we had to have our fling before we settled down. I can't help thinking how foolish we were in those days, when we thought we must have so many things that we have now learned to do without—breakfast food for breakfast, brain-workers' food for luncheon, health food for dinner, and heaven only knows what else."

Charles A. Selden.

#### M'sieu' DuBois hof Mon'réal

M'SIEU' DuBois hof *Mon'réal*  
'E's 'appies' een hees over'aul',  
*Truelle* een han', an' hees *niveau*  
'To mak' hees *belles briques pose* jus' so;  
*Mason-de-brique* hof *première classe*,  
'E buil' hees *furnaises* so dey las';  
"Een *Mon'réal* I learn heem, *moi*.  
You see," he boas', *M'sieu' DuBois*.

To *pose le foyer, sacrebleu!*  
W'en he commence, 'e's *serieux*;

But w'en hees *furnaise* stan' so square,  
Ah, den, *le temps*, it get more fair;  
Han' w'en *le tuyau, c'est posé*,  
'E laugh: "*V'la, bonne cheminée*,  
Lik' dose hof *Mon'réal, ma foi*,  
'You 'avé," 'e cry, *M'sieu' DuBois*.

*Marteau-de-pierre, marteau-de-brique*,  
'E 'andle bot' hof dem so queek:  
Wit' *regle-de-plomb, ciseau, équerre*,  
'E work so fas', 'e mak' you stare:  
Wit' good *truelle*, han' nize *terre glaise*,  
'E mak' dose *briques* lie fas' al-ways.  
"She las' lik' *Mon'réal, je crois—*  
*Toujours*," 'e latgh, *M'sieu' DuBois*.

*M'sieu' DuBois* 'e's radder small:  
Dere much too beeg, doze over'aul',  
Han' for hees leg, dere croo-keed, so!  
Jus' lik' dat crook in some *tuyau*;  
"Dere so *loyal*, my ol' *genoux*,  
Dat hall de time, see w'at dey do, —  
One point to *Mon'réal, — mais moi*,  
I cannot go," he sigh, *DuBois*.

*M'sieu' DuBois* 'e love to say  
How *Mon'réal* is *belle* han' *gai*:  
But — wit' hees shrug — "it ees too-far:  
I shall go soonaire to the star'.  
My croo-keed leg' *danse* more, ah, no;  
Ol' t'roat sing not like long ago:  
But work like *Mon'réal, ma foi*,  
Dat he *can* do, can ol' *DuBois*."

So *M'sieu' DuBois* hof *Mon'réal*  
'E's 'appies' een hees over'aul';  
*Truelle* een han', an' hees *niveau*  
'To mak' hees *belles briques pose* jus' so;  
*Mason-de-brique* hof *première classe*,  
'E buil' hees *furnaises* so dey las':  
"Een *Mon'réal* I learn heem, *moi*,  
You see," 'e boas', *M'sieu' DuBois*.

#### Epilogue.

M'SIEU' DUBOIS:

Like you, forsooth,  
All have their *Mon'réal* in youth,  
A land of royal heights, it seems,  
With joy alight, and paved with dreams:  
Nor go so far through life, alack!  
But they, like you, look fondly back.

And smile content, if they can feel  
They shape their toil to their ideal:  
Like you, who build each hearth, it seems,  
An altar to that Land-of-Dreams.  
I hope the smoke-blown wreaths that rise  
From mine will speed through azure skies,  
And homing back to Youthland, fall,  
Dream-crowns, how blest! on Montreal.

Beatrice Hanscom.



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

## WHERE DANGER LURKS

—"Don't you find that a sailor's life is a somewhat dangerous one?"  
—"It sure is; but, fortunately, it ain't often that we gits into port."

## The Song of a Spooky Ship

A haunted ship was the *Admiral Pipp*  
Of the most rip-roarin'-est sort,  
And me tale is true as the day is long,  
And true as the night is short.

Captin Dave was our skipper brave,  
A ruffy old, bluffy old tar,  
Who swigged his gin from a biscuit tin,  
For a curious man he war.

But after dark on that haunted bark  
Ye could hear 'em gibber and squeak,  
Ye could hear 'em moan, ye could hear 'em  
groan  
From the keel to the topmost peak.

And one was the haant of 'a bo's'n gaunt,  
And one of a sailor stōut;  
And they 'd dance all night by the for'ard  
light,  
And stand on their heads and shout.

And one fine night the bos'n white  
His gobulin whistle blew,  
And, *blow me blow!* from the watch below  
He summoned a ghostly crew!

And they started to dance and they started  
to prance  
All over that demon brig  
With a jovial sound of "All hands round!"  
To a sort of a cake-walk jig.

Now Captin Dave (and he sure *was*  
brave!),  
He watched that foolin' awhile,  
Then he says to me, "I 've a great idee  
To handle them spooks in style."

So to them he said "Because ye 're dead  
Ye have n't no claim to shirk;  
If ye 're goin' to lark on *this* haunted bark  
Ye 've got to git in and work."

So he put a spook to helpin' the cook,  
And he put a spook at the wheel,  
And other shades at various trades  
He set with a will o' steel.

And ghostly tars at the masts and spars  
He set to reefin' the sail,  
While one poor spec' was a-swabbin' the  
deck  
With a petulant, spectral wail.

So three days long that mystical throng  
Worked on—'t was a right good joke  
With us o' the crew with nothin' to do  
But lay in our bunks and smoke.

But the third dark night them mariners  
white  
They spoke to the captin thus:  
"We 're a-goin' to skip this turribul ship,  
For the hours is too long for us."

So *presto whist!* straight into the mist  
Faded that grave-yard corps;  
Jest sneaked away, and to this day  
They 've never been heered of more.

"For it's surely best that a ghost should  
rest,"  
As I says to the captin's clerk,  
"Sperrits and spooks is great on looks,  
But a little bit shy on work."  
Wallace Irwin.



# When I Can Spell as Good as You

BY GEORGE THORNTON EDWARDS

*Dear Father:*

No more need you be  
ashamed of or displeezed with me,  
and no more need you on me frown  
as oft' you do when I fall down;  
Not 'cos I can't subtract or add,  
but just becos my spelling 's bad.  
You know, pa, when I took exams,  
it 's kawsed me many silent Kwams  
to think the hie marks that I got  
in other studies went for not.  
My reeding 's good, my riting 's fare,  
can't beet my grammar anywhere.  
Arithmetic, jeografy,  
and my deportment, you 'll agree,

are not so bad but mite be wurse;  
but it 's my spelling 's been my curse.  
I get my verbs and pronouns strate;  
I know how, too, to punctuate,  
tho' I 'm not making an excuse:  
if one can't spell, why what 's the use?  
But, O deer dad, I heard to-nite  
that soon all wurd's will be spelled rite.  
No more, when you see how I spel,  
will you say things it hurts to tell,  
and you 'll not be inclined to say  
words that you ort n't anyway.  
Our spelling, dad, you 'll be surprized,  
is soon to be Karneggyzied;  
then you 'll be prowd, and I will, too,  
for I will spell as good as you.  
So now, pa, that my letter 's dun  
I 'll sign myself

*Your loving sun*



Drawn by Eugene T. Pilsworth

"Here comes a man," the green plum cried;  
"I wonder what he's after."  
"You watch your trunk," the pear replied;  
"That fellow is a grafter."







Color drawing by Howard Chandler Christy

THE SWEET GIRL-GRADUATE